

Super Wife 1381

Super Wife's Three Babies Chapter 1381

Jealousy

Olivia pouted. "We still have to look for someone George likes. If it's your sister, just forget about it." The furrow between Eugene's eyebrows deepened. It wasn't because of what Olivia had said about Penny, but he greatly disliked her coming to George's defense. She was well aware of George's feelings for her—not only would he dislike Penny, he wouldn't like anyone else either. "Relationships will develop over time. Just because your senior doesn't like her now, it doesn't mean that he wouldn't like her in the future. You have to give them a chance to try things out." "It's not like I'm stopping them. George was the one who told me to send them away. He clearly doesn't like them either." "Then, we can help him." Olivia whipped around to shoot him a glare. "Actually, I don't like it either." Eugene froze in place. Don't like it? He hurriedly strode forward to catch up to her, ultimately unable to stop himself from asking, "You don't like looking for a girlfriend for your senior? Don't tell me you're trying to be his second choice." At his words, Olivia immediately stopped in her tracks. She whirled around to look at him, her eyes turning cold. "I just signed the marriage papers with you, and I have your child in my belly. Do you think that it's appropriate to say that to me?"

Eugene immediately fell silent. Realizing that he had lost his cool, he hastily reached out to grab her hand. "Olivia, don't be angry. I was just joking with you." Olivia shook him off immediately, her voice cold as she growled, "It's not funny at all!" She didn't wish to argue with him immediately after returning home, especially with so many people in the house. However, although she could avoid a fight, she was still unable to suppress her anger. After greeting Hector and Ellen who were sitting in the living room, she informed them that she felt exhausted and wanted to head back to get some rest. At the sight of Olivia's displeased expression and Eugene's guilty look, Ellen asked urgently, "Eugene, what happened?" Eugene only brushed her off dismissively. "It's nothing." Upon seeing that he was about to follow her, Ellen hurriedly reminded him, "Don't irk Olivia, you hear? She's pregnant, so her emotions aren't that stable. You should go easy on her a little." "Yeah, I know." At that, Eugene swiftly went after Olivia in long strides. George's gaze followed their retreating figures closely, but he was still unable to do anything. Ellen let out a sigh. "Why can't that brat knock it off? He's always making Olivia angry." Hector chuckled and said reassuringly, "Don't worry. They're not little kids anymore; all couples fight every now and then."

She said, "That son of mine has never been in a relationship, so even though he's given his heart to Olivia, I'm worried that he'll say the wrong thing." He replied, "Olivia is the same; she's quite stubborn because of how much we spoiled her. Let's just stay out of their business. Young couples get into arguments just as quickly as they make up. Who knows? They might've already reconciled by the time we're done making dinner."

Ellen nodded in agreement. "You have a point." "Come on, let's start making dinner." As Hector reentered the kitchen, Ellen trailed after him. "Let's make some roasted pork loin. Isn't that your favorite?" "There's no need to go through all that trouble. You've already made enough. Aren't you tired?" With a gentle look in her eyes, Ellen smiled and said, "Not at all. I feel happy when I see all of you enjoying the food I make." Hector only gazed at her silently, a smile playing at the corners of his lips.

While the two downstairs were brimming with affection, the other couple upstairs were a stark contrast—one talking his mouth off, and the other refusing to say a word. As Eugene observed Olivia, who was sprawled on the bed and refusing to acknowledge him, he began to mull over the reason why she had lost her temper, and if they had any problems between them. However, the answer was no. He loved her, and she loved him. Hence, was she angry because he spoke out of line? If that was the case, he decided to be honest with her. After arriving at this conclusion, he grabbed her hand and begged pitifully, “Don’t be angry, darling, I know I said the wrong thing. I thought that you didn’t want your senior to get a girlfriend because... you still like him.” When Olivia turned around to glare at him, he hastily added, “N-No, I know you don’t like him that way. You only see him as your brother. I just didn’t think it through earlier because I was a little... jealous.”

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Break Them Up

Olivia found Eugene’s pitiful expression adorable, and her heart instantly melted into a puddle. However, she continued to force a frown as she barked fiercely, “Just because you’re jealous, you decide to put a label on me? Do you have a problem? If I liked my senior, do you think you’d stand a chance?” After saying that, she reached out and shoved him. Grabbing her hand before she could pull away, Eugene piled a simpering smile on his face. “Yes, I have a problem. I shouldn’t have lost my sense and reason out of jealousy earlier and said all of those things without thinking it through. I thought you didn’t like me finding a girlfriend for your senior.” Olivia glared at him. “I just don’t like that sister of yours. She’s unreasonable, stubborn, and arrogant. How is she a good match for my senior?” Eugene’s wrinkled brow loosened. “Then, are you planning to break them up? It’s their relationship...” “Get lost!” Losing her temper, Olivia began to struggle from his grasp.

This man isn’t listening to anything I say at all! However, Eugene refused to leave. Instead, he tightened his grip around her hand. “I won’t go. Look, I’m not defending her. I just don’t understand why you’re so against it.” “She’s been repeatedly disrespectful toward me, and she even sent someone to capture me. Even though it was proven later that Nicole was the one behind that incident, does it mean that she wasn’t involved at all? If I had fallen into her hands, would she not harm me? I can only say that Nicole had outwitted her at that time and didn’t give her a chance to act. Do you think my senior would like a woman like her?” “And how am I breaking them up? If they were dating, that would be breaking them up. But now, your sister is just pursuing my senior all on her own. How am I breaking them up if nothing has happened between them? After all she’s done to me, I’m being generous enough by not stopping them, but you want me to play matchmaker for them? Do I look like a pushover?” Eugene’s shoulders relaxed at her words. So, he doesn’t like Penny... All right! As long as she isn’t against George getting a girlfriend, all of this isn’t an issue. At that thought, a smile bloomed at the corners of his lips. “Okay, okay, don’t be angry. In that case, we won’t help her anymore. When she finally gets past you one day, we’ll offer our help again, all right?”

Olivia huffed. “No. If you force your sister on my senior, isn’t it like pushing him into a pit of lava?” Eugene refuted in exasperation, “It’s not that serious. She’s spoiled and unreasonable, and even I don’t like most of the things that she’s done, but as a matter of fact, she’s only a girl who’s been pampered rotten. She’s not as cunning as you; if you hadn’t been suspicious during that incident with Nicole, she wouldn’t have realized that she’d been manipulated to that extent even until she’s six feet below the ground!” She pouted. “We’re talking about your sister’s problem here. Why did you have to drag me

into it? If I'm cunning, would I let you pick on me this much?" Eugene was rendered speechless. Who is the bully here? "Look, darling, I'm the one who's kneeling." Hearing that, Olivia glanced at him. He was kneeling by her bed, and if someone witnessed this scene, they would've assumed that she had ordered him to kneel.

"Who told you to kneel?" Eugene laughed. "Well, I have to be sincere when I'm apologizing." As a matter of fact, he had been squatting by the side of the bed in order to comfort Olivia while looking at her face, but he had unwittingly dropped to his knees after growing tired. Olivia was at a loss for words. "Do you think I'd believe you? Aren't you kneeling because you couldn't squat anymore?" Eugene glared at her teasingly. "Isn't it because it took you so long to forgive me that I got tired from squatting?" Olivia laughed. "You got tired so quickly?" Her small hand gripped his shirt as her fingers lightly traced circles on the fabric. A seductive look gleamed in her mischievous eyes, just like a captivating witch. "Gene, you're not that fit, are you?"

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George's Dilemma

The tightness in his throat that Eugene felt earlier was immediately replaced with a darkened expression when he heard Olivia's words—criticizing his manhood was practically like playing with fire. His hand still holding hers, he leaned in closer to her with a dangerous smile playing on his lips. "Go on! Say it again. I'm listening." At first, Olivia was only planning to tease him, but his fierce demeanor startled her for a moment. However, she soon calmed down and flashed a bright smile at him. "What are you trying to do?" Eugene growled viciously in reply, "Let me jog your memory for you; did you forget how you were begging for forgiveness underneath me?" Olivia's dark eyes bore into his without any trace of fear, but the emotion was rather filled with provocation. "Then, do you not want a daughter anymore?" Eugene froze at her words. No wonder this woman is flirting with me. How dare she try to torment me? Mustering all his strength to suppress the sudden urge that arose within him, Eugene gritted his teeth in anger. "Just you wait, you minx. Wait until my daughter is born."

Olivia smiled at him smugly. "Gene... Don't forget to work out until then." Eugene was instantly rendered speechless, filled with the urge to teach her a lesson. As dinnertime rolled around, things turned out as Hector and Ellen had expected—Eugene led Olivia downstairs, their hands intertwined and their eyes filled with smiles, making it clear that they had made up. Ellen let out a helpless laugh upon seeing that he had indeed guessed correctly. She secretly cast a glance at Hector, only to meet his gaze. As soon as their gazes clashed, they shared a knowing smile. "Come and eat," Ellen ushered. One by one, they took their seats. As time went on, the number of people in their household had begun to increase, and now Penny had joined them along with the usual people. As she hoped to find out where George sat to pick a seat close to him, she did not take a seat even after the others had already done so. To her dismay, George deliberately avoided her every single time. After this situation repeatedly occurred, she slowly began to lose confidence, and even if there was an empty seat near him, she would not have the nerve to take it as he would come up with every reason in the book to switch seats whenever she was next to him. Hence, she could only settle for sitting opposite him,

reassuring herself that she could still look at him at the very least. On the other hand, George was truly fed up. These past few days felt like a living hell for him. These two women would put on a dramatic show multiple times a day, and he would be summoned to decide who was in the right or wrong every

single time. Now, he wished for nothing more than to toss them both out the door. However, as one of them was his patient, he couldn't push her away, and the other was Eugene's sister and Olivia's sister-in-law, so he had no way of driving her out either. Hence, he had no choice but to live in hiding, hoping that the two of them would grow some self-awareness.

Earlier, he had heard from Penny's chattering that Olivia had already chased Mikaela away, so it seemed that she would not be returning any time soon. If that weren't the case, he was certain that he would eventually be driven into insanity by these two women. At the dinner table, Eugene suddenly spoke up. "Olivia and I might have to leave in a few days."

As soon as his words fell, the rest whirled around to look at him. Ellen's brow furrowed deeply at his words. "You've just come back; where are you going again? The kids have been waiting for you for days. In any case, you're supposed to spend some time with them at home, aren't you?" Eugene answered, "Yeah, we'll spend some time with them for now, and we'll only be leaving in a few days. Someone is sick and is asking for Olivia's help, but I'm worried about her, so I have to go with her." At that, he turned toward Alex. "You and Jewel might have to stay here for a few more days. If you have any urgent matters to attend to, use these few days to take care of them." "Is it Albert?" asked Alex. As a matter of fact, he wanted to ask them which one of Albert's subordinates got ill to the extent where Eugene had to visit every single day as if he were clocking into work. The fact that he was even tagging along in an event as minor as picking someone up from the airport showcased how important this person was to him. However, as Jewel and George were the only other people present who knew about Albert's true identity, he did not go into the details. Even so, Eugene understood what he meant, and he only hummed vaguely in reply without saying anything else. North and the other three children

exchanged unhappy glances; they had just returned, after all. He turned to look at Olivia. "How long are you going to be there?"

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An Important Patient

Olivia had an apologetic look in her eyes as she explained, "We can't be sure for now. It depends on the patient's condition, but it'll take a week at the very

least. Daddy and Mommy will still spend a few more days with you here."

"Will you be in any danger?" North pressed.

Rather than feeling dismayed by their departure, he was mostly concerned.

While the others might not know who Albert truly was, he was more than aware.

That man was a member of the royal family who had taken over Eurosia, and if anything were to happen, they would be at risk no matter how powerful Eugene

was.

Feeling her heart melt at the sight of North's concern, Olivia reached out to rub his head. "Don't worry, I won't. I'm only going there to treat a patient, so how

dangerous could it be?"

At that, she looked at Hector. "Master, can you stay here for the time being?"

Although Blake's illness has been under control recently, I'm still worried."

Naturally, Hector was just as worried as her, and he would most definitely keep an eye on the children if Olivia wasn't around. There was just one thing he

couldn't wrap his head around—how important was this patient that she had to drop everything just to save them, including her sick son?

"Is this patient very important to you?"

Olivia nodded. "Yeah."

As her patient was someone who held great significance to Albert, they were naturally just as important to her. Setting aside her role as a doctor, she still

owed him a favor and couldn't simply turn a blind eye and refuse to help.

Moreover, she was also curious to uncover the truth behind Winnie's words and see for herself whether she had any connection to the Euroasian royal family.

Doreen, the personal guard of the former queen, Blanchett, might be the only one she could seek answers from.

"Master, if you're too busy, you can take care of your business first. I'll leave when you're done."

"It's all right. You can leave whenever you want. Don't worry about things at home," Hector reassured her.

However, George grew concerned as well. "Is it just the two of you? I'll come with you too."

Olivia stopped him. "You don't have to. The kids and everyone else here are the ones who actually need to be taken care of. I'm worried about them, so I need

you to help me take care of them."

George was aware that Olivia would not need him at all with Eugene present.

Without him realizing it, she had stopped needing his help at some point.

Moreover, with the clinic binding him in place, he couldn't go anywhere even if he wanted to.

On the other hand, Penny discreetly let out a breath of relief. She wasn't worried about what Olivia and Eugene were up to at all; she only cared about where

George would be. Wherever he was, she would definitely be there.

Alex asked, "In that case, I'll take a trip back home with Jewel tomorrow. When are you leaving?"

Jewel cast him a sideways glance, wanting to ask him why she would fly back if she had no business back home. However, she only pursed her lips and

remained silent.

"It depends on you. If you have a lot to deal with there, you can take your time.

We'll leave once you come back."

As for Albert, they had no choice but to leave him waiting.

"We'll try our best to return in three days," Alex said. After dinner, George brought up the situation at the police station. He explained that Blood Rose had been sentenced to execution for her brutal and heinous methods of murder, and her accomplices received varying prison terms.

Mason's parents had left after attending the trial, finally finding some closure,

and George had personally escorted them onto the plane. Of course, he handed them the compensation that Eugene had prepared, which was enough money

for them to live comfortably for the rest of their lives, along with a property in Summer City. Although it couldn't change the fact that their son had tragically

left them, it provided some solace for the living.

That night, as if they had decided beforehand, the children swarmed to Olivia's room. As soon as they entered, they rushed forward with gleeful smiles, calling

out to their parents.

Eugene and Olivia exchanged a glance. Naturally, they were well aware that their children missed them. They had been gone for several days, only to

announce that they would be leaving again as soon as they returned, and their children simply hadn't had enough time with them yet.

"Come up, all of you."

Hearing that, the four children climbed onto Olivia's bed and took a seat around her. Fortunately, her bed was large enough to fit all of them.

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Too Slow

"Have you been studying these few days?"

"Of course," North replied.

"Our teacher is too slow," Carter piped up.

"Slow? What do you mean? Does she talk too slowly?" Olivia asked in confusion.

Hearing that, Blake couldn't help but complain, "He takes too long to give us the questions."

"He's wasting our school fees," Terry chimed in.

Olivia exchanged an amused look with Eugene. "He's just worried that you might not understand. You shouldn't badmouth him like that."

"I have a reason to be doubtful," Terry retorted.

"Which part of the book I bought for you have you studied now?" Eugene asked.

"We finished it," Carter replied.

"You're done with the entire book?" Eugene asked in surprise.

Blake shook his head. "Not one book."

Eugene let out a sigh of relief at his words. That's what I thought. still think it's too slow, how much faster can they go?

However, Blake continued, "It's four books."

Taken aback, Eugene asked in a disbelieving tone, "You're done with four books?"

"We're almost done with the fifth as well," Terry added nonchalantly.

Hearing that, Olivia couldn't help but ask, "Why are you complaining about him being too slow when you've finished five books in a few days?"

"He doesn't teach. He only gives us a few questions every day during class, and when we answer them, he looks for more difficult ones in the books, and now he's on his fifth book," North said disdainfully.

Carter scoffed solemnly. "Our teacher probably has to get a new book tomorrow."

"Terry is right. Not only is that teacher wasting our time, but he's also wasting our school fees too," Blake agreed.

Hearing that, Olivia and Eugene fell silent.

"Go and show us the books you've finished."

As Terry was seated on the outermost part of the bed, he immediately got to his feet and left, followed by Carter. Soon, the two children returned, each with three books in their arms. The books were practically brand new, but as Eugene flipped through the pages, he found that every book was filled with answers, all of which were correct.

Suddenly, he was at a loss for words. He was well aware of their intelligence, which was why he had bought them textbooks from the first to third grade, and he even thought to himself that if they were able to complete their curriculum up to third grade before Blake's illness was cured, he would be more than satisfied.

However, the current situation was completely different from his expectations. If they managed to finish five books, did it mean that third-grade questions were too easy for them? In that case, which grade had their academic capabilities reached?

Similarly, Olivia was just as surprised. She knew that North had no problems with third-grade level questions, but now it seemed that she had underestimated him and the Rogers siblings, who were a year younger than him. They were all too intelligent, so she couldn't think of them in the same way as normal children.

While Eugene checked their mathematics, she looked at their language. In the end, she quizzed them on a few poems, only for them to answer every question accurately.

A mixture of surprise, joy, and pride crossed Olivia's face, and in the end, she smiled and asked, "Did you guys stress your teacher out with your brilliance?"

North laughed. "Not really. It's just that whenever we can answer his questions, he'll start wiping the sweat off his forehead!"

"He wipes his sweat when he's looking for new questions too," Blake added.

Eugene, who was just as amused, reached out and rubbed their heads as he claimed smugly, "I guess I have to buy more books for you kids tomorrow."

The four children exchanged glances before letting out a laugh.

"Daddy, Mommy, we want to see your marriage papers too," North said.

Back then, Hector and Ellen had been hogging the papers, leaving them with no chance to take a look for themselves.

Hearing that, Olivia brought out their marriage papers and handed them to the children. Then, she watched as their small heads huddled together.

"Mommy really is pretty," North commented sincerely.

Carter's eyes were filled with a smile. "Mommy's smile is so sweet."

Blake pouted his lips and pressed a kiss on the papers. "This is our daddy and mommy, our real parents."

On the contrary, Terry had his head turned toward Olivia's stomach. "And our younger sister."

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Do You Like Mara?

Olivia fell silent. All of a sudden, she felt extremely pressured; the children would definitely be disappointed if the child in her belly was not a girl.

Eugene, who seemed to notice her worries, looped an arm around her shoulders with a smile. "Don't worry. As long as it's our child, it doesn't matter if they're a boy or a girl."

She glanced at him, scoffing to herself, Liar!

The four children raised their eyes to look at them. "Shouldn't we be coming up with a name for our sister?"

What's with the rush? We don't even know if the baby is a boy or a girl, Olivia thought to herself.

She turned toward Eugene, hoping for him to be the voice of reason, only for him to say, "Yeah, we should think of a name."

Instantly, Olivia gave up on convincing them.

With that, the boys began to brainstorm names for the child in her belly despite not knowing what gender the baby was and even brought out everything they could get their hands on—from their phones to a computer and even a dictionary.

One of them suggested the name Carina to represent their beloved sister's arrival, while another brought up the name Jasmine, wishing that she would live a carefree life, just like a blossom in a field. Other names suggested included Alysson, Chloe, Emilia, and so on. The list just went on and on.

Meanwhile, Olivia stared at them speechlessly. Just look at them! They said that they didn't mind if the baby was a boy or a girl, but there isn't a single boy's name on that list!

She silently watched as they continued their discussion for nearly two hours, but they were still unable to conclude at the end as they couldn't seem to find a name that was worthy of the child in her belly.

Seeing that it was past the children's bedtime, Olivia eventually spoke up. "All right, you still have around seven months to come up with a name, so there's no rush. Go back and sleep."

The children exchanged glances. Unable to refute their mother's orders, they each obediently agreed and slid off the bed. After bidding Olivia and Eugene goodnight, they finally took their leave.

After they left, Eugene slipped closer to Olivia and asked, "Sweetheart, what do you think we should name our daughter?"

Olivia shot him a peeved glare. "Don't ask me. You can ask your daughter once she's born."

Eugene frowned at her reply. Wouldn't it be too late by the time she's born?

Perhaps as an aftermath of thinking about his daughter too much during the day, Eugene dreamed that Olivia had given birth to a healthy baby girl that night. The young girl was extremely adorable with two buns on each side of her head, secured with two fuzzy hairpins. Her face was round and plump, like it had been carved out of porcelain, and her bright, inky eyes heavily resembled Olivia's.

Her hands were clutching a milk bottle, and her eyes lit up with a smile upon seeing him. In a voice that was sweeter than honey, she called out, "Daddy!"

Eugene was overjoyed, his heart nearly melting into a puddle at the sight of such an extended his arms toward her, and the girl instantly tottered toward him on her short legs.

Finally, he was able to embrace her as he had wanted to. Hugging his daughter was completely different from hugging his sons; she was soft and plump, and he could even smell a faint fragrance emitting from her body.

Her arms wrapped around his neck, she puckered her lips and planted a loud kiss on his cheek. Seeing that, Eugene carefully followed suit, kissing her soft face as well.

The young girl blinked her large eyes at him and asked, "Daddy, do you like Mara?"

Eugene parroted dubiously, "Mara? Is your name Mara?"

Hearing that, she turned away from him unhappily, whining, "Daddy, you haven't told me if you like me yet."

Olivia, who was roused from her slumber by the sound of Eugene's laughter, stared at him silently as he clung onto her and peppered kisses on her face, saying, "I like you. Of course, I like you."

She was immediately rendered speechless. Who exactly was this man taking her for?

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Amara Nolan

"Mara... Mara..." Eugene called out in his sleep, as if he were in a trance.

Olivia furrowed her brow. Who is he talking about?

Lifting her foot, she sent him a vicious kick. Immediately, Eugene jolted awake, his expression sour from being interrupted in the middle of his blissful dream. However, as soon as he opened his eyes, he was met with Olivia's sharp gaze.

He froze for a moment before asking, "Sweetheart, why are you still awake?"

Olivia's expression was cold as she demanded, "Who is Mara?"

"How do you know that name?" Eugene asked in surprise.

She huffed furiously, "You've been saying it over and over again."

Eugene, who hadn't sensed the trace of jealousy in Olivia's tone, immediately gushed in an excited tone, "Sweetheart, that's our daughter. She said her name is Mara, and she kept asking me if I liked her. She's extremely pretty, she has a small and round face, and her big eyes are identical to yours. She wobbles a bit when she walks, and she immediately jumped into my arms and even kissed me. Our daughter is too adorable for the world!"

Olivia fell silent. This man is too far gone. He's already acting like this when the child hasn't been born. If I give birth to a daughter... My position will be in danger!

"You say her name is Mara?"

Eugene nodded. "When she told me her nickname, I immediately thought of what to name her."

His eyes shimmered as he gazed at her. "Let's name her Amara Nolan. It's elegant and dignified, and it even has an antique charm to it. Most importantly, Amara means everlasting and eternity, so it symbolizes our unbreakable bond and eternal love. See, our daughter is so skilled at picking a name."

Olivia laughed, finding his silliness endearing. She reached out to wrap her arms around his neck and dropped a kiss on his lips, teasing, "I guess our daughter is the best. She even named herself."

Eugene laughed at her words. "Do you like this name, then?"

"After listening to your explanation, I've grown fond of it. We should start thinking of names for our four sons too; we can't pick favorites like this," Olivia agreed.

Hearing that, Eugene conceded, "You're right. Let's sleep."

"I was thinking that you won't be able to sleep tonight," Olivia mocked.

“I wouldn’t be able to think of names for our sons if I don’t sleep.”

“Do you still have to dream about it?”

Eugene laughed. “That depends on whether they’re willing to name themselves.”

...

The next day, just as the four children were racking their minds for a name that suited their younger sister, Eugene declared that they had decided on her name—her full name would be Amara Nolan, her nickname Mara.

He declared solemnly, “This is the name your sister chose for herself.”

North’s face filled with jealousy at his words. “Daddy, you met our sister?”

“Of course. I even hugged her,” Eugene replied boastfully.

Olivia scoffed haughtily to herself, Hmph, the one you hugged was me, and it was me you kissed, too.

With a look of envy, Carter asked, “Daddy, what does she look like?”

Blake pressed, his expression identical to his brothers’, “Is she pretty?”

Terry excitedly urged him, “Daddy, tell me and I’ll draw her.”

Hence, the boys huddled around Terry as he began to draw. Later, Ellen, Hector, Alex, Jewel, and Penny joined the crowd out of curiosity, while Olivia sat nearby, forced to answer questions every time someone came along.

Naturally, George was no exception. After returning from a busy day at the clinic, he couldn’t help but feel curious upon seeing the crowd. “What are they doing?”

Olivia only looked at him helplessly, not knowing what to say. How was she supposed to tell him that they were drawing her unborn daughter?

Upon seeing her exasperated expression, George couldn’t help but let out a laugh and joined the crowd as well.

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Happy for Her

At that moment, Eugene’s voice sounded. “Her eyes are a little bigger, and her face is chubbier. Her pupils are completely black, the kind that sparkles.”

Hearing that, George became even more curious about what they were drawing.

He craned his neck and approached the crowd. Fortunately, his height easily allowed him to catch sight of Terry’s portrait—a young girl that seemed to be only two or three years of age. Instantly, his heart melted. What a pretty child.

George turned to ask Olivia, “Who is that little girl?”

Olivia pointed at her stomach. “Her.”

Upon seeing George’s dumbfounded expression, Jewel couldn’t help but let out a laugh. “Eugene dreamed that the baby in Olivia’s stomach is a girl last night, and that’s what she looks like.”

George was momentarily taken aback by her words, but he soon joined her in laughter. “How much is he looking forward to having a daughter to be dreaming about one?”

Olivia rolled her eyes. “If he’s this powerful, we don’t even have to do an ultrasound. We can just wait for him to dream about it.”

George burst out in laughter.

“Not only did he dream about what his daughter looks like, he even came up with a name for her. He said that she named herself Mara.”

Although her face was piled with disdain, it was clear from a closer look that there was not a trace of resentment to be found in her eyes. Instead, they were filled with tender affection.

George’s lips curled into a habitual smile. It had become muscle memory for him—he felt happy when she was happy, and knowing that she was content brought him joy as well. However, he was no longer the source of her current happiness and contentment.

He watched this family enviously. Having a husband who loved her, four smart and intelligent children, as well as a considerate mother-in-law to look forward to welcoming a new life with, was something so joyous and enviable.

Yes, there was nothing to be worried about, and he was willing to see Olivia happy. He forced the corners of his lips upward, feeling genuinely happy for her. However, the longer he smiled, the more difficult it became for him.

Just then, Eugene spoke up once more. “Yes, that’s it.”

He then inspected the portrait that Terry had drawn lovingly, his eyes gleaming with joy.

At his words, the others straightened their bodies and cast their gazes at the drawing in his hands.

Olivia found their behavior childish. They had no clue of the baby’s gender yet, but each of them was acting as if they had known her child for ages. Eugene was even worse—why was he acting so sure of what she looked like? He was even better than an ultrasound at this point. She didn’t share their enthusiasm.

And yet, the crowd was full of praise.

“You know, she looks quite similar to Olivia,” Ellen commented.

The children gasped. “Our sister is so pretty.”

Even Jewel chimed in, “What an adorable little girl!”

Olivia furrowed her brows slightly. Eventually, unable to resist the temptation, she glanced at the portrait. In an instant, it was as if she had fallen into a spell, and she couldn't tear her eyes away from what she saw.

As the rest had said, the young girl really was pretty, to the extent that she couldn't decide whether to marvel first at Terry's exceptional artistic skills or to admire Eugene's ability to dream so vividly. How could he be able to dream of such a lovely child?

She even felt a little jealous. She was the one who was pregnant, so why hadn't she dreamed of anything?

With the drawing in his hands, Eugene handed it to Olivia. "Sweetheart, look. It's our daughter."

At that moment, Olivia had the urge to ask him, What if she doesn't look like this when she's born?

However, as she met the crowd's gaze, she couldn't bring herself to drop the question. Instead, she smiled and said teasingly, "She looks like you."

Eugene declared solemnly, "No, she looks like you. When I first saw her, I immediately thought that she looked like you."

As Olivia did not wish to be a killjoy, it seemed that this young girl was now destined to be the baby in her belly. Even so, regardless of how the child looked in the future, they were still more than excited to see her.

Super Wife's Three Babies Chapter 1389

You're the One I Love the Most

"Hurry and frame it. When our daughter is born, we'll tell her that we've already seen her."

Hearing that, the rest chuckled in agreement. In his heart, Eugene was already convinced that the girl from his dream was indeed his daughter. After sending Jewel and Alex off to the airport, he took Olivia's words to heart and headed straight to the mall to purchase a frame. Naturally, he picked the most beautiful one he could find as his lovely daughter was only worthy of the best.

As she looked at how earnestly he was taking this matter, Olivia couldn't help but find his behavior absurd yet endearing. She recalled their first encounter, where he had been distant and aloof, treating everyone around him just as coldly. And yet, time had unexpectedly transformed him, melting his icy personality and turning him into a tender husband that now radiated warmth like the warm winter sun and always stayed by her side.

"Olivia, is it lopsided?" Eugene asked as he placed the frame on the wall.

"A little higher on the left."

Eugene shifted the portrait a little. "Like this?"

Olivia nodded. "Looks good."

Eugene let out a laugh and leaped off the chair. Then, standing a little further away, he raised his gaze to look at the young girl in the portrait with a tender expression and affectionate eyes. His daughter really was lovely, and his son was incredibly skilled at drawing.

On the other hand, Olivia let out a sigh. She did not wish to burst their bubble, but she felt worried upon seeing how they were all looking forward to a baby girl.

Noticing her silence, Eugene asked, "What's wrong, Olivia?"

Olivia raised her gaze to look at him. "Would you be disappointed if this child isn't a girl?"

Eugene froze for a moment, realizing that their overwhelming affection was causing Olivia to feel pressured. Hence, he hastily rushed to her side and wrapped her in his embrace to comfort her.

"No, I won't. I'm just looking forward to it because there's nothing else for me to do. I only want a daughter because we already have four sons, but my favorite part about this child is that we made it together. How wouldn't I know that the father is the one who decides the baby's gender? So, don't feel pressured, I'll like the child no matter what. In my heart, you're the one I love the most. Regardless of their gender, the children will always come after you. If this is giving you pressure, I won't talk about it anymore. I'll take down the portrait immediately."

Olivia held onto him. "Don't take it off, just leave it. She's such a pretty girl, and even if she doesn't turn out to be our daughter, she's still nice to look at."

However, Eugene insisted obstinately, "She is our daughter. If you don't believe me, you can see for yourself once you give birth."

As Olivia fell silent, Eugene let out a laugh, thinking that he had been a little too entranced as well.

"All right, it's just a dream, anyway. You can just think of it as a normal portrait to look at."

While the two were in the midst of their conversation, a knock sounded on the door. After giving Eugene a look, Olivia said, "Come in."

She had assumed that it was the children, but when she saw that the visitor was Penny, her brows furrowed reflexively.

Feeling downcast, Penny raised her gaze to look at Eugene. "Eugene, I have something to say to Olivia. Can you leave us alone?"

Knowing that Olivia was not fond of her, Eugene asked, "What are you hiding from me?"

However, Penny felt a little awkward about his question. Although Eugene was her eldest brother, there were some things that she couldn't bring herself to discuss with him. She lifted her gaze and hesitated for a moment before she finally turned to Olivia with a pleading gaze.

Olivia wanted to stay out of Penny's matters; as she had explained to Eugene the previous night, she was being more than generous by not getting in her way. However, Penny was still her husband's sister, whom she could make an exception for.

Super Wife's Three Babies Chapter 1390

An Unaccepted Apology

Olivia shot Eugene a look, signaling him to leave the room.

Even so, he reminded Penny worriedly, "Don't take too much time talking to her. She has to rest."

Penny nodded. "I know."

Then, he instructed Olivia, "I'm right downstairs. If you need anything, just give me a call."

Although he knew that Penny was nowhere close to being Olivia's opponent, he still couldn't help but feel concerned.

Olivia was rendered speechless by his incessant worrying.

Still, she hummed in reply. Once he left, she turned her gaze to Penny. "What do you have to say to me?"

As she spoke, she remained unmoving on the bed, and even her tone was as cold as ice.

Naturally, Penny could feel the tension in the air, and she was fully aware of the reason behind the coldness that hung in the air. She had gone against Olivia many times in the past, so it was only natural for Olivia to keep her at a distance.

Carefully, Penny took a few steps toward her. "Olivia..."

Olivia mocked sarcastically, "When you hate me, you were nothing but eager to capture me and kill me. When you don't like me, all you do is hurl insults at me, but you're calling me by my name now that you need me? You really are versatile."

Penny's expression soured at her words. She had hesitated for a whole day and night, knowing that coming here would likely subject her to ridicule, but she was unable to shake her desire to take her chances. After all, Olivia was George's junior, so she most likely understood him better than anyone else. With Olivia's help, she might even be able to accomplish her goal with half the effort.

Most importantly, even if Olivia refused to offer her assistance, Penny didn't want her to cause any trouble. As Olivia had signed the marriage papers with Eugene, she was now her sister-in-law regardless of whether she liked it or not. Setting aside that reason, Olivia was also George's junior, and going against Olivia would only cause George to dislike her even more than he already did. Hence, there was no better course of action than turning Olivia from her enemy into an ally.

"Olivia, I know I've done a lot of bad things in the past, and I haven't been nice to you either. Also, when I was being manipulated by Nicole, even Eugene believed that I was the culprit of that incident, but it was because you suspected something was off that he was able to find out Nicole was behind everything. If not, I would've been sent to jail by Eugene. I've always wanted to thank you for this. Thank you for not kicking me when I was down. It was definitely the best chance for you to take revenge on me, but you didn't. You're a kind person with principles."

"In fact, I really wasn't planning to hurt you then. I know that you might not believe me, but Mom and Dad were both taken into custody at that time, and I didn't know what to do after things had changed all of a sudden. Then, Nicole provoked me into using you to convince Eugene into dropping the charges on

our parents. But after I found out that Mom has really hurt you and Eugene a lot, I came to terms that this is the punishment she deserves. I've always wanted to apologize to you, but I never had the courage..."

Olivia stared at her. "Then, why do you have the courage now?"

Lightly biting on her lips, Penny forced herself to say, "Since you married Eugene, you're my sister-in-law from now on, and we'll be seeing each other often. I can't always hide from you, so I was going to let you vent your anger once and for all."

Olivia huffed. "Scolding you is a waste of my time. If you're done, just leave!"

However, Penny did not budge. After a moment, she asked cautiously, "Are you still angry at me?"

"Why would I waste my energy by being angry at someone who isn't worth my time?"

"Olivia..." Penny began hesitantly, "I'm sorry, I know I was wrong. What can I do to make you forgive me?"

Olivia had grown a little impatient by their conversation and said, "Fine, I won't hold you accountable, so stay out of my sight from now on. Don't forget that this is my house that you're in. If you keep doing this, I'll chase you out!"

Penny furrowed her brow. Clearly, Olivia was refusing to give her any sort of chance. She had been planning to get some information about George from her, but from the looks of things, there was no way for her to ask.

As she resentfully exited the room, she bumped into Eugene.

Worried that an argument would break out between the two, Eugene had remained in the vicinity after leaving. Although his worries had not become a reality, it seemed that things had not gone well from Penny's expression.

"Done so soon?"