

## Super Wife 811

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 811

"We just came. Why isn't Godmother here yet?" Jewel asked. Brian took off his jacket and hung it on the coat rack. "She's at home with Mrs. Fritz. She says she's not coming so that we young ones can have our fun by ourselves."

"Oh, but I wanted to talk to her!" He chuckled. "You sound a lot better when you speak now, Jewel." She smiled. "Really? I can't talk a lot, though."

"You keep getting impatient, but you've improved a lot now. Don't you agree, Brian?" Alex remarked. "Yeah. You've improved very quickly," Brian agreed.

As they chatted, Eugene and his little family, along with Nathan and Kate, had arrived. This was the first gathering with so many of them present. They all exchanged their greetings before taking their seats.

The three women sat together while the four men and one little guy all sat on the other side, staring at the women who were busy talking among themselves. "Has anyone placed an order yet?" Eugene asked.

"We were waiting for you. You're buying, so we wouldn't dream of ordering before you came," Alex explained. Eugene side-eyed him. "You sound so convincing. I'm starting to believe that you've always been so courteous!" Alex snorted in disagreement. "Hah! I've always been like this, okay?"

Eugene tossed the menu to Brian. "I'll leave the order to you since it's your restaurant. Help us choose all the restaurant's specialties."

Brian wasn't bothered by Eugene's careless attitude. He ordered a few things before passing the menu back to the server. As they waited for the food to be served, Olivia muttered to Kate, "How are things going between you and Nathan?"

"Same as ever. Nothing particularly dull, or exciting, or bad, or amazing," Kate replied. Olivia gave her a look. "That's as good as not saying anything." Kate chuckled. "Well, he picks me up after work every day and keeps insisting that I should give him a chance."

"So, what about you? How do you feel about it?" Olivia asked. "I don't know if it's because I was too badly hurt by him, but I don't seem to like him as much as I did before. I don't think I have feelings for him anymore!"

Olivia was exasperated. "Look at you. Do you even hear yourself? Do you know what this is called?"

"What?" Kate asked. "It's called getting too comfortable," Olivia sniffed. "You don't feel anxious anymore because you're certain that he likes you, so that's why you think you don't have any feelings for him anymore. If you don't believe me, then let's see what happens if another woman comes after him."

"I'll just wish him well!" Kate retorted. Olivia tugged on Jewel's arm and asked, "Look at her! Doesn't she sound so smug to you?"

"You're right," Jewel said with a chuckle. The three women had a jolly laugh together. Alex was looking at Jewel. He had an uneasy feeling in his heart as he kept worrying that his mother might cause trouble for her.

Eugene sensed that something was amiss since Alex was too quiet today. "What's up with you?" Alex leaned in and explained quietly, "Jewel and I ran into my mother just now. My mother saw her. Eugene was shocked. "What did she say?"

Alex sounded a little frazzled as he replied, "She just kept staring at Jewel for a long time before asking who she was. I introduced her as Jewel Fenton. Do you think my mother recognized her?"

"Since you have recognized her, why wouldn't your mother be able to as well?" Eugene replied. Alex sighed. "I never thought they'd meet so soon. It would've been better if this happened when Jewel finally developed feelings for me. I'm so afraid that my mother will look for her now."

Eugene surveyed Alex. "Do you think Jewel is still the same person she was before? She won't allow others to walk all over her now. What you should be worried about is that Jewel might cut off all ties with you if your mother gets involved!"

Alex nodded. "You're right. I'm worried about that too. She only started showing less aversion to me  
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"Find a chance to talk things through with your mother. Tell her where you stand. You're still the one who has the most influence when it comes to how your mother views Jewel," Eugene advised.

Alex nodded. "I know, but I think she might not have recognized Jewel." "Well, keep an eye on things, then," Eugene said. Meanwhile, Nathan and North had their heads together as they talked about games.

Brian finally realized that everyone else was paired up and he was the only one who didn't have a partner. Then, He leaned back into the couch and started wondering, Is this contagious? Why do I suddenly have the urge to start dating someone?

They were seated in the VIP room, so the food was served faster than expected. Eugene and Brian both raised their glasses to give a toast to Alex and Jewel before expressing their deepest and sincerest gratitude.

Even though they had initially invited the two over for Alex's sake, the two did end up saving Ellen, too. Alex started squirming at how solemn they were being. He called out to Eugene, "Hey, now!

It's me. You don't need to do all this." Eugene downed his glass and remarked, "I don't always treat you with this much courtesy. You better appreciate it while it lasts." Alex glared at him. "Get out." Eugene snorted. "Is that how you should be talking to me? Have you forgotten who I am to you?"

My future brother-in-law! D\*mn it! He'd have every right to knock me down a peg or two! "Oh, fine. My bad, bro." Alex went along with it and drank from his glass.

Jewel smiled. "Eugene, Brian, she's my godmother, too. You don't have to thank me!" Olivia chuckled and piped up, "They just want to have a drink together. Why are you guys making it so formal? Come on. Let's all share a toast."

Everyone picked up their glasses and finished them off. "Let's play a game," she suggested. "The one that guys often play. Let's throw the dice and see who gets the highest and lowest number. The one who gets the lowest number will have to do one thing that the one with the highest number decides or forfeit with a drink instead."

Naturally, everyone agreed to her idea. Brian asked the server to bring them two dice. Then, he poured three glasses of wine and set it down in the middle of the table. The game started, and everyone around the table rolled the dice. Eugene had 9; Olivia, 10, Kate, 5; Nathan, 7; Jewel, 8; Alex, 8; North, 4; and Brian, 12.

The results shocked everyone. Brian eyed North with a sly smile. It was finally time to get his revenge. "You got the lowest number, North, and I got the highest. Do you know what that means?"

North pondered in all seriousness before saying, "Does this mean I'll have to drink the wine?" Olivia had a fright. "Who said you're drinking the wine? You should sit out of this game. You're not touching any alcohol."

However, Eugene stopped her. "Everyone's having fun together, so you shouldn't leave North out. Even if he can't drink the wine, Brian can still make a request, and North can carry it out."

However, he also warned Brian, "Don't make it too difficult!" North gave Brian a look of provocation. He wasn't afraid at all as he knew he'd get back at Brian at some point! Brian looked at North and chuckled. "I'll give you something simple if you declare that your Uncle Brian's the best."

North snorted. "Not happening. Go ahead and say it!" Brian eyed the stubborn little fellow. Still, he never planned on making things hard for North. He merely wanted to frighten the boy. "Fine.. Give us a demonstration of your martial arts techniques."

"Okay!" North agreed with ease. As it was, North was looking forward to teasing the others with his demands, so naturally, he had to be able to do what others asked of him, too.

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Thus, North left his seat and went over to a roomier spot. Brian had been teaching him how to fight lately. North was someone who knew what was good for him, too. Even though he loved playing around most of the time, he was always fully attentive when it was time for his lessons. This was one of the reasons why Brian was fond of him.

It wasn't just because they were related, but also because North was genuinely a decent boy. North warmed up a bit before crouching down and getting into a ready stance. His little face was serious and stern as he balled his fists and began showing off what he learned.

By the time he finished, beads of sweat had gathered all along his forehead, and the crowd clapped enthusiastically for him as they showered him with praises.

Their compliments made North a little embarrassed. He sat down at the table and the game continued. As luck would have it, North was now the one with the highest number, though it wasn't Brian who had the lowest, but Nathan instead. Nathan eyed North as he wondered whether it would be better to drink the wine or fulfill the little boy's request instead.

Well, no one liked being forced to drink, but at the same time, Nathan knew that North was full of mischievous ideas. He might come up with something even worse than drinking.

Thus, Nathan was caught between the two options. North grinned at Nathan. "Are you drinking, or are you doing what I tell you to?" Nathan closed his eyes and made his decision. "Go ahead and say it."

North had a sly smile on his face, but seeing how Nathan placed his trust in him, he decided not to take it too far. "I want you to hug one of the women in this room."

Everyone got excited once they heard that because this was the perfect opportunity for Nathan. He chuckled as his eyes moved toward Kate. At the same time, she turned bright red as she huffed at North. What kind of a request is that?

North giggled. Nathan got up and walked over to Kate. "Looks like you'll have to lend me a hand with this, Katie."

"Why me?" she huffed. "Because I wouldn't dare to hug any other woman besides you. I don't want to get beaten up," he whispered he leaned closer to her. Kate held her arms out begrudgingly.

Nathan happily pulled her into his arms. This was their first proper hug ever since they broke up. Previously, she would always reject him whenever he wanted to hug her. As he held her in his arms today, everything felt more real to him. His heart settled down. He whispered in her ear, "I like you, Katie!"

Kate stiffened when she heard him. Her heart started thumping wildly and her mind went blank for a moment. Even her face turned scarlet at once, and she could still feel the warmth of his breath lingering by her ear..

She had just told Olivia that she didn't feel anything for Nathan anymore, but at this very moment, her feelings came back. All this while, Nathan had been too afraid that she might not like what he did, so he didn't dare to do anything intimate. He would even be too afraid to hold her hand again if she yanked it away from him, let alone give her a hug. Well, she never thought it would be her. godson's request that enabled her to feel what it felt like to be in love again..

Kate lowered her eyes and smiled as her face flushed with embarrassment. She finally realized that she had been longing to be close to him, too. Perhaps she needed the proximity to be in the dating mood again!

As she started wrestling with the idea of pushing Nathan away out of embarrassment, North jumped in. 'I'll give you a ten-second countdown. Ten, nine, eight, seven..."

Nathan was immensely satisfied that he could hold her for ten seconds more. In the past, he used to think that she didn't seem all that feminine, but right now, he could feel just how slender and soft she was. She even smelled heavenly. Why did I even think that she wasn't feminine?

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Nathan tightened his arms around Kate. His heart was on the verge of leaping out of his chest. He wanted to stay close to her, as close as possible. His lips pressed against her forehead without him noticing.

However, Kate was becoming even more embarrassed as she tried to push him away. He smiled and let go slightly. "Katie, I'll be more than happy to lend you a hand, too."

North grinned. The game continued, and more often than not, he had gotten the highest number. It was as if everyone had been secretly hoping for North to win.

Once again, he had the highest number, but this time, it was Olivia who had the lowest. She wanted to drink instead, but everyone else refused and insisted on having North make a request. North chuckled and said, "In that case, kiss a man, Mommy!"

Everyone in the room started cheering since they were eager for the show. They could easily tell that North was trying to set up his parents. Even if they didn't figure that out, they would've still noticed that expectant look in Eugene's eyes as he stared at Olivia.

As for Olivia, she gave North a disgruntled glare. How can you ask me to kiss a man? How can I kiss in front of everyone? The crowd began to urge, "Hurry up! You need to keep it going for ten minutes!" "Brian, you're in charge of covering the child's eyes."

"Kiss! Kiss!" North was a little speechless. "I don't need anyone else's help. I can cover my own eyes." He covered his eyes with his tiny hands before saying, "Don't kiss for ten minutes. I can't cover my eyes for that long."

Everyone laughed at his comment. Olivia finally made her move under everyone's eager gazes. She got up and slowly made her way over to Eugene.

Eugene had been staring at her the whole time. His eyes were full of anticipation and adoration. He tried his best not to smile too widely. Even though they had kissed so many times now, his heart was still beating wildly right at this moment.

Yet...

When Olivia's lips pressed against North's face, Eugene's expression turned gloomy. It was the feeling of someone who had all of his hopes dashed.

It was the feeling of being so disappointed that even all the swearing in the world wouldn't be enough to get the frustration out of his heart. Eugene was so vexed that his throat tightened up. He wanted to rant, but he had no reason to!

She played right by the rules of the game! He was the one who got his hopes up! He wanted to curse, but he didn't want to lose his dignity and he became even more exasperated when Olivia gave him a smug look. Just you wait, Olivia!

Meanwhile, she went back to her seat while everyone stared at her in shock. Alex wanted to help Eugene out. "That doesn't count. North isn't a man." Olivia huffed haughtily, "How is my son not a man? He's a little man."

"Sure. Fine. Whatever you say. Let's continue," Alex said. The game carried on, and a few rounds later, it was finally time for Eugene to get his revenge. He had the highest number and Olivia had the lowest.

Still, for the sake of getting his revenge, he had drunk a lot of wine. He was grinning smugly at Olivia. Olivia felt like she was going to start perspiring.

“I’ll drink the wine.” Nearly everyone chorused in unison, “You’re not allowed to drink.” She was at a loss for words. “When did I become public enemy number one?” Kate chuckled. “We all want to see the kiss.”

“Yeah, you guys kiss. North and I will take a walk,” Brian added. North turned to Brian. “Why am I going out on a walk with you? I want to see the kiss too.”

Brian stood up and ruffled the little boy’s hair. “What’s there for you to see, you little brat?” He pulled North out of his seat and took him out of the room.

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“Where are we going?” North asked. “Let’s get some yummy food,” Brian said. The two went over to the buffet that was served at the main hall. “Do you see anything you feel like eating?” he asked.

North purposely asked for something less common. “Is there any barbecued food here?” “Of course. Over there.” Brian pointed to the barbecue section.

North was taken aback but excited as well as he exclaimed, “Whoa! Can I barbecue my own skewers? Will there be squid? What about lamb? Oh, and let’s get some sausages too. Mommy loves eating barbecued sausages. Come on! Let’s get some barbecue.” He dragged Brian toward the barbecue section.

“Slow down,” Brian said, but he sped up as well. At that moment, a young woman who looked to be 18 or 19 years old popped up in front of them. She seemed to be avoiding someone as she kept turning to check behind her as she ran. Just as she was about to bump into Brian, he quickly stepped aside. She ended up stumbling and letting out an ear-piercing scream. “Ahh!”

Brian frowned, it was at the very last second that he reached out to grab the girl before she fell. The girl ended up doing a 360-degree twirl before stumbling toward him again..

Anyone else who didn’t know what was happening would’ve thought she was dancing. Brian had expected her to fall toward him again. He wanted to help her steady herself, but he was still holding onto North with one hand and couldn’t let go in time, so he couldn’t do anything but watch as the girl crashed into him.

He might’ve fallen over, too, if he hadn’t been prepared for this. Brian’s expression was dark and stormy as he pushed her away with a frown of displeasure. The girl stared at him in a daze. Her large eyes blinked a few times before she replied, “Thanks, handsome!”

‘No need to thank me,’ he answered indifferently. He continued walking forward with North, but the girl chased after him. “Hey, wait a minute. My name’s Charlotte Burnes. That’s B-U-R-N-E- S. What’s your name, handsome?”

Brian was a little irritated, so he stopped and asked, ‘Are you playing truth or dare?’ Charlotte was startled for a moment, but she quickly acknowledged it. “Yeah. They want me to find out your name and phone number.”

“Considering the amount of time that you’ve spent trying to talk to me, you have more than enough time to come up with something to tell them,” he retorted. Once again, he tried to walk off while holding North by the hand.

When he noticed that the girl was still coming. after them, his expression turned grim. “Stop following me!” She pouted like an aggrieved child. “Are you really not going to tell me? I’ll have to take three shots of vodka when I get back.”

North grinned and said, “My uncle’s name is Brian Mccarthy.” Charlotte’s eyes lit up. “Oh, he’s your uncle?” North cocked his eyebrows. ‘Yes, but I can’t give you his number. That’s private information.’ She chuckled. ‘Thanks, you little handsome fellow.’

She then gave Brian a smug look that seemed to say, See? I found out anyway. “But it’s true that I’m playing a game, and you did save my life. Why don’t I buy you dinner?’ Brian eyed her coldly. “Don’t bother.”

Still, the girl kept following them. “How should I repay you, then? Maybe we can do it some other time?” He looked her straight in the eye and asked int all seriousness, ‘Do you want me to throw you out of here?’

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Charlotte frowned. “Why are you so rude? I just wanted to treat you to a meal to show my gratitude, yet you’re throwing me out?” “My place, my rules,” said Brian. Looking at her dumbfounded expression, North explained with a smile, “This restaurant belongs to Uncle Brian.”

Then, she turned to look at Brian with pursed lips. “What’s so brilliant about owning a restaurant?” After saying that, she snorted proudly and left.

Brian turned to face North. “Why did you tell her that?” “She looks pretty,” replied North. Hearing that, Brian ridiculed. “Judging people by their appearances at such a young age, huh?”

North answered, “Yes. You and that woman are the same-you’re both shallow. Otherwise, why would she have come here to ask for your number?”

Meanwhile, Brian was caught at a loss of words as he burst into laughter. What a way to step on me, kiddo. Not only did he not retort my statement for calling him judgmental, he even accuses me for being shallow! And what’s with him saying that only shallow people are interested in me? Isn’t that just blatantly saying that I only attract superficial people? Bruh. This little brat is too intelligent for his age!

While looking at the kiddo, he chuckled. “Your know what? I’ll just take it that you called me handsome.” North sighed as if he was a decrepit old man. “You always said that a nephew is like his uncle, so I can’t say that you’re ugly, can I?”

At that, Brian could not hold back his laughter. This brat even includes himself when praising me. Then, he mischievously caressed North’s head before heading to the barbecue area.

Meanwhile, Charlotte had just returned to her table when another young woman grabbed her arm. “Char, you really are something. Weren’t you worried that he wouldn’t catch you in time?”

Smiling, Charlotte replied, "I knew he would!" "How did it go? Did you get his number?" After receiving a drink given by another man, she gulped a few mouthfuls before replying, "Nope. That man is a proud one, but I did get his name." The other young woman hurriedly asked, "What's his name?"

"Brian Mccarthy."

The man asked in surprise, "Brian Mccarthy? Isn't that the owner of this restaurant?" Charlotte answered with a smile, "Yes. He was so bothered by my continuous pestering that he insisted on throwing me out of here." The young woman asked, "Did he really say that?"

"Yes, but gently!" replied Charlotte. With pursed lips, he argued, "I can never understand what goes on in women's minds. Do you think a man with such an identity is short of women? Men in high positions are all playboys, while you, young women, only see them for their looks. Just wait until he sleeps with you and discards you like trash. What would you do then?"

The other young woman answered, "Edmund, don't jinx it. We're not even at that level yet. Char only asked for his number while the rest is just your imagination."

Edmund Vinson retorted, "Hey, Melissa. I'm only trying to be nice and give you girls a heads-up. Don't come crying at me when sh\*t happens."

Rolling her eyes at the two, Charlotte announced, "Are you guys done? I'm leaving." Melissa Barlow quickly caught up with her and asked, "Char, wait for me. Where are we going?" Without turning around, Charlotte answered, "Back to school."

Meanwhile, the others had stopped playing when Brian and North returned to their private room. Since they were absent, there seemed to be something off with the atmosphere. Then, North placed a handful of barbecued meat skewers and sausages on the table. "Mommy, try this. It's delicious."

Olivia was shocked when she saw that. "Your restaurant serves barbecue too?" After sitting down, Brian responded, "It's located at the buffet downstairs and is open to the public."

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"That's because you guys are always playing matchmakers, Brian expressed. North replied, "We're just worried that you won't be able to find a girlfriend." Curving his lips into a thin line, Brian retorted, "Save it."

On the other hand, Oliva's business was flourishing with her clothes being in high demand. More importantly, this situation was under the premise that most of the public was unaware that she was Angel, the renowned international fashion designer. Otherwise, her business would be booming.

On this day, a tall man with a cold expression came into the store. He had a faint scar on his left eyebrow, which added some unruliness to his character. Sophia hurried over to welcome him. "Hello, sir. Welcome to our store. What can I help you with?"

The man had eyes that resembled a wolf's as he casually scanned the space. "Where's your boss?" Sophia replied, "Our boss is in the middle of something. May I know if you're looking to buy a custom-made suit for yourself or for someone else?"

His gaze suddenly shot at Sophia as he emphasized word by word. "I'm looking for your boss!"



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Terrified by his fierce gaze, Sophia froze and respectfully replied without a moment of hesitation, "Please wait a second while I get her." While saying so, she dashed into the back room.

In the meantime, Olivia was instructing one of the designers when she saw Sophia entering frantically. She looked up and asked, "What's the matter?" After composing herself, Sophia answered, "There's a man outside insisting to see you."

Olivia was shocked. "Who?" She set down the things in her hand and rose to her feet to head outside. Sophia then gave her a heads-up. "I don't recognize him, but he looks kind of scary. Miss Olivia, please be careful."

In response, Olivia acknowledged Sophia's warning and went out. However, she was dumbfounded when she saw the man before her. Back when she was at Double Dragon Court, she had been educated on a few influential figures, so she could easily recognize him—he was the leader of Samuel Court, Christoff Stevenson. Cruel and violence were his middle name. Why is he here?

Without much time to think about it, she politely greeted Christoff, "Hi there, I heard you're looking for me. What's the matter?" A trace of shock subconsciously appeared in Christoff's eyes while he forced a smile on his originally cold face. "So, you're Eugene Nolan's woman, Olivia Maxwell?"

Hearing that question, Olivia seemed to have realized a lot of things. So, this is why he insists on meeting me. He must be one of the assassins from Samuel Court, who was sent to jail by Eugene and is now out for revenge!

"Yes, I am, and you are?" She pretended not to know him. The man chuckled. "No wonder Eugene keeps you so well-protected. You're indeed gorgeous." Olivia humbly replied, "I'm flattered. Just at matter of type, I suppose."

Christoff asked with a raised eyebrow, "Does your store provide custom-made clothes?" She answered, "We do." "If that's the case, I'd like for you to design a set for me," he said. Olivia affirmed, "Sure. Have a seat, sir." While saying so, she pulled out a chair to get him seated.

After Christoff sat down, he kept staring at Olivia. This left Olivia with slightly furrowed eyebrows, but she quickly composed herself. "Sir, can I have your last name?" Leaning lazily against the chair, he half-heartedly uttered, "Stevenson!"

With a professional attitude, she asked, "Do you have a preferred design? Or you can tell me what kind of style you'd like, and I'll try my best to satisfy your requests." Grinning, Christoff looked at her with affectionate eyes. "Satisfy my requests? Ha! Miss Maxwell, your words are misleading."

While looking at him, Olivia explained, "What I meant is that I will satisfy any requests you have on the style of your custom-made clothing. Mr. Stevenson, you should control your imaginations."

He burst out laughing and suddenly leaned forward while looking at her with a teasing gaze. "It's hard for me to control myself with you sitting in front of me." Her face instantly fell. "If that's the case, I might have to ask you to leave, Mr. Stevenson."

As his expression darkened, Christoff sneered. "Leave? How are you supposed to manage a business when you can't even take a small joke?" However, Olivia did not back down. "I'm running a clothing store, not a nightclub!"

He retorted, "What's the difference? You still have to satisfy your customer's requests." "Of course, there is a difference. None of my customers talk like you!" she rebuked coldly. A smirking Christoff asked, "What? Have I offended you?"

She replied, "Yes, you have. If you want someone to satisfy that kind of request, you have the wrong store. Please leave!" He laughed in response. "You look like an innocent little rabbit on the outside, but you're actually a wildcat. Miss Maxwell, it seems that your appearance is rather deceiving."

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Olivia did not smile but stared straight at him instead. According to psychology, staring at someone's forehead would create a sense of deterrence that would make the other party feel under pressure. Those with a weak mentality would automatically avoid meeting the other person's gaze in under ten seconds.

However, it was unfortunate that Christoff did not fall into that category. He was a man with tons of blood on his hands, so how could just anyone become his opponent? Indeed, he was not the slightest bit bothered by her gaze and even teased her, "Aren't you afraid that Eugene might get jealous if you keep staring at me like that?"

Olivia's gaze remained cold as ice while she replied, "I'm trying to see if you're really looking to order a custom-designed suit, or whether you're here to cause trouble!"

Then, his series of laughter rang out again. The gaze he pinned on Olivia resembled the gaze of a wolf eyeing its prey. "Of course, I'm here for a custom-designed suit. Alright, I admit. I've misunderstood your words. Just design me a suit that fits my temperament. Let your creative juices run wild." He gave in eventually.

Taking a deep breath, Olivia tried to suppress the gross feeling inside her. It was impossible for Christoff to appear in Summer City for no reason. He must've come here for Eugene.

Since she wanted to get this man out of her store as soon as possible, she had no choice but to agree. "What do you have in mind? A two-piece?"

"Sure," Christoff responded casually. In fact, the intention of his visit was not to custom order anything, but it was mainly because he heard that Eugene extremely doted on his girlfriend. That was why he came over after finding out that she owned a clothing store. However, he did not expect her to be so beautiful yet bold and intriguing.

"Mr. Stevenson, can you stand up for a moment so that I can have a look at your figure?" Olivia requested. Christoff cooperated with her and stood up before turning a full circle. "How's that?"

She responded, "That's all." Since he did not receive the compliment he expected, he felt disappointed and sat down in his seat. Subsequently, he asked persistently, "What can you tell just by looking?"

“What do you want me to see?” Her gaze was cold as she stared at him with such fierce eyes that it seemed like she would explode in anger at any moment.

Christoff smiled. “See, you’re overthinking again. I mean, don’t you need a measuring tape?” Olivia replied, “I’m only designing a suit for you. It’s not the time to measure yet.” As if he had learned something new, he expressed, “Oh, I see.”

Then, she inquired, “What color do you prefer?” “Anything with a dark tone,” he answered. After acknowledging that, Olivia stopped asking any more questions and picked up a pen to start designing. Occasionally, she picked up an eraser to fine-tune her drawing before altering it..

Meanwhile, Christoff stopped making inappropriate comments and stared fixedly at her. No wonder they say women are most beautiful when they’re focused on doing something. Look at her lowered eyes that are focused on the paper and her slender, fair fingers deftly drawing on the paper. She even looked attractive when she was angry earlier.

Ha.I’m out for revenge, so any kind of damage I can inflict on him is considered one. Since Eugene likes this woman so much, I’ll make her mine. Wouldn’t that hurt him even more than killing him?

His lips curled into a smile as he continued to look at her. Yet, he did not expect her to suddenly look up at him. He was instantly stunned as if she had seen through his innermost thoughts. “What’s the matter?”

Olivia replied, “I’ve done a rough sketch. Take a look and see if you like this design.”

Then, he received the sketch she had drawn. In fact, he knew nothing about fashion design and every suit looked the same to him. Therefore, he set the sketch down after a quick look. “Not bad. Just continue with this design.”

While pointing at the design, Olivia elaborated, “You have an unruly temperament, and although you prefer a darker tone, I personally think that dull colors do not suit you, so I’m planning to use blue for your suit. The muscles on your upper chest are very obvious, which means you have a strong build, and it is more fitting to wear a suit that fits around your body.

So, I have made some adjustments here to fit your figure. A double-button design will ensure that it won’t be too tight when you’re wearing it, and I’ve made some innovative designs at the cuffs, pockets, and some other places. Also, I’ll use diamonds to decorate the cuffs because it’ll better express your temperament that way.”

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Christoff was happy to hear that. “Sounds great. Let’s go with your design.” Then, Olivia said, “Alright, Mr. Stevenson. You’ll need to pay five thousand as a deposit, then you’ll be able to receive your suit in two weeks.” He asked, “How much does this suit cost?”

“Mr. Stevenson, this suit costs a total of three- hundred and eighty thousand. Our studio provides suits that are completely handmade, and I can assure you that your suit will be the only one of its kind! I’m going to use- Raising his hand, Christoff interrupted her. “There’s no need to explain. Also, I’m not going to pay the deposit because I’m paying in full.”

Olivia was only taken aback for a moment before saying, "Sure. Please follow me, Mr. Stevenson." Then, he followed her to the counter to pay for the suit, after which she gave him a receipt and reminded, "Bring this receipt with you when you come to collect your suit in two weeks' time."

Christoff replied, "Alright." While he spoke, he raised his arm with a wristwatch to look at the time. "It's already 11.00AM. Miss Maxwell, do I have the privilege of asking you out to lunch?"

To that, Olivia answered, "I'll pass. My boyfriend will get jealous." Raising an eyebrow, he seemed surprised while asking. "Is a wildcat like you afraid of Eugene too?"

She retorted, "I'm not a wildcat; I'm a wolf. Also, I'm not afraid of him. It's called respect. Since we've acknowledged ourselves as a couple, we should restrain ourselves from doing things that might affect our relationship." Hearing that, Christoff expressed, "Eugene is so lucky."

With a humble attitude, Olivia replied, "Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Stevenson." While saying so, she gestured toward the door. "Thank you for your visit!"

As a result, he did not say anything more and left the studio. After his departure, Sophia hurried over to her side. "Oh my gosh. As I've expected from someone who has spent time with President Nolan. You're not even afraid of that man! I felt my legs turning into jelly the moment I saw him earlier."

Olivia thought, He is the leader of Samuel Court after all. How can he keep the group of assassins under him in control if he doesn't have a strong temperament? However, she did not expect that he would leave right after ordering a suit without doing. While looking at Sophia, Olivia comforted her. "What's there to be afraid of? We're just operating a business. What can he do to you?"

Sophia stared at Christoff's leaving car and said, "When he came in earlier, he looked so oppressive and nothing like our regular customers. He's more like someone who came here to settle scores. Still, I didn't expect he'd leave so happily after speaking a few words with you."

Olivia glared at her and rebuked, "Don't judge a book by its cover." A giggling Sophia replied, "Yes, you're right, Miss Olivia. I'm going to continue with my work." While saying so, she entered the back room.

Meanwhile, Olivia still felt a little concerned, so she took out her phone and called Eugene. The call was answered on the third ring, followed by his deep voice. "Olivia."

At first, she was planning to tell him regarding the incident with Christoff, but she immediately felt her uneasy heart calming down after hearing his voice. Therefore, she casually asked, "What are you doing?"

Eugene's voice sounded a little tired. "I just finished a meeting. I've been sitting there for the whole morning and my head feels dizzy as a result. Have you eaten yet?"

"Nope. I've just finished work too." "Why don't we head back to that romantic restaurant?" he asked. Olivia answered, "That sounds like a good idea, but aren't you tired?"

"What's there to be tired about when I can have lunch with you? I'll be there in half an hour," he informed her. Hearing that, she could only affirm him and wait for the agreed time to come. An hour later, the two appeared at the couple-themed restaurant, Mi Amor.

When Oliva entered the restaurant, she immediately looked over to the stage and saw that it was the same boy playing the piano. The tune he was playing today was 'Croatian Rhapsody, which was utterly ear-pleasing.