

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 491

Chapter 491 Needles

"Yes, at first they were prepared to send just five of us, but after the call, they added ten more people."

The bodyguards were stunned. Were these guys the same stubborn men that had refused to speak when they had beaten them up? Why did they become so proactive when Mr. Nolan questioned them? It just took a few punches for them to spill the beans! If the bodyguards knew, they would have beaten them up much worse before this! As expected, they could only be awed by their boss!

Eugene looked at the few men. "All of you have no idea at all who was on the phone?" he asked again. "Not even their gender?"

"I think it was a man." Number 1 replied.

"It was a woman. I heard Tres shout a name; a Miss Lara or something!" Number 4 interrupted.

Eugene narrowed his eyes. Miss Lara? Was it Lara Roberts? Sure enough, if someone was too eager to succeed, they would leave behind evidence of their actions. And now, the fox had revealed its tail. He wasn't sure at first that Lara had connections with The Quintet, but he was certain of it now!

Suddenly, the door was pushed open and Curtis came running in. "President Nolan," he greeted Eugene.

Eugene gave him a grunt in response and took the pictures he brought over, looking through them one by one. As he had expected, among the people who Luca had contacted was a picture of Luca in a bar meeting the plump man who fainted.

At the time, Robin was the one who was the most suspicious and this man seemed like a random passerby, so Eugene didn't pay much attention to him. But now that he linked everything together, didn't this mean that this man was the culprit who targeted Olivia for both incidents? Thinking of this, Eugene saw red and his eyes were filled with bloodlust.

He gave an order to the bodyguards immediately, "Find some needles and wake him up!"

The bodyguards looked at each other. Needles? What needles? However, Eugene's face was dark with rage so they didn't dare to ask. They turned to look at Curtis, hoping he could help.

Curtis didn't understand Eugene's order too, so he asked, "President Nolan, what kind of needles? Do you mean sewing needles?"

Eugene glared at him, seemingly annoyed. "The kind that will hurt. I want you to wake him up with them!"

"Understood," Curtis quickly replied. "Well? What are you all waiting for?" He turned to the bodyguards and ordered them. Upon hearing that, the bodyguards split up. Within ten minutes, the bodyguards each found needles of different sizes.

"Wake him up," Eugene commanded.

With a 'Yes, Sir', the bodyguards went to poke the unconscious man with the needles. But the man was in a dead faint; they poked him all over his body for some time but he didn't react at all. The other four men felt a shiver go down their spines as they watched from the sides. Even their hair stood up and they had goosebumps all over their bodies. They could imagine just how painful it was even without experiencing it!

Eugene's expression was as black as midnight, his frown deepening and his body surrounded by a cold aura. It was as if he was channeling the chill from the freezing pits of hell. Just when he felt like he should get his own hands dirty, the plump man suddenly let out a shout and woke up.

The few bodyguards were relieved too because if he didn't wake up, Mr. Nolan would have gotten angry. A bodyguard plucked out a needle which was half inserted into the man's finger and patted him in a humble manner, as if telling the man there was no need to thank him for waking him up.

The plump man only felt the pain after he woke up. His whole body was in pain and for a moment, he felt like screaming loudly. It was painful for him everywhere and he didn't know where to touch. Shivering, he looked at the blood all over his hands and the holes from all the needles poking his skin as he almost cried. Did they think he was a crepe-myrtle?

Turning around, he looked at the four men huddling together before glaring at Eugene who was sitting on his chair and gave a righteous shout.

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 492

Chapter 492 To Beg for Death

"Since I'm already in your hands, I have no illusions about leaving alive. Kill me!" Upon hearing him, Eugene, who was already on the verge of killing him, couldn't help but sneer. "Aren't you a loyal one? Do you think there are only two options for me, to either keep you alive or kill you?"

The plump man paused, not understanding what Eugene meant. The four men prayed for him silently in their hearts. How naïve he was! He hadn't seen Eugene's means, so he dared to yell those words! Did he think he was the only one who would say that?

Eugene sneered wickedly, "Don't you know there is another choice called making you beg for death?"

The plump man narrowed his eyes fiercely. "What are you going to do?" "Show him the picture," Eugene ordered Curtis.

Curtis took the picture and put it in front of the man. "Look familiar?"

The man's expression changed completely after he looked at the picture but he remained silent. Eugene smiled as he questioned, "You were the one who planned Olivia's accident the last time as well, right?"

"It wasn't me!" The plump man hurriedly responded. "If it wasn't you, then who was it? Who did it?" Eugene questioned.

The man chose to keep quiet again. Eugene's expression turned dark as he shouted, "Looks like you want to experience what it's like to beg for death!" He then ordered his bodyguards, "Take him and let him experience it."

The bodyguards nodded before they dragged the man away and tied him to a pillar. Then they took out a whip. This was no ordinary whip; it was the kind with hooks attached to it. Under normal circumstances it wouldn't cause death, but a swing would rip off the skin and flesh of its victims. It would definitely hurt and those being whipped continuously would wish for death!

The plump man would be lying if he said he wasn't afraid. But he harbored hope in his heart, thinking that Eugene wouldn't dare to do anything to him. They would definitely tell the others that they were captured by Eugene's men when they went back.

All these years, Eugene and The Quintets had been minding their own business, not stepping on each other's toes. If Eugene really laid a finger on him, he would become their enemy! But when that first whip fell, his mind went blank before he felt a trail of pain. Looking down, his shoulder right down to his thigh was covered in blood. He screamed instinctively and his pained screams echoed through the empty hall.

The four men watching the ongoing torture praised their quick thinking, feeling lucky that they didn't resist. How many whips could he handle if this went on? If they would die no matter what, then why make themselves suffer? The most important thing was that Eugene didn't want to kill him. If he wanted to kill him with this whip, they would have to whip him multiple times. But the most frightening part was that he wouldn't die from the whipping but from the pain itself!

They heard people say how terrifying Eugene was but they never saw it for themselves. Now, they finally understood what people meant after seeing this. The torture wasn't the main goal. Instead, Eugene's goal was to demoralize his victims. The four men didn't want to tell the truth earlier, but in the end, all of them vied to answer him.

Before the plump man could recover from the first whip, the second whip fell on him. Following the whip was a painful scream and it wasn't long before the nauseating scent of blood filled the air. But Eugene was like the devil; he sat unmoving on the sofa, legs crossed as his cold eyes looked at them like an emotionless machine.

"Don't kill him. You can dip the whip in salt or chilli water. Do you guys still need me to teach you all these?"

The bodyguard responded quickly and dipped the whip in a bucket filled with chili water, then dragged the wet whip with him. Just when he picked up the whip, the plump man yelled anxiously, "I'll talk! I'll talk..."

But it was too late for the bodyguard to hold back the whip.

"Ah!!" The plump man screamed angrily, his wounds burning as he felt like his organs were on fire.

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 493

Chapter 493 I'm Fine!

The bodyguard looked at the pain-ridden face of the plump man and said awkwardly, "Sorry about that; just think of this lash as a gift!"

The plump man, on the other hand, really wanted to cuss at him. How is this a gift? If this is a gift, then how about I give you dozens of lashes as a gift too? But in reality, he couldn't say a word because he was in so much pain. When the bodyguard untied him from the pillar, he instantly collapsed to the ground. He was covered in blood and unable to walk, so the bodyguard had to drag him to where Eugene was seated.

Looking at him, Eugene commanded, "Speak!"

The man lay on the ground and panted laboriously, only opening his mouth after a long time. "I-It was Tres. He ordered me to look... for Luca Matthews... who had a grudge with Olivia Maxwell... to plan for that drunk driving accident, but then the plan was exposed... and you quickly found it was Luca in no time. Tres was worried... you would find out he was involved, so he ordered me... to kill Luca."

"Him again?" Eugene nodded his head viciously. "Seems like he has a death wish."

The plump man crawled on the floor and begged, "President Nolan... we were just following orders. We didn't mean to target anyone... Please spare us!"

Eugene gave them all a look. When he opened his mouth, his voice was as cold as the arctic as he said, "From the day you tried to hurt her, you should have expected this to happen. You can stay here from now on!" With that, he stood up and left Ruby Palace.

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It was the next day when Brian heard about the robbery that happened to Olivia. He was shocked and gave her a video call early in the morning. Luckily, Olivia had woken up early. Though feeling a little surprised, she accepted the call. "Hey. Why are you calling me so early in the morning?"

When Brian got to know that Olivia was fine, he finally relaxed. "Are you okay?"

Olivia smiled mischievously. "I'm fine. The robbers are the ones who aren't!" Olivia said impishly.

However, Brian was still a little worried so he murmured, "Move the camera a bit further and let me have a good look at you."

Olivia did as he asked. "Really, I'm fine. Your brother came over here last night. Don't worry. Do you think he would've gone back if I wasn't okay?"

Brian thought that what she said made sense so he finally relented, "Do you know who did this?"

"I don't know." Olivia walked as she chatted, her phone in her hand. "You'll have to ask your brother; this matter is out of my hands."

Brian laughed and teased, "Then what is in your hands?"

Putting her phone down, Olivia washed her face while answering, "I'm just a lowly commoner with limited abilities. It would already be a great achievement if I can take care of myself by not getting hurt and not causing trouble for you guys."

Brian laughed. "Your positioning of yourself is not accurate at all."

Olivia was confused as she asked, "Then where is my place?"

"In the middle, right between us," Brian commented.

Olivia blinked. Truth was, his words sounded pretty sweet. "Are you saying that I'm like the sun?"

“Yes,” Brian replied. “We all revolve around you, so you must take care of yourself. I’ll send two bodyguards over to you later.”

Hearing this, Olivia’s lips couldn’t help but twitch. “Goodness, there’s no need for that! Your brother has already sent me six bodyguards. I can’t imagine the lot of people out there who are coming after me that I would need so many bodyguards. Besides, I already have a master by my side so don’t worry!”

Brian was surprised to hear that. “Who is that?”

Olivia wiped her face with a towel before picking up her phone and saying to Brian, who was on the other end of the line, “I have a friend who came back recently. She’s pretty strong, so don’t you guys worry.”

Brian smiled as he looked at Olivia on his phone’s screen and felt like ruffling her hair for some reason. He got the urge after seeing her freshly washed face, looking all pretty, smart and beautiful. It was a pity that she was already his brother’s. If she was with anyone else, he would do anything to snatch her from him. But now...

Oh well! Brian swallowed back the sourness that rushed up from his heart. “Alright; I’ll ask Eugene how the investigation is going on.”

With that, Olivia said goodbye and ended the call before looking at Jewel who was standing by the door. “You can follow me to my shoot for the time being. After I’ve dealt with everything, I’ll take you to the hospital to get your throat checked.”

Super Wife’s Three Babies chapter 494

Chapter 494 Causing Trouble

After packing up, the two of them followed the few actors whom they came back with last night to the shooting location. Just as they reached the location, she saw Summer getting out from a red Ferrari with her usual high and mighty look. She felt a little proud of herself because she managed to coax John to sleep with her last night. She even felt that there was nothing that couldn’t be solved by sleeping with him once. If there was, then she would just sleep with him twice!

When she saw Jewel standing beside Olivia, she let out a soft chuckle. “Oh Miss Maxwell, it seems you are not willing to be left out. Where did you hire such a thoughtless assistant from? Why is she leaving you to carry your bags on your own?”

Olivia laughed in response and said lightly, “She’s a good friend of mine so I’m willing to spoil her!”

Summer’s expression turned dark. “What are you trying to say? Are you saying I don’t spoil my assistant?”

Acting innocent, Olivia raised an eyebrow as she countered, "I was referring to myself; why are you so sensitive?"

Upon hearing that, Sylvia quickly grabbed Summer and hurriedly said, "Summer, let's head inside first!"

Summer harrumphed and looked at Olivia with a pair of cold eyes. "You better not annoy me, Olivia, and don't poke your nose into my business, or else I'll make sure you suffer!"

Olivia laughed. "Right back atcha!"

Summer glared at her fiercely and walked away with her high heels.

Upon hearing that, Jewel wanted to reach out to take Olivia's bag but Olivia avoided her. "Don't listen to what she said. What we do is our own business!" she said while pulling Jewel inside.

It was another busy day for Olivia as she did wire work for the whole morning. Lucky for her, she had some training in martial arts so she wasn't too exhausted.

Meanwhile, Director Norris' admiration for her grew; he had seen too many actors who didn't dare move a muscle while doing wire work. Olivia, however, had an easy time on the wires. She could basically accomplish any kind of posture or landing point that he asked her to perform. Jewel was staring at the wires all the while because she was afraid there were potential safety hazards.

Throughout, Olivia and Summer managed to mind each of their own business. Besides lines that required them to converse with one another, they didn't talk to each other at all. In the afternoon when it was time for their break, Summer went back to her lounge. Eyeing Sylvia suspiciously, she asked, "Did you notice a problem?"

Sylvia was puzzled. "What problem?"

"That little assistant of Olivia's. She didn't speak for the whole morning."

Sylvia nodded and agreed, "I believe so. She only kept nodding and shaking her head."

Summer was inexplicably excited and she speculated, "Do you think she's a mute?"

"It can't be, right?" Sylvia asked. "Why would Olivia hire a mute as her assistant?"

Suddenly, Summer stood up rather abruptly. "Let's go outside and take a look."

Sylvia quickly tried to persuade her against it. "Summer, forget it. If you guys get into a fight and Director Norris finds out, he will start scolding again!"

Glaring at her, Summer retorted, "I won't be causing any trouble. Why would he scold me?" With that, she directly walked out of her lounge.

Just as she came out, she ran into Jewel, who was carrying some hot water. She smirked and stepped back calmly before pushing Sylvia toward Jewel. Sylvia was caught off guard and her body rushed toward Jewel uncontrollably. If they slammed into each other, the hot water in Jewel's hands would definitely spill and burn either one of them.

But she couldn't do anything, so she just closed her eyes unconsciously until someone grabbed and pulled her back by her wrist. Then, she looked at Jewel, who was still holding the cup firmly in her hands. Saying it hadn't spilled at all would be a lie, but only a few drops had splashed onto the floor. She hurriedly apologized, "I'm so sorry!"

This time, Jewel didn't shake her head to say it was fine. Instead, she looked at Summer coldly. In fact, she saw Summer push Sylvia on purpose, hence why she rushed toward her.

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 495

Chapter 495 What Are You Laughing At?

Summer was stunned. It was obvious that they almost ran into each other; how did Jewel manage to avoid Sylvia in that short window of time? She looked at Jewel blankly before meeting her cold eyes. Frowning, Summer asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Jewel had wanted her to apologize but since she couldn't speak, she decided to hold back, thinking that it might cause Olivia trouble. She just gave Summer a glare then walked away with the cup in her hands.

Summer, however, felt offended. When Jewel walked past her, she wanted to grab her but Jewel managed to avoid her somehow, so her fingertips only brushed Jewel's clothes. "Stop right there!"

Summer hurriedly chased after Jewel. She followed Jewel and found Olivia when she caught up to her. Meanwhile, Olivia was in the middle of memorizing her lines. "Olivia Maxwell, what do you think you're doing?" Summer asked fiercely.

Olivia frowned. "What is it?" She looked at Jewel, confused, but Jewel only shook her head.

Summer pointed at Jewel. "I should be asking you that! Why did your assistant glare at me for no reason?"

Olivia frowned. "Impossible. If she glared at you, you must have messed with her first!"

“As if!” Summer shouted. “How did I mess with her? My assistant almost ran into her just now but she has already apologized. What else do you want? She didn’t say anything like a mute and even glared at me. Why does it have anything to do with me?”

Jewel’s face stiffened and her aura changed drastically. Her stare toward Summer became cold and frightening. Summer pointed at Jewel and complained, “Look; she’s doing it again! Why is she looking at me like that?”

Olivia looked at her coldly. “You can’t even stand it when someone gives you a stare? Would you feel good about it if I scolded you?”

Upon hearing that, Summer exploded. “Does this count as scolding? She’s not a mute so can’t you tell her to say something?”

“Who do you think you are?” Olivia argued. “Why should she do as you say?”

Summer sneered, “She can’t speak even if she wants to, right? You followed my example and hired an assistant, but you hired someone with a disability. Do you not have enough funds to hire someone normal?”

Before she could finish her sentence, Summer felt a gust of wind. Suddenly, her collar was grabbed by Olivia and she was yanked toward her. Olivia glared at Summer fiercely. “Who are you calling disabled?”

Everyone in the lounge quickly stood up to stop the fight.

“Hey! Forget about it. We are all from the same team after all; it won’t be good to cause trouble.”

“Right. It’s no big deal. It’s not worth it.”

“That’s right. It would be bad if the reporters photographed this and posted it on the Internet.”

After experiencing the panic just now, Summer gradually calmed down. She didn’t think Olivia would dare to do anything to her. “Go ahead, Olivia Maxwell. I dare you!”

Olivia sneered, “There is nothing I don’t dare to do in this world! So you slept with John for two nights; so what? Do you think you’re all that now?”

Summer was angered by her words. “You—”

“Apologize now!” Olivia said viciously. “If you don’t, you won’t be able to complain to your President Liam tonight!”

Summer looked at Olivia in disbelief. Olivia knew of her relationship with John but she still ignored it. Was she relying on her connection with Marcus? She struggled hard in Olivia's grasp as she countered, "And what about you? Isn't the pot calling the kettle black? Don't you have an affair with Marcus as well? How are you any better than me?"

As soon as she spoke, a minor actress immediately let out a snort of laughter. Why did this woman think Olivia and President Cohen had an affair? Wasn't she his cousin?

Summer looked toward the sound of laughter, her expression dark. "What are you laughing at?" she questioned.

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 496

Chapter 496 Apologize

The minor actress shut up immediately. Olivia might have dared to offend Summer, but she didn't!

Olivia was speechless but she felt like laughing as she looked at Summer with sympathy in her eyes. Summer even asked what they were laughing but she didn't know they were laughing at her stupidity. Did she really think just because she got along with John she wouldn't have to worry about anything and would not need to care about anyone else?

"Don't you think that I can finish you off on my own?" As soon as Olivia finished speaking, she tightened her grip on Summer and commanded, "Apologize now!"

Summer wasn't afraid of Olivia at first but with Olivia tightening her grip, she became less and less certain.

She tried to pry apart Olivia's hold apart with both of her hands. "Let me go!" Summer said with difficulty.

The others also tried to persuade Olivia to end this peacefully. Even Sylvia interceded. "Miss Maxwell, please let her go. It was me who almost ran into your friend and I apologize for that."

Olivia looked at Sylvia and said coldly, "I want her to apologize!"

Sylvia was anxious. Summer was accustomed to being fawned over so there was no way she would apologize.

"I'll apologize on her behalf, alright? I'm sorry, Miss Maxwell; I'm sorry, Miss Fenton." She bowed toward the both of them as she apologized.

This caused Jewel to feel uncomfortable about all of this. She had been in this kind of situation for many years now so she didn't care about it much. Walking toward Olivia, she tugged on her sleeve and shook her head, telling her to forget about it.

Olivia wasn't able to vent her anger so she looked at Summer and spoke, her words laced with venom, "Do you see what's happening? There is such a big difference between you and her. For the sake of your assistant and my good friend, I will leave this matter be. But you better not mess with me again or I won't be as lenient the next time!" With that, she loosened her grip on Summer's collar and pushed her away!

The moment Summer was let go from Olivia's grasp, she immediately started coughing. Sylvia quickly passed her a cup of water but she was slapped away by Summer. Staring at Olivia angrily, Summer shouted, "Just you wait and see!"

Olivia smiled sweetly in response. "I'll take you on any time. But let me remind you to think about your future before you try anything! The winner has yet to be determined!"

Summer harrumphed and left, her heels clicking on the floor as Sylvia quickly chased after her.

Those in the lounge who didn't know the whole truth started gossiping about it.

"Olivia, you really are in trouble this time. Y-You just messed with a hornet's nest."

"Exactly! Summer seeks revenge for the smallest of grievances and remembers those who messed with her for life."

"And you can't afford to mess with John too. He's extremely rich and this movie of ours is sponsored by him. If he wants to remove you from the film, you won't be able to do anything about it."

"It would be better if you apologized to Summer. Maybe this whole mess will die down then!"

Olivia's lips twitched a little. They wanted her to apologize to Summer? For what? Not to mention that no one dared to mess with Olivia because of her boyfriend but even if it was just her, she wasn't afraid of Summer too. They really were worrying for nothing!

She didn't mind at all, but Jewel got more and more frightened as she listened. She typed on her phone worriedly, 'Olivia, will you not be able to act anymore?'

Olivia pretended to glare at Jewel and took her phone over as she typed out a message, 'Don't worry. Have you forgotten who my boyfriend is?'

It suddenly dawned on Jewel all at once. She had totally forgotten about Eugene! With him in Olivia's corner, who would dare to mess with her? Jewel then typed a reply on

her phone, 'Right, I forgot! Would that mean you can do anything you want in Summer City?'

Olivia: 'With you by my side, I can do anything I want too, no?'

Jewel: 'We aren't bulldozers; why would we want to conquer everything?]

Olivia: 'Because it's cool!'

Jewel: '...'

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 497

Chapter 497 Nightmare

It was almost dawn when Eugene reached home. He kept thinking about North so he went to Olivia's house. Going to North's room to take a peek, he found the little fella sleeping soundly. Initially, Eugene had wanted to sleep in Olivia's room but he was worried that she would blame him for sleeping on her bed, and then have a row with him. So, he just took a shower and slept on the sofa pitifully.

Suddenly, a very soft whimper reached his ears. Is someone crying? Eugene instantly opened his eyes and sat up on the sofa. He looked around confusedly, only to realize no one was around. Could it be...

His heart skipped a beat and he got up hurriedly, rushing to North's room. As expected, North was curled up under the blanket and his face was red from him holding his breath. His lips were pressed together tightly and whimpers were coming from his throat.

Eugene was shocked and quickly picked North up before calling his name softly, "North! North—"

However, North couldn't hear him and his tiny body continued to shiver. Eugene patted North's cheek as he shouted, "Son, wake up! Daddy's here. North—"

It was as if North was holding back for a long time and couldn't take it anymore, so he cried out loudly. Eugene's heart ached for him. He held North in his hands, coaxing him softly, "Don't be afraid. Daddy's here. No one would dare to hurt you ever again!"

North opened his panic-stricken eyes. Looking around, he realized he was at home and in his dad's arms. He was instantly relieved. With tears in his eyes, he wrapped his tiny arms around Eugene's neck.

"There, there." Eugene patted his back lightly. "It's alright. Did you have a bad dream?"

North didn't say a word but his arms tightened subconsciously around Eugene's neck. He buried his head into Eugene's chest, showing his anxiety. Eugene stroked his back lightly, hoping it would quickly calm him down. "Or were you afraid of sleeping alone?"

North shook his head.

"What was the dream about? Can you tell Daddy?" Eugene's voice was gentle as he coaxed North.

North kept quiet for a long time before mumbling, "I dreamt about the day I was kidnapped by Anna."

Hearing that, Eugene felt a chill go through his body. Olivia and he had thought that since North didn't have bad dreams, it meant that he was alright. But in fact, the incident had always been in the back of his mind. It had always been in his nightmares.

Eugene's heart felt like it was being pierced by millions of needles, aching and hurting. He felt that leaving Anna at the mental hospital was too merciful and she should've experienced what it was like to have nightmares every night. His huge palm stroked North's small head as he comforted him, "Don't be afraid, son. Anna is in the mental hospital now. She won't be able to hurt you ever again."

North nodded but he remained in Eugene's arms. Eugene, too, was in no hurry and he continued to patiently coax his son. In fact, he was very willing to grow closer with his son. For the past seven years, he didn't fulfill his obligations as a father so he wanted to make up for it. "Do you want to listen to a story?"

"What story?"

"It's a story of your uncle and I when we were young."

North mulled it over before giving a nod.

"When your uncle and I were about your age, we were afraid of animals with pointy beaks like chickens, ducks and geese. One day when your grandma was not home, our babysitter Miss West had someone who was sick at her place. To make it easier to take care of us, she took us to her house. Back then, she had a lot of chickens and ducks at home. Knowing that we were afraid of them, she rounded them up. The next day, a goose escaped the fence and it happened to be a species of male geese that tended to poke people with their mouths; it was like it wanted to bully us on purpose. It stretched its neck, quacked loudly and chased us all around."

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 498

“Your uncle was so scared that he let out a shriek. I, on the other hand, ran as fast as I could. We were both scared but running away wasn’t a solution, so I picked up a broom and used it to hit the big white goose. When it saw I wasn’t afraid of it, the goose went after your uncle. Your uncle, however, was so frightened that he squatted on top of a water tank and kept crying. Then I took the broom to help your uncle out and the big white goose ran away when he saw me. Since then, the big white goose doesn’t dare mess with me every time it sees me but when it sees your uncle, it will quack a few times to frighten him.”

North said nothing for a while. Eugene thought he was immersed in the story, but the little boy suddenly raised his head. “Then why do you keep it?” he asked solemnly. “You should use it for stew!”

Eugene burst into laughter. “Well, the reason Daddy is telling you this story is to let you know that fear is normal. Everyone has something they’re afraid of, but you have to believe that the things you’re afraid of also have things that they themselves fear. If you’re not afraid of them, they will become weak. Just like driving away the big white goose; as long as we muster up the courage to defeat it, we will not be controlled by others. That big white goose only dared to bully your uncle later on but didn’t dare to bully me because it knew I was not afraid of it. Think of the big white goose as our inner fear. It is a bully but it can’t handle people standing up against it. As long as we are better than it, it will not bully us. Now your uncle is still afraid of the big white goose, but I am not afraid anymore. Conquering your fear is equivalent to winning against yourself. You’re a great kid, North. You’re not only able to help yourself but also others. Anyone else would only cower in fear!”

North nodded his head, successfully convinced by Eugene’s words. “I don’t want to be like Uncle Brian. I won’t be afraid of a big white goose!”

Smiling, Eugene nodded his head. “That’s my boy!”

Grumble— North’s stomach rumbled and the two looked at each other and laughed.

“Hungry?”

North made himself comfortable in Eugene’s arms. “I want to eat something delicious,” he said lazily.

“Very well. What would you like to eat?” Eugene asked, indulging him.

“I want to eat noodles made by Mommy.”

This was troubling for Eugene, but he also knew that his son just wanted to get closer to his mommy in this way. “Why don’t I try to cook it for you?” Eugene asked tentatively. “Do you remember what your mommy put in the noodles?”

North glanced at Eugene before he questioned, "Have you not eaten them before?"

"Alright then. Get up and I will make them for you now," Eugene said.

North squinted his eyes and smiled. "Thank you, Daddy!"

Eugene laughed. This brat was just like his mommy and were usually awkward and arrogant, but as long as Eugene did what they wanted, they would act like puppies and be all adorable. Eugene hugged North and tried to coax him, "Call me Daddy again."

"I'll call you Daddy next time!" North said.

"I'll make you two bowls if you call me Daddy again."

"One bowl is enough."

"Will you call me Daddy or not? If not, I'll tickle you!" Eugene stretched his hand into the quilt to threaten North. Actually, he had barely touched him but North felt that his whole body was itchy. The boy tried desperately to avoid Eugene's hand, twisting his whole body this way and that.

Eugene was worried that the kid would laugh himself stupid so he stopped messing with him. "Alright. I'll stop messing with you and go cook. Get up and wash your face, brush your teeth and fold the quilt."

"I investigated Kanes Corporation last night," North blurted out.

Eugene paused and looked back at the boy. "What did you find out? Is Lara Roberts a shareholder of the Kanes Corporation?"

"Yes." North answered.

Eugene asked, "Where are the results? Let me have a look."

Wearing his pajamas, North hugged his computer and brought it over to Eugene. He operated the computer keyboard with his small fingers and the information that he dug up yesterday was displayed with a few clicks.

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 499

Chapter 499 Making Noodles

Eugene looked through the information carefully and plotted a timeline in his head. It turned out that Lara was with Gerald during her disappearance abroad. When Gerald broke up with her, she came back to look for Edward and acted out a tear-jerking drama. It was a pity that Edward was played around like a marionette!

“Have you looked into Samantha?”

North let out a long breath. “I did, but she is still among Kanes Corporation’s employees. Hasn’t she already resigned?”

Eugene looked at North in surprise. “She hasn’t resigned?”

North clicked on something and showed it to him. “Here; have a look.”

Eugene glanced at the computer. Sure enough, Samantha Yapp had clocked in to work yesterday. “What’s going on? Is it someone with the same name?”

North looked at Eugene and pursed his lips as he hesitated, not knowing what to say. Noticing North’s strange behavior, Eugene asked in a warm tone, “What’s wrong?”

“When I saw that woman, I was scared.”

Eugene immediately took it seriously and asked, “Did you have a nightmare because you saw her?”

“I’m not sure!” North answered him and Eugene’s expression grew solemn. Why did North feel afraid when he saw Samantha? “Can you hack into Kanes Corporation’s surveillance? Let’s check if the Samantha who went to work is the same person as Nolan Group’s Samantha.”

North’s small eyes lit up immediately. Why didn’t I think of that? “Give me a second. However, we have to be fast because their firewall does a good job and we’ll be tracked if we take too long.” While he was talking, his little fingers flew across the keyboard. Within seconds, the computer screen showed Kanes Corporation’s monitors.

Eugene’s expression was cold. “Look at the secretary room.”

North hands flew across the keyboard and the secretary room appeared on the screen. Samantha appeared on the monitor, and she looked exactly like Samantha of the Nolan Group. The two of them looked at each other before Eugene quickly said, “Get out of their systems now.”

North gave an affirmative grunt. Hitting the ‘Enter’ key, he perfectly withdrew from Kanes Corporation’s systems! Eugene narrowed his eyes and muttered, “So it seems that the Samantha Yapp of the Nolan Group is a fake?”

North nodded slowly. “Could they be twins?”

“It looks more like plastic surgery to me,” Eugene commented dryly.

North nodded once more. “Then what do you want to do?”

Smiling coldly, Eugene murmured, "We'll leave her be and see what she does."

North didn't say anything.

"Don't worry, I won't let her appear in front of you," Eugene said soothingly and North nodded his head as he relented, "Let's go make those noodles."

North beamed. "Alright!"

Twenty minutes later, their complaints filled the room. "Everything is the same, but why are my noodles not as good as the ones your mommy makes?" Eugene asked impatiently.

"Did you forget to add peanuts?" North queried.

"I added peanuts. See?"

"Then you must have added too little soy sauce," North commented. "Mommy likes to use soy sauce in her cooking!"

Eugene went to the kitchen again and brought a bottle of soy sauce back with him. He added a little bit to see if it tasted like Olivia's noodles, and then added a little bit more when it didn't taste the same. As a result, they only ate a little from the two bowls of noodles and left the rest behind.

"You shouldn't make noodles in the future," North advised.

"You're the one who wanted noodles," Eugene shot back.

North sighed. "It was my mistake. I overestimated you!"

Eugene argued, "Besides noodles, the other things I make are quite delicious."

While the two were still arguing, Eugene's cell phone suddenly rang. As soon as he answered his phone, Alex's voice came over the line. "Are you coming over or not? I've been waiting for you all morning."

Eugene frowned slightly when he heard his anxious voice. "Where are you now?"

"I'm at your company because Curtis said you would come today. As a result, I've been waiting for you here all morning!"

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 500

Chapter 500 Throwing Oneself Into a Net

Eugene suddenly understood what was going on. "Then wait for a little longer; we'll head over now."

After both father and son tidied up, Eugene drove them directly to the company. When they reached the company, they bumped into Samantha. North shivered instinctively and his little hand, which was held by Eugene, stiffened. Naturally, Eugene felt his reaction. He gave North an encouraging look and tightened his hold on North's hand.

North's lowered head gradually raised a little, but he still did not dare to look at Samantha. His body, however, relaxed a little. Samantha glanced at North before looking at Eugene and greeting him with a smile. "President Nolan."

Eugene glanced at her and lightly responded, "Where is Alex?"

"He's in your office, sir."

Eugene didn't speak again. Holding North's hand, they entered his office and found Alex sitting on the sofa. Alex had been waiting for Eugene for a long time—any longer and dust would have started collecting on him. The ashtray on top of the coffee table was filled with cigarette buds. Just one look and anyone could guess how long Alex had been waiting for.

Frowning, Eugene waved away the smoke in front of him and complained, "Are you trying to set a fire?"

Alex was not amused. "You think I wanted to smoke so many cigarettes? You didn't even notify me when you came in so late. I wanted to give you a call but Curtis wouldn't let me, saying something about you not getting sleep all night. Tell me, what the heck are you doing not sleeping night after night?"

Eugene glared at him with a dark expression. "Be careful with what you say; my son is still here!"

Alex was taken aback to hear Eugene call North his son with so much affection. If he didn't know any better, he would have believed North really was Eugene's biological son. He gave North a glance and asked, "Hey, little fella. Is he your daddy?"

North's big dark eyes blinked and he said evenly, "He called me his son, so naturally he is my daddy!"

Alex was a bit surprised by the little boy's answer, which managed to pique his interest. Smiling, he waved at North and asked mysteriously, "Then can you tell me what your daddy did last night and why he didn't sleep?"

"Are you the paparazzi?" North asked seriously.

Alex laughed again then nodded his head. "That's right. Mind sharing with me some of your Daddy's secrets?"

Eugene didn't stop him either as Alex would never get serious unless someone deflated his ego.

"Why should I share Daddy's secrets with you?" North asked seriously again.

"I'll give you something in return; just name your price," Alex said, trying to get North hooked.

North frowned. "I'm afraid that you won't be able to pay my price."

Alex laughed derisively as he boasted, "Me, not able to pay? Go on then; tell me your price! Is it tens of millions or hundreds of millions?"

"Why would you still be a paparazzi if you really had so much money?" North asked coolly.

"I'm a part-time paparazzi, purely to satisfy my curiosity," Alex answered him.

"Oh! So you just like to shadow people and take pictures of them?" North asked as it suddenly dawned on him. "Then who have you shadowed before?"

Alex felt that the kid was getting more and more entertaining, so he deliberately teased, "I've shadowed tons of people! Celebrities, models, businessmen, politicians—I shadow anyone I'm interested in."

"Then would you post information about them online after you follow them?" North's tiny face was solemn and serious.

Alex nodded his head. "That's right."

Frowning, North was doubtful as he asked, "Can you make money from this?"

Alex gave Eugene a glance and his eyes were filled with smugness. "Can I make money? Well, the more famous the person is, the more lucrative the job is. This is how I made my fortune. What do you say? Would you like to join me? We can split the money 50/50 if we work together."

North looked at Eugene with a sly look in his eyes. "Tell me, Uncle Eugene; how much money would we be able to earn if we posted this recording online?"

As North said this, he took out a recorder, which resembled a pen, from his pocket. He originally wanted to record a joke for his great-grandpa today, but Alex ended up throwing himself into a net.

