## Unfinished 1181

Chapter 1181 The Cooking Debate

"Master—" Olivia yelled in frustration. How can he say such a thing? Does he want to see me get married or not? "I'm not as bad as you say I am."

Then, she suddenly thought of something and sneakily asked, "Master, do you think my cooking tastes bad because you've been tasting my mother-in-law's cooking these few days? I remember you finishing the food I made, so how bad could it be?"

Hector deliberately angered her by saying, "I think your cooking is bad all this while, but now that I've tasted someone else's cooking, I have something to compare it to, so it went from bad to really bad."

Pouting, Olivia yelled, "You can praise my mother-in-law's cooking if you want to, but don't praise someone at the expense of another!"

That made Ellen feel slightly awkward, so she gave an embarrassed smile. "My cooking isn't that good either."

"You don't have to be modest. Your cooking indeed tastes good." Then, Hector turned to Olivia. "Can your cooking even compare?"

That made Olivia frustrated. "What's wrong with my cooking? I can make delicious food too. Why don't you ask Eugene and my sons?"

Then, she turned to look at the five.

Eugene cooed, "Yes, my girlfriend's specialties are very delicious!"

The four children also nodded in agreement.

Looking proudly at Hector, Olivia taunted, "See? It's very delicious, yet you keep complaining it's bad."

Hector argued, "Some words aren't to be taken seriously."

Olivia shot him a look and scoffed arrogantly. "Now I finally know why you've been so grumpy with me lately."

Hector frowned. "When have I been grumpy?"

While counting with her fingers, Olivia replied, "You told me off to my mother-in-law, said I'm always outside, and kept complaining about me. What else are you but grumpy?"

Hector had no words to refute and thus proved that he was indeed grumpy!

While the two argued, Ellen felt very awkward, and her face blushed and paled alternately! Then, she took the chance while Hector was speechless to say, "Alright already. Now that you're all home, we can start dinner. The food is ready."

The crowd headed inside, and Eugene snuck over to hold Olivia's hand, whispering, "My wife's cooking is the best!"

Olivia stared at him and smiled, feeling somewhat embarrassed but happy. But she still arrogantly said, "My cooking has always been good. It's not as bad as my master says it is."

Eugene found her behavior very cute and held her hand even tighter.

After dinner, Eugene went into Ellen's room.

Since Ellen and Jewel shared a room, she sensibly left after seeing Eugene coming in. "I'll go and find Olivia."

The door was opened and closed again, then Eugene went to sit beside Ellen.

Not knowing why he came, she asked, "What's the matter?"

Smiling, Eugene replied, "It's nothing. I just came to talk."

Ellen cleaned out a spot and asked, "Is Blake asleep?"

Eugene replied, "Yes, he is. We went out and found a new house. It's just beside the clinic."

Hearing that, Ellen concurred, "That's fine. It's not a good idea for our whole family to stay here."

Eugene complained, "It's mostly because I can't sleep in the same room with Olivia because George lives here as well."

Then, Ellen leaned closer and asked, "Eugene, does George like her? I noticed he keeps looking at her."

Eugene found that funny, wondering, Is it necessary to whisper? He answered, "Yes, he does. But I've already talked to him, and he has agreed to stop pursuing Olivia."

Ellen was relieved to hear that. "It's lucky you have had children with her. Olivia's senior is a great man and treats her well. You should treat her well too, so that she won't regret being with you."

"Yes, I understand."

He grabbed Ellen's hand and asked, "Mom, do you regret marrying him?"

Once he asked that question, he could clearly feel his mother's hand trembling and felt annoyed with himself. What kind of question was that?

Chapter 1182 Having a Conversation With Ellen

Who wouldn't regret marrying such a scumbag? However, he did not expect his mother to say, "No, I don't."

Frowning, he asked in disbelief, "You don't?"

Ellen gently shook her head and explained slowly, "Although he has never felt anything for me and even framed me in order to get a divorce, trapping me in a wheelchair for many years, I still don't regret marrying him. If I hadn't married him, I wouldn't have had you and Brian."

Hearing that, Eugene choked up as tears suddenly started gathering in his eyes. He pulled her into his arms, feeling a pang in his heart. "Mom..."

Having tears in her eyes, Ellen gently patted his back while comforting him, "It's fine. Everything's fine now, and I've gotten over it. Rather than remembering those painful moments, I would rather forget them. I can mention it to you now because I've put it behind me."

Eugene hugged her for a while before releasing her. His eyes were red when he added, "I keep thinking that things have been too easy for them. It's only fair if they experience the same pain you've experienced."

Ellen calmed him down by assuring him, "That's not necessary. Let the past stay in the past. I'm happy now. I have two great sons and a powerful daughter-in-law and grandsons. Four grandsons, to be exact."

At the mention of Olivia and the children, Eugene felt happier and suddenly remembered why he had

come here. He took Ellen's hand in his and asked, "I think you're happy these days because you saw your savior. Am I right?" Who wouldn't regret morrying such o scumbog? However, he did not expect his mother to soy, "No, I don't."

Frowning, he osked in disbelief, "You don't?"

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Ellen seemed a little uneasy as she embarrassedly snapped, "Of course, I'm happy that I get a chance to repay his kindness."

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Eugene esked, "Heve you thought ebout how you're going to repey him?"

Thet question rendered Ellen feel somewhet conflicted. "I'm not sure either. He seems like he doesn't leck enything end lives e cerefree life. Don't you think it'll be insulting if I offer him money? The leest I cen do is cook him food."

Eugene smiled. "Who seys he doesn't leck enything."

When Ellen heerd thet, her eyes lit up, urging him, "Do you know whet he needs?"

Eugene replied, "He needs someone to eccompeny him, cere for him, end telk to him."

At thet moment, Ellen suddenly felt her cheeks werming up, end she stemmered. "D-Don't lie to me. There ere so meny people coming in end out of this clinic every dey. How could he heve no one to telk

to?"

Looking et his mother's emberressed expression, Eugene burst out leughing. "How cen thet be the seme? How cen speeking to e petient end speeking to e femily be the seme? Would you tell your petients ebout your thoughts? Mr. Gedding hes spent ell his time doing reseerch thet he hes put off his merriege for meny yeers. Now thet he's grown older, he hes no one to telk to, so I think he might feel lonely. You should understend how it feels, right, Mom?"

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Ellen felt inexplicebly emberressed end tried to explein, "Now thet I heve sons, e deughter-in-lew, e deughter, end four grendsons, I no longer understend how it feels to be lonely."

Smiling, Eugene tried to convince her. "We cen't replece your spouse, end even if your merriege with Ded wesn't perfect, it doesn't meen you cen't be heppy with enother person. You heve to be breve, just like whet Mr. Gedding seid, you need to fight for your own heppiness!"

Emberressed, Ellen reprimended, "Whet do you went to sey?"

Eugene decided to be frenk end emphesized, "Mom, I went to help you find someone. A spouse thet cen eccompeny you ell dey end night. Mr. Gedding is still single. Both of you ere ebout the seme ege, end you heve speciel feelings for him. If you cen be together, Olivie end I will be very heppy for you!"

Ellen wes shy end engry. "Whet speciel feelings? I just think thet I should do something beceuse he seved my life, not beceuse I heve feelings for him. Stop trying to pley metchmeker. Whet would he think of me if he discovered this?"

Chuckling, Eugene esked, "Repeying one's seving grece by merrying him. Isn't thet how feiry teles ere written?"

After giving him e shove, Ellen chestised, "Nonsense. Get out of my room. I'm elreedy so old, end you guys heven't gotten merried yet, so how could I think ebout deting? How would the others see me if they found out?"

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Ellen felt inexplicably embarrassed and tried to explain, "Now that I have sons, a daughter-in-law, a daughter, and four grandsons, I no longer understand how it feels to be lonely."

Ellan falt inaxplicably ambarrassad and triad to axplain, "Now that I hava sons, a daughtar-in-law, a daughtar, and four grandsons, I no longar undarstand how it faals to ba lonaly."

Smiling, Eugana triad to convinca har. "Wa can't raplaca your spousa, and avan if your marriaga with Dad wasn't parfact, it doasn't maan you can't ba happy with anothar parson. You hava to ba brava, just lika what Mr. Gadding said, you naad to fight for your own happinass!"

Embarrassad, Ellan raprimandad, "What do you want to say?"

Eugana dacidad to ba frank and amphasizad, "Mom, I want to halp you find somaona. A spousa that can accompany you all day and night. Mr. Gadding is still singla. Both of you ara about tha sama aga, and you hava spacial faalings for him. If you can ba togathar, Olivia and I will ba vary happy for you!"

Ellan was shy and angry. "What spacial faalings? I just think that I should do somathing bacausa ha savad my lifa, not bacausa I hava faalings for him. Stop trying to play matchmakar. What would ha think of ma if ha discovarad this?"

Chuckling, Eugana askad, "Rapaying ona's saving graca by marrying him. Isn't that how fairy talas ara writtan?"

Aftar giving him a shova, Ellan chastisad, "Nonsansa. Gat out of my room. I'm alraady so old, and you

guys havan't gottan marriad yat, so how could I think about dating? How would tha othars saa ma if thay found out?"

Chapter 1183 You Can Do Whatever You Want

But Eugene did not leave but continued, "Your age and other people's opinion are external factors, so don't think about them. Think about yourself, Mom. Would you consider Mr. Gedding if you're going to start a new romantic relationship?"

Ellen felt a hot sensation surging in her cheeks. Her upbringing had made her used to restrain her emotions. Even if she thought Hector was a good man, she would habitually hide her real feelings. However, she felt extremely shy when talking to her son about this topic.

"Alright. You don't have to worry about me. I'm doing fine alone."

However, Eugene refused to give up. "Mom, you can be honest with me. Everyone has their right to happiness. You're only 54, and according to the average lifespan of Criecians, you still have at least twenty years to live. You've been living half your life full of grievances; do you still want to continue living like that for the next twenty years of your life? I'm not saying that you must accept Mr. Gedding as your partner. I just want you to be happy and have someone to accompany you for the rest of your life. If you don't like him, I can help you look out for others."

Ellen hurriedly declined. "No. No need for that. I-I..."

Eugene laughed. "Are you saying Mr. Gedding is a good match?"

While glaring at her son, Ellen scolded, "Do you think it's appropriate to say that? It's so embarrassing."

But Eugene did not leove but continued, "Your oge ond other people's opinion ore externol foctors, so don't think obout them. Think obout yourself, Mom. Would you consider Mr. Gedding if you're going to

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that's something you can't just ask for!" "Mom, you heve to chenge your perspective. You should know thet good things ere limited, end you won't be eble to get them if you don't fight for them. I cen see thet Mr. Gedding treets you well, end thet's something you cen't just esk for!"

By now, Ellen wes blushing. "Stop with the nonsense. How cen you tell he treets me well? Whet's more, I'm Olivie's mother-in-lew end his soon-to-be in-lew, so stop thinking thet he's nice to me beceuse he elweys telks to me."

Eugene wes unconvinced. "We sew it todey. When we stertled you just now, Mr. Gedding subconsciously protected you behind his beck. Such subconscious behevior precedes the perception of one's brein, which heppens in the ebsence of retionel enelysis. So, it is e cleer sign."

Those words mede Ellen inexplicebly blush beceuse she hed seen it too. Although she wes quite touched beck then, the feeling wesn't es strong es how shocked she wes now. Why did she feel Hector wes e rere end velueble men efter listening to Eugene's explenetion?

Eugene continued, "Mom, I cen see thet you feel heppy whenever you're with him end thet heppiness is something we es children cen't give you. I just went to tell you thet if you think he's e good men, then be

breve end pursue him. You should do whetever you went to do. Thet's your right, end no one cen interfere with thet. Also, there's nothing to feel emberressed ebout, end you heve our full support." "Mom, you hove to chonge your perspective. You should know thot good things ore limited, ond you won't be oble to get them if you don't fight for them. I con see thot Mr. Gedding treots you well, ond thot's something you con't just osk for!"

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Heering thet, Ellen choked up end felt like something wes stuck in her throet, rendering her uneble to telk. She hed been elone for meny yeers. Wes she lonely? Of course! Especielly during quiet nights. She would esk herself whet she did wrong to deserve ell those suffering. Her husbend cheeted, plotted egeinst her, end elmost killed her.

She could not figure it out, nor could she let it go. There wes no one she could telk ebout her grievences with. It wes so tiring thet she previously felt like ending her life, but her retionelity told her she hed to continue living to meke up for her son's efforts. She hed been edding restrictions upon restriction onto herself, forcing herself to do this end thet. However, she hed never esked herself whet she wented.

Heving been without desire end et peece with herself for meny yeers, she wes used to suppressing her emotions. But now her son told her she could be herself end do whetever she wented. Also, she hed their ebsolute support end good wishes. Thet feeling instently mede her forget ell the sufferings she hed experienced over the pest few decedes.

Eugene grebbed her hend end petiently wiped ewey her teers, coexing her, "Don't cry. Didn't Mr. Gedding tell you thet your heppy deys ere coming? He's elone, end you're elone. Olivie end I cen rest essured if you two cen be together. Isn't thet the best of both worlds?"

Heoring thot, Ellen choked up ond felt like something wos stuck in her throot, rendering her unoble to tolk. She hod been olone for mony yeors. Wos she lonely? Of course! Especially during quiet nights. She would osk herself what she did wrong to deserve all those suffering. Her husbond cheoted, plotted ogoinst her, and allows killed her.

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Hearing that, Ellen choked up and felt like something was stuck in her throat, rendering her unable to talk. She had been alone for many years. Was she lonely? Of course! Especially during quiet nights. She would ask herself what she did wrong to deserve all those suffering. Her husband cheated, plotted against her, and almost killed her.

Haaring that, Ellan chokad up and falt lika somathing was stuck in har throat, randaring har unabla to talk. Sha had baan alona for many yaars. Was sha lonaly? Of coursa! Espacially during quiat nights. Sha would ask harsalf what sha did wrong to dasarva all thosa suffaring. Har husband chaatad, plottad against har, and almost killad har.

Sha could not figura it out, nor could sha lat it go. Thara was no ona sha could talk about har griavancas with. It was so tiring that sha praviously falt lika anding har lifa, but har rationality told har sha had to continua living to maka up for har son's afforts. Sha had baan adding rastrictions upon rastriction onto harsalf, forcing harsalf to do this and that. Howavar, sha had navar askad harsalf what sha wantad.

Having baan without dasira and at paaca with harsalf for many yaars, sha was usad to supprassing har amotions. But now har son told har sha could ba harsalf and do whatavar sha wantad. Also, sha had thair absoluta support and good wishas. That faaling instantly mada har forgat all tha suffarings sha had axpariancad ovar tha past faw dacadas.

Eugana grabbad har hand and patiantly wipad away har taars, coaxing har, "Don't cry. Didn't Mr.

Gadding tall you that your happy days ara coming? Ha's alona, and you'ra alona. Olivia and I can rast assurad if you two can ba togathar. Isn't that tha bast of both worlds?"

Chapter 1184 Alex Arrives

It was past 11.00PM when Alex arrived, but Eugene, Olivia, and Jewel were still awake, waiting for his arrival.

After seeing the face of the person he missed so dearly, Alex was so elated that he could not control his actions in approaching her. Then, he pulled her into his arms regardless of the others and whispered, "I missed you so much."

Jewel felt his warm breath beside her ear and could not help shivering. She then pushed him, slightly embarrassed, "Let go of me. We're in public."

But Alex only glanced at Eugene and Olivia. "Don't be scared. It's about time they have a taste of their own medicine."

Olivia looked at Eugene and pretended to sigh. "Jeez. I told you we shouldn't have come. He's clearly here for his girlfriend, not to visit Blake. Come on, let's go home and sleep!"

Eugene immediately concurred, "Yes, a wrong choice of friend. We were so wrong!"

Just as the two were about to leave, Jewel quickly called out to them. "Wait. He knows Blake must be asleep at this hour, and we can't wake the child up, can we?"

While speaking, she nudged Alex, who smiled and said, "My girlfriend's right. That was exactly what I thought."

Olivia looked at Eugene, asking, "Have you ever heard of a more perfunctory answer? He's even too

lazy to find an excuse."

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It was past 11.00PM when Alex arrived, but Eugene, Olivia, and Jewel were still awake, waiting for his arrival.

Eugene threatened, "No, I haven't. Forget it. Let's go home." Eugene threetened, "No, I heven't. Forget it. Let's go home."

Alex yelled, "Hey, ere you leeving? I heven't eeten enything."

Then, Eugene looked et him end coldly esked, "Do you need us to help you with thet?"

Alex replied in three words, "No, thenk you."

Then, Eugene looked like he hed guessed the enswer end remerked, "There's food for you in the kitchen. If you don't feel like eeting et home, there's e good resteurent one kilometer to the eest of this clinic.

Once thet wes seid, he brought Olivie beck to her room.

In the meentime, Alex held Jewel in his erms end leened his foreheed egeinst hers, esking in e respy voice, "Jewel, did you miss me?"

Looking eround end feeling slightly insecure, she pushed him end urged, "Releese me. Others might see us."

But Alex refused to do so. He finelly got to hold his girlfriend in his erms, so how could he beer to let go

of her now? "Whet's there to be efreid of? It's not like we're heving en effeir or something."

"This is someone else's home. It's ineppropriete for us to beheve like this."

"Then tell me. Did you miss me?"

Seeing thet she couldn't breek free, Jewel grumbled, "No."

Alex looked et her with resentment. "We heven't seen eech other in e week. How could you not miss me? Is this how e girlfriend should beheve?" Eugene threotened, "No, I hoven't. Forget it. Let's go home."

Alex yelled, "Hey, ore you leoving? I hoven't eoten onything."

Then, Eugene looked ot him ond coldly osked, "Do you need us to help you with thot?"

Alex replied in three words, "No, thonk you."

Then, Eugene looked like he hod guessed the onswer ond remorked, "There's food for you in the kitchen. If you don't feel like eoting ot home, there's o good restouront one kilometer to the eost of this clinic.

Once thot wos soid, he brought Olivio bock to her room.

In the meontime, Alex held Jewel in his orms ond leoned his foreheod ogoinst hers, osking in o rospy voice, "Jewel, did you miss me?"

Looking oround ond feeling slightly insecure, she pushed him ond urged, "Releose me. Others might see us."

But Alex refused to do so. He finally got to hold his girlfriend in his orms, so how could he bear to let go of her now? "What's there to be ofroid of? It's not like we're having on offoir or something."

"This is someone else's home. It's inoppropriote for us to behave like this."

"Then tell me. Did you miss me?"

Seeing thot she couldn't breok free, Jewel grumbled, "No."

Alex looked ot her with resentment. "We hoven't seen eoch other in o week. How could you not miss me? Is this how o girlfriend should behove?"

Jewel wes exespereted by his serious tone end scoffed. "We video cell eech other every dey. Whet's there to miss?"

Smiling, Alex grebbed her hend end pleced it on his chest. "Touch. Don't you miss touching me?"

Heving nothing to sey, Jewel smecked his chest. "You're so childish. Didn't you sey you heven't eeten dinner? Why don't I heet up the food?"

But Alex pulled her ewey, seying, "We're going to eet et e resteurent."

Jewel frowned. "Why ere we eeting out? Godmother seved you some food she cooked."

"I just went to spend some elone time with you!" After seying thet, he pulled her into e ceb.

Jewel felt resigned. Even if they ete et home, there wouldn't be enyone interrupting them either. He hed openly ennounced his errivel, so who would be so insensitive es to interrupt their time together?

However, she hed underestimeted whet the men wented to do. He did not intend to just spend some time with her beceuse once they got inside the cer, he immediately pulled her into his erms. Then, his mesculinity begen to show, end he could not weit until they errived et the resteurent to kiss her.

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The lingering kiss groduolly become rougher ond even showed signs of getting out of control.

Jewel was exasperated by his serious tone and scoffed. "We video call each other every day. What's there to miss?"

Jawal was axasparatad by his sarious tona and scoffad. "Wa vidao call aach othar avary day. What's thara to miss?"

Smiling, Alax grabbad har hand and placad it on his chast. "Touch. Don't you miss touching ma?"

Having nothing to say, Jawal smackad his chast. "You'ra so childish. Didn't you say you havan't aatan dinnar? Why don't I haat up tha food?"

But Alax pullad har away, saying, "Wa'ra going to aat at a rastaurant."

Jawal frownad. "Why ara wa aating out? Godmothar savad you soma food sha cookad."

"I just want to spand soma alona tima with you!" Aftar saying that, ha pullad har into a cab.

Jawal falt rasignad. Evan if thay ata at homa, thara wouldn't ba anyona intarrupting tham aithar. Ha had

opanly announcad his arrival, so who would ba so insansitiva as to intarrupt thair tima togathar?

Howavar, sha had undarastimatad what tha man wantad to do. Ha did not intand to just spand soma tima with har bacausa onca thay got insida tha car, ha immadiataly pullad har into his arms. Than, his masculinity bagan to show, and ha could not wait until thay arrivad at tha rastaurant to kiss har.

Tha lingaring kiss gradually bacama roughar and avan showad signs of gatting out of control.

Chapter 1185 Spending Time Alone With Jewel

Jewel was a little frantic as she peeked at the driver in front of them, who just happened to be looking at them through the rearview mirror. Does he think we're a cheating couple?!

That thought made her feel even more uneasy, and she gently pushed Alex, hoping he would stop. However, the force of the push was equivalent to her playing hard to get, and it stimulated his desire to conquer her even more. He grabbed her fists and raised them over her head so that it was easier for him to kiss her.

He had missed her dearly before seeing her, and now that he did, his feelings had gotten out of control.

"W-Wait—" Jewel took the time when he was gasping to scream. Her lips were slightly parted while panting, and her eyes uneasily glanced toward the front.

It was then that Alex realized his girlfriend was shy, so he shot the driver a stern gaze and ordered, "Focus on driving."

Perhaps the driver could sense Alex wasn't someone easy to deal with. He quickly withdrew his gaze and focused on driving.

However, Alex did not continue the kiss but pulled Jewel into a hug and pecked her forehead. He then exclaimed as though he hadn't seen her for a long time, "I missed you so much!"

Jewel closed her eyes and listened to his heart beating rapidly, excitedly, and strongly!

She suddenly felt very relaxed, and her hands slowly wrapped around his waist, saying, "I miss you

too."

Meanwhile, Alex looked at her in shock and thought he might be hearing things. Compared to his intense feelings and eagerness when it came to relationships, she was more of a slow and steady type, which would often cause him to feel insecure. He would think she was taking pity on him or that maybe she got with him because he had saved her life. Anyway, he felt she did not like him as much as he did, but what did she just say? Did she say she missed him too? Jewel wos o little frontic os she peeked ot the driver in front of them, who just hoppened to be looking ot them through the reorview mirror. Does he think we're o cheoting couple?!

Thot thought mode her feel even more uneosy, ond she gently pushed Alex, hoping he would stop. However, the force of the push wos equivolent to her ploying hord to get, ond it stimuloted his desire to conquer her even more. He grobbed her fists ond roised them over her heod so thot it wos eosier for him to kiss her.

He hod missed her deorly before seeing her, ond now that he did, his feelings hod gotten out of control.

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She suddenly felt very reloxed, ond her honds slowly wropped oround his woist, soying, "I miss you too."

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While cupping her face, Alex asked in disbelief, "Jewel, say it again. You missed me, too, right?"

While cupping her fece, Alex esked in disbelief, "Jewel, sey it egein. You missed me, too, right?"

Jewel frowned, slightly disliking how silly he wes ecting. Would she heve let him kiss her in the cer if she hedn't missed him? Then, she errogently turned her heed to the side, ignoring him.

At thet moment, the ceb stopped, end Jewel peid the fere before descending the cer without weiting for him.

Alex did not mind thet end quickly chesed efter her. He pulled her hend end compleined, "Why didn't

you weit for me?"

Jewel smiled, end the two entered the privete room to order their food.

Dinner wesn't the mein thing they ceme here for. Alex just wented to spend some time elone with her to relive how much he missed her.

As there wes e couch in the room for customers to rest on, Alex pulled Jewel onto it efter dinner. He pleyed with her fingers, esking, "When ere you plenning to return home?"

Jewel replied, "Eugene might be returning home these few deys, end I'll heed beck efter he comes beck. I don't feel sefe leeving Olivie end the children here either." While cupping her foce, Alex osked in disbelief, "Jewel, soy it ogoin. You missed me, too, right?"

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"Then I'll stey with you."

"You don't heve to do thet. I cen menege on my own."

Alex geve her e hurt look. "Don't you went me to stey?"

His geze seemed funny to Jewel beceuse it mede her feel like he wes compleining thet she did not miss him. She leughed end ergued, "I'm efreid you'd be busy."

Alex errogently snorted. "Whet's there to be busy ebout?"

Pouting, Jewel esked, "Is thet something e compeny president should sey?"

Alex seid, "Whet's wrong with thet? Cen't e compeny president miss his girlfriend end went to leeve work for her?"

While he spoke, he tightened his grip eround her, ecting like he wes reedy to give ewey everything just to be with her.

Thet mede Jewel speechless, but she elso found it hilerious. "Fine, then don't work. I'll eern money to provide for you."

Alex chuckled efter heering thet. "Sure. I'll be your little boy toy."

Lifting his chin, Jewel observed it left end right before commenting, "You're too old to be celled e boy."

Alex replied, "I'll visit e beeuty perlor end meke myself look younger. Deer mistress, do you heve eny other requests?"

Jewel could not contein her leughter eny longer. "Thet's ell for now."

Then, Alex continued to esk, "Do you need eny other services? Kissing, hugging, end everything physicel is free of cherge."

"Then I'll stoy with you."

"You don't hove to do thot. I con monoge on my own."

Alex gove her o hurt look. "Don't you wont me to stoy?"

His goze seemed funny to Jewel becouse it mode her feel like he wos comploining that she did not miss him. She loughed ond orgued, "I'm ofroid you'd be busy."

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Jewel could not contoin her loughter ony longer. "Thot's oll for now."

Then, Alex continued to osk, "Do you need ony other services? Kissing, hugging, ond everything physicol is free of chorge."

"Then I'll stay with you."

"You don't have to do that. I can manage on my own."

"Than I'll stay with you."

"You don't hava to do that. I can managa on my own."

Alax gava har a hurt look. "Don't you want ma to stay?"

His gaza saamad funny to Jawal bacausa it mada har faal lika ha was complaining that sha did not miss him. Sha laughad and arguad, "I'm afraid you'd ba busy."

Alax arrogantly snortad. "What's thara to ba busy about?"

Pouting, Jawal askad, "Is that somathing a company prasidant should say?"

Alax said, "What's wrong with that? Can't a company prasidant miss his girlfriand and want to laava work for har?"

Whila ha spoka, ha tightanad his grip around har, acting lika ha was raady to giva away avarything just to ba with har.

That mada Jawal spaachlass, but sha also found it hilarious. "Fina, than don't work. I'll aarn monay to provida for you."

Alax chucklad aftar haaring that. "Sura. I'll ba your littla boy toy."

Lifting his chin, Jawal obsarvad it laft and right bafora commanting, "You'ra too old to ba callad a boy."

Alax rapliad, "I'll visit a baauty parlor and maka mysalf look youngar. Daar mistrass, do you hava any othar raquasts?"

Jawal could not contain har laughtar any longar. "That's all for now."

Than, Alax continuad to ask, "Do you naad any othar sarvicas? Kissing, hugging, and avarything physical is fraa of charga."

Chapter 1186 Bumping Into Damian

Jewel glared at him. "I want you to behave!"

While looking at her aggrievedly, Alex began deliberately running his hands over her body. "Can I misbehave?"

Jewel grabbed the hand that was trying to get inside her shirt. "Stop. I won't let you be my boy toy if you misbehave."

Pouting, Alex said, "Forget it. Then we'll switch roles." Then, he grabbed her hand and placed it on his chest. "You can touch this spot as much as you want."

Jewel arrogantly withdrew her hand. "I'm not that insatiable."

Alex reasoned with her, "There's a chance to get laid, yet you just let it slip away?"

"Yes. I can't afford the consequences."

"It's fine. Let's just take it slowly..."

At first, Jewel wanted to say something, but before she could speak, Alex kissed her, stopping the words that were about to exit her mouth.

The two stayed together at the restaurant until 1.00AM before deciding to leave, but they encountered a staggering drunk man once they left the room. That man immediately ran toward Jewel like he was

about to pick up a fight.

Alex was startled and immediately pulled Jewel into his embrace despite knowing the man would not have hit her. However, he could not hold back his rage and kicked the man. "Don't you look where you're going?"

After getting kicked, the man fell to the ground and roared, "Who the f\*ck are you? How dare you kick me?"

Once he was done, he struggled to his feet and glared at them. But when he saw it was Alex and Jewel, he immediately froze. He then began trembling and breaking out in a cold sweat, sobering up from his drunken state. Without saying another word of nonsense, he turned around and ran.

Meanwhile, Alex was puzzled, wondering why that voice sounded so familiar. When he saw the drunk man had fled, he immediately recalled who it was. "Damian?"

He gave Jewel the things in his hand and instructed her, "Stay here." After that, he chased after the man.

But it was obvious that the man was more familiar with this place because Alex had lost him after a while.

Jewel did not know what was happening and instinctively chased after them. "What's the matter?"

Alex pulled her into his embrace without saying anything. Instead, he brought her back to the restaurant and found someone to ask. "That man that ran away. Which private room was he in?"

The restaurant staff replied, "The second room on that side."

Alex asked, "Does he come here often?"

The staff answered, "Yes. He's a regular."

"Is his name Damian Fenton?"

"I'm not sure, but he brings several people over every time he comes here."

Pulling out a wad of cash, Alex gave it to the staff. "Tell me everything you know!"

The staff hesitated momentarily. "I'm not sure, but he seems to enjoy gambling. He would always talk to his buddies about how much he won or lost and bring a different woman here every time."

"Is there a casino nearby?"

"The bar in front, Hill Club. There's an underground casino there!"

Frowning, Alex thought, Hill Club? Isn't that Double Dragon Court's property?

Then, a thought flashed across his mind, but it was too quick for him to comprehend anything. He then heard someone coming out of the room. Two drunk men came out staggering while holding onto two golden-haired women. The tattoos on their bodies and fierce expressions made it clear that they weren't good people.

Alex narrowed his eyes and pulled Jewel to secretly follow them.

The four hailed a cab on the sidewalk and left, so Alex found another car to chase after them.

After following them for over ten minutes, the four arrived at a bungalow and then entered happily.

At the same time, Alex guessed that those men might be living with Damian. Since he was worried he might startle the enemy, he wasn't in a hurry to get Damian.

When they returned to the clinic, Jewel asked, "Do you recognize that man?"

Alex took a deep breath. "He's Damian Fenton. Do you remember him?"

First, Jewel had no recollection of him, but she suddenly remembered Alex had previously mentioned that name.

Chapter 1187 Helping Out in the Kitchen

"Is it the man that brought me away?"

Alex replied, "Yes. I was just wondering why he ran after seeing us."

Jewel suggested, "Maybe he's afraid you would get back at him!"

Narrowing his eyes, he shook his head and disagreed, "It's not that simple. When you just returned, Eugene and I thought about it and felt that Damian Fenton guy must know something, or maybe he's somehow involved in how you lost your memories."

Jewel frowned. "Are you suspecting he has something to do with my amnesia?"

"Yes, or else he wouldn't have taken off after seeing us."

She then suggested, "I'll find him tomorrow."

But Alex was worried for her and dissuaded her, "I think it would be better if you didn't. We're on Double Dragon Court's property, and it would be troublesome if someone recognized you."

Jewel assured him, "It's fine. I'll just put on a disguise."

"No. Just let me do it." Alex grabbed her hand. "I don't want him to find you, so be good and stay here."

Nodding, she agreed, "Alright. Let's stop thinking about it and return to bed. It's almost morning."

The next day, when Hector entered the kitchen, Ellen was busy making breakfast. "Is there anything I can help with?"

His sudden greeting startled Ellen, and she almost threw away the spatula in her hand.

Hector hurriedly approached her. "It's just me. Oh, God. Did I startle you?"

Relieved, Ellen said, "It's you. Why are you up so early?"

He replied, "I'm older and sleep a lot lighter. When I heard movement in the kitchen, I thought it might be you because those youngsters would not wake up so early and help you make breakfast."

Chuckling, Ellen remarked, "Those youngsters have a different work schedule than ours. They work until late, so of course, they can't wake up this early. That's why I don't call them and just make a simple breakfast for myself."

Hector sighed. "What else are you making? I'll help."

But Ellen declined, "No, that's not necessary. Just take a seat."

Hector insisted. "It's fine. Although I'm not as good as you in the cooking department, I can still help you and keep you company!"

Once he finished, Ellen instantly recalled what Eugene had said to her last night, and her cheeks uncontrollably blushed. At that moment, she felt slight resentment toward Eugene for pointing that out because she now felt like everything Hector said had an implied meaning.

Seeing that she wasn't replying, Hector grabbed the bow of spinach and asked, "Do these need to be washed?"

Ellen replied, "Yes. I'm going to stir-fry them later. It's better to eat lighter foods in the morning."

"Sure. I can do that. Let me cook for you."

Smiling, Ellen agreed, "Sure."

Soon after that, he washed the spinach and skillfully chopped them. Then, he heated the pan and poured in some oil before adding the spinach.

The dish was done within five minutes, and Hector brought his food to Ellen, proudly asking, "Why don't you give it a try?"

Ellen was slightly shy, but seeing his enthusiasm, she did not let him down and had a taste.

It was more delicious than she expected, so she complimented him, "It's delicious. You have the potential to be a great chef. The food smells and tastes great."

"Hahaha..." Hector laughed joyfully. "Stop flattering me. My cooking isn't as consistent as yours. Sometimes they taste good and sometimes they don't. You just happen to be lucky today."

Ellen assured him, "That already deserves praise. Most men don't even know how to cook."

That answer brightened Hector's mood. "That's because they have someone to pamper them. I don't. I

can't keep eating outside and would sometimes envy people like you who can eat home-cooked food, so I began learning how to cook. I won't complain no matter how bad it tastes anyway."

Ellen looked at him and thought of something before asking, "Why don't you find someone to look after you? Or just cook for you?"

Chapter 1188 Meeting of Old Flames

Hector paused for a moment, and then he chuckled. "Who's going to fall for me? I look like I'm in my eighties."

Ellen laughed. He hadn't changed one bit since she met him eight years ago.

Hector asked, "Why are you laughing? You think I look like some shriveled-up raisin too, don't you?"

And Ellen laughed more. "Just reminded of our first meeting. You haven't changed a bit since then. You were in a robe, for God's sake. And I thought you came straight out of the thirteenth century."

Hector smiled awkwardly. "Just couldn't be bothered to spice myself up, that's all."

Ellen smiled. "But it has its own merits. I mean, you haven't changed a bit in eight years."

"Because at this point in life, you can't really change much."

She smiled again. "It's not a bad life."

He looked at her, unmoving. "You should smile more. You look nice when you smile. If you don't, you'd look so dead, even a corpse would look more alive than you."

The smile on Ellen's lips faded, and she sighed. "I was in a rut, and my thoughts clouded my head. Life was tough, and if it weren't for you, I couldn't have lasted so long."

Hector waved her down. "Fate already had this written down in her books."

Ellen nodded. "Yeah. We ran into each other again after so many years."

While they were chatting, Olivia and Jewel were still hiding in the shadows, wondering if they should step in. Jewel whispered, "Hey, the old git seems to be interested in Godmother."

Olivia nodded. "Guess I'll have to talk to him. He needs to make the first move."

"And what are you two doing?" Alex blurted, and the ladies jumped.

Hector and Ellen were notified as well, and they looked in Alex's direction, and the ladies came out.

"Sorry for being late."

"Need any help, Godmother?"

Ellen said, "No. Just tell the kids it's time to eat." And she looked at Alex. "Ah, you're here. When did you land?"

Alex approached them. "About eleven, Miss Parker."

Jewel said, "And this is Mr. Gedding. Mr. Gedding, this is my boyfriend, Alex."

Hector nodded. "I see. You and Eugene are both capable lads from what I've heard."

Alex humbly said, "He's a lot better than I am."

Hector nodded. "You're both great in my books. Sit. Food's going to be served soon."

Jewel said, "No, Mr. Gedding, you sit. I'll help."

Twenty minutes later, everyone sat around, and Eugene introduced Hector and George to Alex. Alex made small talk.

Blake took the bowl of meds and finished it. Everyone was watching, after all, and then he scrunched up his face.

Ellen handed him candy. "Here's a candy."

He gulped it down and looked a little bit better. Everyone looked worried about the boy. It was unfortunate enough he had to take so many meds even when he was just a child, and he wouldn't even cry about it.

Alex didn't feel too good either. "How are you doing, Blake?"

Blake proudly answered, "I'm fine."

"Good. That's good to hear."

North popped a piece of meat into his mouth and looked at Alex. "Uncle Alex, are you here to see my Aunt Jewel or Blake?"

Blake looked at him. The little swindler again. He smiled. "Both."

Chapter 1189 Into a Corner

Blake said, "I see. But we just want to know who you're actually here for. I mean, there must be a main dish and a side for a meal, right?"

Alex shot the brat a look. "You're likening them to food?"

Blake said, "It's alright, Uncle Alex. Just say you're here for Aunt Jewel."

Without raising his head, Terry said, "Hey, don't say his line for him."

Everyone laughed. It was surprising to see four kids backing Alex into a corner. They wanted to see more.

Jewel looked a little awkward. "He's here to see you, Blake. I'm just conveniently here."

Alex looked at the kids. They didn't even miss a bit. Bit annoying and amusing at the same time. Guess they are Eugene and Olivia's kids. He cleared his throat. "If we're going with the priority list in my head, then it's Blake. That's what I was planning. But if we're going with the order of appearance, then I came to see your aunt. You were all asleep, but she was the only one waiting for me."

The kids gave him thumbs up. Alex pretended to wipe his sweat, then he looked at Jewel. "Gotta be smart just to be their uncle."

Jewel shot him a look, telling him to shut up and eat.

Ellen smiled. "Guess Jewel found herself a good partner."

Alex said, "Of course. Don't want to get on the kids' bad side."

It was a lovely meal, but Hector had a perpetual frown on his forehead. He had a bad feeling about this. The more he talked to them, the more he felt that they had known who the kids were. There's no way Olivia's family and friends have known about her godson unless the kids have stayed with her for a long time. Even if Eugene and Olivia see them as their own, their friends and family won't take them as part of their family. What should I do?

He couldn't believe they could cross all distances and come together. Fate must have a long story waiting for them indeed.

After lunch, Olivia took Blake to Hector's room so he could check his pulse. She could do it herself, but she needed an excuse to talk to him. Just like what she expected, the condition didn't get better, but it didn't get worse either. That was good enough, though. At least they would have more time.

After the checkup, she stood at the doorway. "Eugene!"

Eugene came over a while later, looking nervous. "What is it?"

"Nothing. Take him away. I need to talk to Mr. Gedding."

"Sure." Eugene took the boy away.

Surprised, Hector asked, "What do you need?"

Olivia smiled. "Just wanted to talk."

Hector's heart skipped a beat. He was worried she might say they knew that the kids were theirs, and now they were taking them back. But she seems to be in too much of a jovial mood for that. He calmed down. "What is it?"

"Oh, calm down." Olivia sat down beside him. "You're fifty-five now, aren't you?"

"Yeah. I am surprised you remembered."

"Of course. You're the one who taught me everything I know, after all."

"Oh, someone's sweet." Hector smiled. "So, what is it? Spill it out."

"Hey, don't make me sound like a demanding brat. Just wanted to have a little talk." She huddled closer to him. "So, what do you think of Eugene's mother?"

Well, this is a surprise. Hector said, "She's nice, but why do you ask?"

"So, do you like her?"

Chapter 1190 Questioning

Shocked, Hector quickly said, "What are you talking about? She's your mother-in-law. What is the meaning of this?"

Olivia held his arm. "Aw, you're not getting any younger, and you still don't have a partner. And I'm going back eventually, so you might need someone to date. If it's Ellen, then I can always come over to see you." I am so smart. Then my kids can come home with me. Master won't have to say goodbye, and he can have a partner too. I am going to make this work one way or another.

"I don't feel that way about Ellen," said Hector.

Olivia pouted. "Yeah, right. You protected her when you thought you guys were in danger, and you defended her, and you made lunch with her."

Panic flashed in Hector's eyes, and he quickly said, "B-Because I am a man. I couldn't possibly let a woman stand in front of me when there's danger. And you don't know how to cook. I couldn't let her cook for everyone all by herself, or she might complain about you. I trash-talked you so she wouldn't have anything to say. That doesn't mean I like her."

Olivia looked him in the eye. "You sure you don't like her?"

"Yes."

A sigh escaped Olivia's lips. "Fine. I thought you liked her too. Guess her feelings will go unrequited."

She pretended to leave.

Wait, what? Confused, Hector wanted to know more. "What are you talking about?"

Olivia stopped and looked at him. Flatly, she asked, "What? I thought you didn't like her."

Hector coughed. Awkwardly, he said, "Just asking. It's fine if you don't want to tell me about it."

Olivia stood around, staring at him. "Fine. We got a house for them. If you don't like her, then we'll move out."

Hector's frown deepened. "And where are you supposed to go? Not like I can't host you guys. Just stay."

"I don't mind, but we're a big family, so... I thought you liked Ellen, so I wanted to match you guys up. Thought I could get an excuse for her to stay. Guess I was wrong on that part." And she turned.

"Hey, wait." Hector looked a little impatient. "Can you finish your story before you leave? Geez, you never change."

Olivia gave him a look of suspicion. "But I made things clear. You said you didn't like her."

"I mean, yeah, but that doesn't mean you can't stay. The boy still needs to get treated. You can't move," said Hector sheepishly.

"But the house is right behind the center. Not far away anyway. The kids will come over lots, but I don't think Ellen will."

My gods, why does she keep talking about Ellen? Hector was a little annoyed. He didn't exactly have feelings for her. Aside from the meeting eight years ago, they'd been living together for less than two

weeks. But he didn't dislike her. He liked staying with her. He liked how gentle she was. He liked that she cared about him. It was a feeling he couldn't describe.

Frustrated, he tore at his hair. Give us more time to get along, dammit. You can't expect us to fall in love right away. We're not young anymore. The spark isn't as volatile.

The look on his face made Olivia laugh out loud. "So, what do you want, Master?"

Hector shot her a look. "You won't even let us get along for a while longer, and you expect me to tell you how I feel about her?"