

Super Wife 861

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 861

On the other hand, Olivia feared that Eugene's appearance indicated that he was prepared to consent to the marriage.

On the dance floor, the couple followed the rhythm of the music and became wholly absorbed in the experience of dancing together. Azalea would occasionally put her head close to him and whisper something. Olivia wasn't able to hear anything that was being said, but she could tell that he wasn't bothered in the least by their close proximity.

A man who had previously shown no interest in women was now enjoying being near one. It seems as though he has developed strong feelings for the women.

Olivia's lips curved upward in a mocking grin. What an ironic circumstance! She was so concerned about his safety and well-being that she was willing to travel to a foreign city to find him. She had no idea he would be here, indulging himself with sumptuous meals and attractive women.

Christoff embraced her in his arms and flirtatiously leaned in. "How does seeing your boyfriend dancing with another woman make you feel?" She pushed him away without a trace of emotion, but her tone was stiff as if to conceal her annoyance. "Nothing."

He drew her back into his embrace and questioned, "You're now my girlfriend. Do you not think it's inappropriate for you to be upset with Eugene and take it out on me as a way to vent your frustration?"

"Then, stay away from me," Olivia warned him before slipping out of his embrace. However, her eyes were still fixed on the couple's dancing as if she were torturing herself. She wanted to see for herself what Eugene was up to!

Christoff shot her a sly look before returning his attention to the two people dancing. Eugene, oh, Eugene. Why are you so avaricious when you have a girlfriend? Let's see how you explain this to her!

Eugene had a distinct impression that someone was watching him. When his gaze unexpectedly shifted toward Olivia, he saw a woman he didn't recognize. When their eyes met, he was taken aback and questioned why she was looking at him intently.

Then, Azalea followed his line of sight but didn't catch anything out of the ordinary, so she asked, "What's wrong, Eugene?"

He retracted his attention and mumbled, "Nothing." He must have been too preoccupied with his emotions to recognize anyone else as Olivia. Indeed, there was no resemblance between the two. She reassured him, "Don't worry, as Hayes is here. He won't stand by and do nothing if my dad insists you stay."

Without a word, Eugene cast another glance in Olivia's direction. Following that, he became aware that Christoff was at the banquet. Isn't he in Summer City? Who is the woman next to him?

Since he wouldn't recognize Olivia in her new guise, she could stare at him all she wanted.. Her eyes sparkled with an eagerness to roll out onto the dance floor and question him as if a fiery orb of

invisibility were blazing in them. Do you like it here? Does she have tender skin? Are you enjoying your role as King of the City's son-in-law?

She was justifiably enraged after seeing that woman, who made her feel as sour as if she'd eaten a dozen lemons. Nonetheless, she knew that she could not afford to act hastily in such a massive palace for fear of endangering Eugene and herself.

Hayes jumped to his feet and gasped in surprise, "Is that Eugene Nolan?"

Sirius smiled and explained with courtesy, "Yes. You should know that Azalea has had a crush on Eugene for quite some time. Inadvertently, I learned he was in Nambahd on a business trip, so I

extended an invitation. I was taken aback when the two youngsters instantly hit it off. I guess it's a good thing they're both still on the market. Don't you think they're a match made in heaven?"

"Does Eugene agree with the marriage?" Hayes questioned surprisingly.

"Of course," Sirius responded triumphantly. Hayes had a hard time believing that Eugene would get involved with Sirius!

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As Sirius was quite eager, he got up, grabbed the microphone, and cleared his throat before delivering his speech. "Thank you all for taking the time to attend Princess Azalea's birthday party. On behalf of her, I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude to all of you present in this hall. Everyone is aware that she is my precious only daughter, whom I cherish all my life.

As long as she is happy, I am willing to give up everything. Perhaps some of you might already recognize the person dancing with Azalea, but I would like to break it to you that he is indeed Eugene Nolan from Criccia. He's the owner of Nolan Group and Promise Island, and he used to date Princess Azalea in the past, but they were separated due to reasons. Now that they are back together again, I feel honored to witness their beautiful relationship. Since the King is here today, I have a small request to ask."

With that, he turned to Hayes and suggested, "Since Your Highness has a close relationship with Eugene, and Azalea is in love with him, we're considered well-informed about each other. The marriage between our two families will only be beneficial to our kingdom. May I ask that Your Highness grant them the permission to be engaged under the witness of everyone present?" Undoubtedly, Sirius was tactful with his use of words.

He mentioned that they were a family and that obtaining Eugene was a means to strengthen Nambahd with strong support. However, Hayes was aware of the kind of family they were. He couldn't forget how tragic it was back then. The reason he was able to sit on the throne was not just because of his hard work, but also because of Eugene who secretly assisted him. Otherwise, he might not have been able to succeed to the throne.

If he allowed Eugene to be engaged to Azalea, wasn't that equivalent to pushing Eugene to Sirius? He wasn't that dumb!

Nevertheless, forcibly splitting them in front of the crowd wouldn't only cause Sirius to hold on tight to him, but the crowd also wouldn't understand his purpose for doing it! Sirius was right. It should only be beneficial to them.

Hence, Hayes declared, "As the head of Nambahd, I am, of course, willing to facilitate this matter. As long as Eugene and Azalea have no objections, I can make it happen."

Sirius hastily bowed and said, "On behalf of the two children, I would like to thank you for your grace, Your Highness." After that, while Eugene and Azalea were still dancing, he continued, "Great, then. I would like Your Highness to be a witness today on Princess Azalea's birthday. I want to add to the merriment by holding the engagement on this day as well!"

The crowd broke into a round of applause once he finished speaking, but Olivia was the only one who stood up and almost strode to the stage. They must think she was a pushover! How dare they officiate the engagement of her boyfriend in front of her! So what if Sirius was the King of the City? He was nothing to her!

As soon as she moved forward aggressively, she was grabbed by someone by the arm, accompanied by Christoff's cold voice. "What are you doing?"

Olivia shook off his hand and seethed, "Can't you hear that? He's forcing my boyfriend to marry his daughter! Are there no other men left on the Earth?"

Christoff grabbed her again and pushed her directly into the corner. "Do you know whom you are going against? He's the King of the City. Haven't you heard the saying of a bankrupt millionaire is more well-off than average citizens? Just think about the consequences if you were to raise a ruckus."

Olivia broke free from his restraint and countered, "I'm not going to raise a ruckus! Can't I even question my boyfriend?"

"Your boyfriend? Your boyfriend is Jack Newman. You even have a child called Noah Pearce. Don't forget that you are Margot Pearce now. How can you ask him that with this appearance of yours?" After hearing those words, Olivia suddenly realized that she had been so furious that she forgot her appearance had changed.

B*stard! How could he indulge himself in lavish food, have beauties by his side, and even have the King of the City to support him?!

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It was ridiculous for her to worry about his safety! Seeing her going silent, Christoff warned her again, "I told you not to drag me into this! If you have a death wish, don't try to use me as your shield!"

Olivia glared at him angrily. "Who said I was going to drag you into this?" Christoff exuded a hostile aura, and his tone was aggressive. "We were tied together from the moment we entered the door. You are my girlfriend now, and I don't care whether you have a death wish or not. I, for one, am not tired of living yet!"

Olivia took a deep breath and calmed herself down. He was right! She shouldn't be impulsive now because she wasn't Olivia.

Sensing her discomfort, Christoff softened his voice. "Let's see what Eugene has to say first. If he's willing to be engaged to Princess Azalea, you should just get a new boyfriend. Why must you hang on to him tightly?"

Olivia eyed him askance. He somehow gave her the feeling that he was gloating about the situation. With a suspicious look, she questioned, "How did you know Eugene was here? Was this your plan all along?"

Christoff's eyes wavered before he looked her in the eye again while defending himself, "Even though Nambahd isn't big, it's still a country! You think too highly of me, Olivia. I'm not that capable of controlling how the royal family does things."

Olivia merely looked at him. Even though Samuel Court wasn't comparable to Promise Island and Double Dragon Court, they were still ranked among the top three in power, let alone a small country as Nambahd. Even other countries were intimidated by them.

Of the three major forces, which one did they not want to win over? Why else would Sirius give up his daughter willingly to win over Eugene?

Nevertheless, there was no guarantee that Christoff and Sirius didn't conspire against Eugene. Seeing how the suspicion in her eyes only grew stronger instead of dissipating, he questioned, "Would I even take you here if I was involved in the conspiracy?"

Olivia countered, "Maybe you just wanted me to see what Eugene was really like so that you can sow discord!"

Christoff mused, As expected of Eugene's little girlfriend. An evil smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he placed a hand on the wall. "What do I get for sowing discord between you and Eugene?"

Olivia glanced at his propped arm and spat. "This is what you get!" Christoff smiled and withdrew his hand. "Do you think I would conspire with the King of the City to get my hands on you?"

"Not just me, but you also want to take revenge on Eugene," suggested Olivia. Christoff withdrew his arm and gazed at her with a smile. "Why would I take revenge on him?"

Olivia sneered, "Wouldn't it be boring to make things clear?"

"I have to admit that you are meticulous and clever. He indeed came to me in desperation, but I am not a fool to cooperate with him. Now that he doesn't have true powers, he has to rely on external forces to fight against the King. How many people do you think dare to go against the King? Don't you think he resorted to Eugene because I rejected him? Alternatively, he could be using Eugene as bait to attract more people to support him," explained Christoff.

Olivia pondered for a moment and realized that his words made sense. If Sirius intended to work with him, he wouldn't have facilitated the engagement between Eugene and Princess Azalea. His move was obviously to win over the hearts of the people.

When everyone saw the King of the City has such a huge support, they would certainly bring others along to support him. In that way, he could achieve more by doing less..

However... She still wasn't sure if Christoff was involved in the process. Staring at him, she questioned, "Do you swear that Eugene being here has nothing to do with you?"

Christoff panicked discreetly, but he answered without hesitation, "Yes.' That earned a nod from Olivia as she warned, "Good. I'll believe you this time, but you better not let me discover you are involved in this matter, or I will not consider you as a friend anymore."

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Christoff looked at her but was speechless for a while. Did she regard him as a friend? Unsure, he asked again, "Are we friends now?"

Olivia looked at him firmly. "Why would I come with you if I didn't consider you as a friend?" "You aren't here to find Eugene?"

"My goal is to find him, but I also have to ensure my safety. Although you are annoying most of the time, my instinct tells me that you won't hurt me, so I regard you as a friend." Olivia looked at him with sincere eyes. Though she admitted it was not entirely true, she had to word it that way.

The man in front of her might be dangerous, and although she had an intuition that he wouldn't hurt her, there was no guarantee that he wouldn't hurt Eugene.

She had to ensure that Christoff wasn't involved in this matter, and even if he was, she hoped that her words would make him waver and withdraw himself from the conspiracy. Otherwise, it would be difficult for the two of them to join hands. On the contrary, Christoff glanced at Olivia in surprise. Her words did shock him.

How could she believe him by intuition? No one had ever said such a thing to him before. Who was he? He was Christoff Stevenson, the ruler of Samuel Court. No one had ever fully trusted him, but he somehow gained the trust of a woman he had barely known for a month and got along with for less than a week.

His current feelings were indescribable. He was delighted but was also a little guilty. He wanted to erase the deceptive acts he did to her, and he even secretly promised not to lie to her anymore. This time, however...

It took a while before he found his voice again. "I'm glad you're well aware of that. Even if I don't like Eugene, I won't do such a thing on the premise of hurting my friends. Let's head out and have a look at the situation now," he urged and tugged Olivia's arm.

Despite that, Olivia stayed still because she didn't want to see Eugene. "You go ahead. I'll come back in a while." "I'll stay here with you, then."

"It's fine. I need some time alone." Christoff then uttered, "You better stay still, then. Although you are my girlfriend now, I'm not going to save you if you throw yourself into the fire."

Olivia glared at him and seethed, "Just mind your own business!" With a smile, he replied, "Sure. I'll help you listen to what Eugene has to say." With that, he left.

Olivia walked a little further by herself, found a place where no one was around, and leaned against the wall. She then fished out her phone and called Eugene. However, the call still couldn't go through.

She took a deep breath. Although she had always been confident in Eugene's feelings for her, she no longer had the energy to defend him anymore. She was confused.

Just then, a subdued voice came from the room not too far away, but it was loud enough for her to hear it. One of them said, "The King must take this glass of wine later. Remember. It's the one on the left."

The other asked, "Why?" "Why do you have so many questions? Just do as I say."

"Got it." Soon, a waiter came out with two glasses of wine on a tray. Olivia was suspicious of their conversation. Why did they specify which glass the King should drink? Were they intending to assassinate the King? It was possible. Now that Sirius had made the engagement with Eugene official, he thought he had strong support. Thus, he wanted to kill the King and take over his place. Wouldn't that be a logical thing to do?

Thinking of that, Olivia grew anxious. Did Eugene get involved with another country's coup? Anxious, she rushed out to the hall again.

At this time, Azalea was holding the microphone as she announced, "Don't get us wrong, everyone. Eugene and I are just friends, and we are not planning to get engaged. My father misunderstood our relationship, but I am still delighted that all of you took the time to attend my birthday party today. Feel free to enjoy yourselves tonight!"

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Sirius' face was so gloomy as if a violent thunderstorm was about to happen. "What are you talking about, Azalea? The King has decided for you. How can you not appreciate his kindness?"

Azalea replied, "Dad, Hayes, relationships can't be forced. I know what I'm doing, so don't worry about us."

Before Sirius could say something, Eugene beat him to it and grabbed the microphone. "Thank you for the gracious offer, Your Highness and Sir Sirius, but Princess Azalea has already made it clear that we are just friends. It's her birthday banquet today and therefore, I'm only here to celebrate her birthday. Please don't speculate anything between us, everyone."

Hayes smiled at that. Seeing Sirius pulling a long face, he uttered, "I understand that Sir Sirius admires Eugene, but things that are forced never work out. The thing with relationships is that only the ones involved are clear about their feelings. As parents, we should just offer our blessings to them!"

Hearing that, everyone started whispering. "How desperate is Sir Sirius to be willing to sacrifice his daughter to attract supporters?" "Sadly, his daughter betrayed him."

"What do you mean betrayed him? Even if she wants to be engaged, Eugene might not agree to it! He's definitely not a pushover!" "Exactly. Perhaps he's trying to avoid embarrassment, which is why he simply announced it himself."

Olivia was not in the mood to pay attention to their comments as she was watching the waiter walking toward Hayes with the tray of wine. Currently, Hayes was speaking to Eugene. "Why didn't you visit me first when you were here?"

Eugene smiled in return. "Sir Sirius is very welcoming and insists that I stay to celebrate Princess Azalea's birthday." "Come with me tonight. Let's have a drink together."

Eugene quickly agreed to him while Sirius smiled. "Your Highness, Eugene and Azalea are getting along well. You can also have a drink. right here. It doesn't matter where you have it, right?" With that said, he waved at the waiter.

The waiter walked up to them, and just as Hayes was about to grab the wine, Olivia panicked. No matter whether the glass would fall into Hayes or Eugene's hands, her intuition told her that it was dangerous.

Pretending to not see the road, she bumped into a man next to her. "Ah—" Her scream attracted the attention of everyone present.

Discreetly, she pulled one of the buttons off the man's shirt. Her middle finger and thumb worked perfectly to flick it toward the leg of the waiter serving wine on the stage. The sudden, sharp pain didn't cause him to scream, but he lurched forward due to momentum, causing the wine to spill all over. In that case, the wine on the tray couldn't be served anymore.

The waiter hurriedly apologized with a trembling voice, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Your Highness, Sir Sirius. There's a cramp in my leg all of a sudden, making me trip."

Furrowing his brows, Sirius held back his anger and scolded, "What's so hard about serving? Go and get another glass." The waiter stepped off the stage in a hurry, limping.

Meanwhile, Eugene's eyes stayed on Olivia. He narrowed his eyes and couldn't help but wonder who she was. Why did she give him a sense of familiarity?

On the other hand, Olivia was supported by the man beside her. When she was about to apologize, the man spoke first, "I'm sorry for bumping into you just now."

She felt embarrassed as she denied, "I'm fine. It was my fault. I hope you're alright." With that, the man nodded and left.

When Christoff came over, he supported her and asked, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," answered Olivia.

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After glancing at the stage, Christoff yanked Olivia to the side and asked, "What are you doing?"

"What's wrong?" she asked when she had calmed down. "Stop playing tricks with me. Were you the one who made the waiter on the stage trip?"

"What does it have to do with me?" "Stop pretending like you don't know. You think I can recognize Jewel but not you?"

Olivia raised her head to glance at him, starting to enjoy the way he looked when he threatened her from time to time.

With an indifferent tone, she questioned, "Well, I'm just curious why the ruler of Samuel Court pays so much attention to other people instead of thinking about how to make money."

Christoff answered, "Isn't that normal? I've analyzed every beautiful woman ranked on the top." Olivia was speechless at that.

"Why did you attack him?" Christoff prodded. "Can you not ask so many questions?" Olivia snapped coldly. Christoff was almost pissed off by her. "Alright. If don't want to talk about it, let's leave now."

"Fine! I don't want to stay anyway," retorted Olivia. With that, she turned to leave. Currently, she just wanted him out of her sight to save her from getting upset. However, Sirius caught them leaving, taking them by surprise. "Mr. Stevenson, why don't you join us for a drink?"

Christoff instantly pulled a smile on his face and wrapped his arm around Olivia's waist and guided her over to Sirius. "Congratulations, Sir Sirius!"

"I haven't had a drink with you yet!" Sirius commented. Christoff responded with a smile, "It's my fault. I should've congratulated you."

After saying that, he glanced at Eugene with a hint of provocation and gloat. With a cold expression, Eugene asked, "May I ask why you're congratulating me?"

Christoff smiled wickedly, "I'm congratulating Prince Azalea on her birthday! What? Did you think I was congratulating you for almost becoming Sir Sirius' son-in-law?"

With a blank expression, Eugene remarked, "You seem very concerned about this position. If you treat Azalea well, I can help you get together with her."

Christoff laughed out loud. "I appreciate your kindness, President Nolan, but my heart already belongs to someone else. You don't have to worry about it."

Eventually, Sirius grew impatient and instructed, "Azalea, Eugene, please bring the King and Mr. Stevenson to Peony Hall."

"Yes, Dad," Azalea replied with manners. Eugene, on the other hand, didn't reply but merely followed them to Peony Hall.

When they arrived at the hall, everyone took their seats respectively. However, Christoff brought Olivia to introduce her to Eugene, "Margot, this is President Nolan, or Eugene Nolan, the owner of Nolan Group and Promise Island."

Olivia shook her shoulders awkwardly to shake his arm off, but Christoff didn't let go. The smirk on his face only grew wider.

"Didn't you mention him last time?" Olivia glanced at Hayes and purposely looked at Christoff innocently. "I recall that you said Eugene had a girlfriend. Why is he here getting engaged to Princess Azalea?" Then, she glanced at Eugene.

Eugene frowned slightly, wondering who she was. Why did she look at him like that? Even though they weren't acquainted, her gaze was somehow chilly and even carried a hint of melancholy.

For fear that Eugene might recognize Olivia, Christoff quickly put his arm around her shoulders and led her to the couch, saying, "Well... I don't think it's a good idea to say this, but perhaps President Nolan doesn't like his girlfriend that much."

Looking sideways at Eugene, who had pulled a long face, Azalea quickly clarified, "We're not engaged. Eugene and I are just friends."

"But your father adores your friend! Otherwise, he wouldn't have invited the King and delivered the good news. That means he has regarded you as his own now, Eugene," said Christoff with a smile.

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Eugene spat coldly, "You may take my place if you're jealous." His words elicited a laugh out of Christoff. "My heart already belongs to someone. Why would I still be jealous? You, on the other hand, seem to have other ideas. Are you unwilling to entertain me?"

"You're right. I am unwilling to entertain you, and my relationship with the King is not as fragile as you think!" Eugene retorted.

Christoff sneered at his words, "Are you unhappy about entertaining me, or are you dissatisfied with the King of the City's arrangement?"

Eugene said, "You may remove the latter option. I'm just unwilling to entertain you."

Though Christoff intended to provoke him, Olivia nudged him angrily. Through her gaze, she seemed to be either holding back her anger, warning him, or growing impatient. Sensing that, Christoff quickly coaxed her, "Okay. I'll stop talking to them and give you more attention!"

Olivia struggled to break free from his embrace, but to others, they looked like a couple who were in a flirty bicker.

Eugene's brows furrowed even tighter. He couldn't explain why, but when he saw Christoff's monstrous claws on Olivia's shoulders, he wanted to chop them off. The feeling even grew intense as time passed.

Could it be due to the hatred he had for Christoff? "Eugene, come and take a seat," Hayes suddenly spoke. Only then did he suppress the annoyance in his heart and took a seat beside Hayes. Hayes smiled and remarked, "I didn't expect to see you here at all."

In response, Eugene replied to him with a hidden meaning, "But I've been waiting for you." With an arched brow, Hayes observed the shift in Eugene's expression and seemingly understood him. "Come with me for a drink. later."

"Of course," replied Eugene. Following that, a knock came on the door. Azalea permitted them to enter. "Come in."

The waiter outside came in and informed her respectfully, "Princess, the King of the City made me bring a bottle of red wine from his collection to the King and Mr. Stevenson. He hopes that you and Mr. Nolan will give them a warm welcome."

Azalea replied, "Sure, Just leave it here." After the waiter left, she got up and poured the wine into Hayes' glass until it was full to the brim. "Just have a drink with Eugene tonight here, Hayes. Bring him to your place tomorrow Hayes teased, "Why? Are you reluctant to send him away so soon?"

"What are you talking about? I'm reluctant to send you away since you haven't been visiting lately." "Why don't you come with us tonight if you don't want me to leave?" asked Hayes.

"No, thanks," Azalea whined and glared at him. Thereafter, she poured wine into Christoff, Olivia, and Eugene's glasses.

Due to the conversation that she heard earlier, Olivia had been wary of their drinks being drugged. Hence, while Azalea was pouring wine, she already picked up the glass and smelled it.

As expected, besides the scent of wine, she could smell the faint scent of Ecstasy. She could tell whom the drug was prepared for. They were indeed well prepared with backup plans.

"Hmm..." Olivia scanned the room with hesitance and uttered, "Drinking too much is bad for health." She almost wanted to blurt that the wine was drugged, but after pondering about it, she concluded that not many would have the guts to drug the drinks in City Palace.

The waiter who was appointed to deliver the wine to Hayes earlier wouldn't have done it without the orders of the King of the City. Therefore, she couldn't directly comment that there was something wrong with the wine, or it would be equivalent to starting a war.

Even after she warned them, Christoff didn't seem to sense anything off. On the other hand, Eugene glanced at her again and squinted his eyes suspiciously. Is she trying to say something?

Hayes didn't find a problem with the drink either. Even though she had hinted to them that, drinking was bad for the body, he raised his wine glass and toasted, "Cheers, Eugene!"

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Eugene moved the wine glass in front of him and interrupted, "Wait a minute. I need to tell you something first." Putting down his wine glass, Hayes replied, "Sure. Go ahead."

Eugene suggested, "Let's talk inside." He then got up and entered the inner room. Azalea's gaze followed them.

Meanwhile, Christoff wondered why the two left to talk privately. When he grabbed the wine glass in front of him, Olivia stopped him and reminded him, "Don't drink too much. I'm not going to carry you back to the car if you're drunk."

Hearing that, he couldn't help feeling like he was on cloud nine. The moment he was about to say something, Olivia stared at the glass with a poker face. Getting the hint, he placed the glass on the table and complied, "Okay."

Olivia first glanced at the surveillance camera before turning to Azalea, who was looking at the door to the inner room. "Princess Azalea, why don't you bring them some grapes? They just drank wine. Grapes help in curing hangovers."

"Sure. Are you guys not going to have some?" asked Azalea.

"No, thanks. You can bring it to them. The King is in there, after all, answered Olivia.

Azalea responded, "Okay." After that, she stood up and went into the room with the plate of grapes, which was previously placed on the table.

As soon as she left, Olivia turned her back to the surveillance camera, replaced all the wine in their glasses with the original red wine, and poured their treasured red wine into the mat under the couch.

Watching Olivia getting busy, Christoff suddenly panicked. "What's wrong?" Olivia shushed him and lowered her voice. "The drink has been drugged. Help me out. Hurry."

Hearing that, Christoff hurriedly joined in. The two of them had just finished swapping the wine when Azalea came out of the room. Seeing that, Olivia slammed Christoff's head on the table as they both pretended to pass out.

Azalea's eyes wavered a little as she stood on the spot for a long time as if musing to herself. First, she observed the couple lying on the table, and then glanced at the wine bottle her father asked to send over. Her heart almost threatened to leap out of her throat as she suddenly panicked. She knew that the reason her father drugged them was to help her.

She didn't want to be an accomplice to her father's conspiracy, but she was desperate to have Eugene. It had been six long years....

Thinking of that, she no longer resisted the temptation and eventually walked to the table and grabbed the bottle of precious wine.

"Hayes, Eugene," she greeted with a smile. Spotting the wine bottle in her hands, Eugene inquired, "What's up?"

Azalea responded with a gentle smile, "Nothing. I just wanted to pour you some wine. This is something my father treasures so much. You should try it too." While saying that, she poured them each a glass. Eugene grew suspicious now. "What about Mr. Stevenson and his girlfriend?"

Without a shift in her expression, she responded, "They're drinking out there." Eugene was skeptical of her words. Didn't the woman say that it was bad to drink? Why did she drink it all of a sudden? Was there nothing wrong with the wine?

Just then, Hayes raised his glass. "Cheers, Eugene." Eugene took a sip cautiously, and although he had never tasted the so-called treasured red wine, he could tell it tasted the same as any ordinary red wine he had before.

The wine had been replaced, and who else could have done that besides the couple outside? But why did they swap the wine?

While he hesitated, Azalea felt her heart pounding violently. Why isn't he drinking? What is he thinking? Did he find out something unusual?

"W-What's wrong?" After taking a look at Azalea, Eugene downed the wine in one shot.

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"The wine is good." Seeing him downing it in one go, Azalea felt her pounding heart slow down before she uttered sensibly, "You may continue your discussion now. I'll leave the wine here. Call me if you need anything!"

Hayes hummed, but Eugene's gaze never left her. When Azalea came out of the inner room, she felt a needle poking her head. A sense of dizziness hit her, and she then fell to the ground with a plop.

Sirius was busy entertaining other guests at the time, but he had been distracted as he wondered what was going on in Peony Hall. He had to gain Eugene's trust, even if he didn't proceed with the engagement! Nevertheless, he still had to be responsible for his daughter's drunken acts. Hence, he had been waiting for news about their collapse.

When it was almost time, he went to the surveillance room and asked, "How's it going?" The staff quickly kept his phone and glanced at Peony Hall on the screen. Seeing that everyone was sprawled on the table, he quickly replied, "Sir Sirius, they have all passed out."

Without much thought, Sirius brought his men to the lounge and saw Olivia and Christoff sprawled on the table, as well as Azalea, who had fallen to the couch. Thereafter, he went into the inner room to find Eugene and Hayes, who were both passed out on the table as well. Delighted, he exclaimed, "The King is drunk. Get a room for him."

The men complied with his orders and carried Hayes away. After that, Sirius ordered his men to move Christoff and Olivia to one room, while Eugene and Azalea were assigned to another room.

Meanwhile, Olivia allowed the men to move her away. She finally understood Sirius' purpose. He was no doubt trying to bring Eugene and Azalea together.

Just as she was thinking when a good time to wake up was, she noticed Christoff lying still. With that, she decided to simply wait it out and observe Sirius' following moves.

The two were assigned to the same room, so once the door was shut, Olivia flung open her eyes and scanned the room to make sure there was no surveillance camera. Immediately, she rolled out of bed and headed toward the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Christoff. "I'm going to look for Eugene's room," answered Olivia. Christoff got out of bed and grabbed her wrist before asking, "How are you going to find the room? You and I both know that there is no drug in the wine. Eugene and the King are pretending to be unconscious, just like us. It's obvious that they already know what Sirius is up to. Why will he comply with Sirius? Just stay here and wait for the news."

Hearing that, Olivia no longer insisted on leaving and waited in the room anxiously instead. After a while, she spoke again, "Why hasn't there been any movement outside? Could Sirius have more plans coming? I have to go and take a look myself." She then got up and was about to leave again.

Christoff held her back again and uttered with a serious expression. "Eugene is not a child. Unless he really wants to take the opportunity to sleep with Azalea, he won't waver. You will only alert them if you go out now."

Olivia tried hard to persuade herself, but she couldn't calm her heart at all. Was she really just going to sit by and wait? What if Eugene did end up sleeping with Azalea?

"Can't I even go to the washroom?" Christoff's grip tightened on her wrist. "You should be unconscious now. Besides, there is a washroom in the room itself. Which one do you want to go to?"

His strong grip and his words further irritated Olivia, making her struggle to break free from his grasp. "Are you that eager to see Eugene sleeping with Azalea?"

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Christoff's face darkened as he stared at her and exclaimed, "Yes!" Olivia turned around angrily and left. Just as she was about to open the door, Christoff pressed hard on the door. He stared at her and uttered coldly, "If Eugene sleeps with Azalea under such circumstances, it can only be said that he did it on purpose, and you should give up on a hypocrite like him. If he doesn't do it, you can prove that he's loyal to you. You've already done so much today. What else are you trying to do? Tell him not to sleep with Azalea?"

Olivia froze on the spot, glaring fiercely at Christoff because she was utterly pissed off. However, she knew that the reason for her anger was Eugene, not him.

She admitted that he was right. After tonight, she didn't seem to trust Eugene that much anymore, or perhaps, she wasn't confident in herself anymore.

Azalea was a beauty who admired Eugene and had a strong family background. Moreover, she was the one who took the initiative to get close to him when Olivia wasn't around. Under such circumstances, men usually wouldn't be able to control themselves from the seduction, would they? She didn't dare to risk it at all.

She couldn't be calm and rational when she couldn't predict what would happen next! Christoff continued, "You must remember that you are my girlfriend now, and bringing you here alone is a risk in itself. If something happens to you, I will be the one being implicated."

Olivia threw him a glare in response and returned to the room. Suddenly, she heard the sounds of people running outside. Her heart sank, and she was desperate to open the door again. Christoff, once again, stopped her.

This time, Olivia panicked. She raised her leg, aimed at his crotch, and sent him a kick. Christoff was unprepared and ended up taking a solid blow. He arched his body in pain and swore out loud, "F*ck!"

Unfazed by his reaction, Olivia glanced at him indifferently. "I'll just take a look at the door. I won't compromise you!" With that said, she reached out to open the door.

Christoff had just recovered from the pain when he saw her reaching out her hand again. Immediately, he grabbed her wrist and pinned her against the wall as he threatened in a chilly voice, "Do you have a death wish?"

Olivia struggled hard to break free and snapped sharply, "I'm not your girlfriend. Don't try to control me!"

A terrifying aura of hostility spread across his face. "You are my girlfriend now. Even if I slept with you in this room, no one would blame me for it!"

"How dare you?!" Olivia thundered. Christoff threatened her again, "Try me!" Narrowing her eyes, Olivia glared at him menacingly, causing the two to fall into a stalemate for a long while. She managed to calm down a little because she knew it would do her no good to go against him. Hence, she let the tense feeling in her body go and wiggled her wrist out of his grip.

Meanwhile, Christoff also took the time to calm himself down and stared at her. "Excuse me, woman. Not only won't you be of help to Eugene when you leave the room, but if Sirius finds out that we're awake, we'll also be considered as destroying his plans!"

Olivia returned him a glare. "I said I was just going to watch at the door! Didn't you hear people running outside?"

"Who knows what you're up to with that aggressive demeanor?" retorted Christoff. That earned a huff from Olivia. "Am I that dumb?"

Only then did Christoff withdraw his gaze lazily and leaned against the wall. "You are one ruthless woman. If I can no longer have a boner, I'll keep you by my side and make you a widow like me."

Watching his disheveled appearance amusingly, she commented, "Don't worry. I won't delay your search for happiness. The first thing you can do when you get back is to sleep with a woman. If any problem arises, I promise I can fix it!"