

## Unfinished 911

### Chapter 911 We Had No Choice

Olivia glared at him. "If there's nothing between you and her, why would you worry that I'd misunderstood you? Stop talking in circles. I don't have the patience for that."

Eugene frowned. "There's really nothing between us. She saved my life a few years back, and she wanted me to join her birthday celebration that day. I thought that it'd be easy to leave since Hayes would be there as well, and by doing so, I wouldn't embarrass her. I didn't know you were at City Palace on the same day, so I didn't bother to tell you about the birthday. There wasn't anything important anyway. It's the same as you showing up as Christoff Stevenson's plus one. I know you were forced into doing that."

She smirked at him with disappointment in her eyes and enunciated, "Are you saying that we're even because I was involved with Christoff Stevenson?"

He was surprised by her interpretation. "No, that's not what I meant. I was saying that I believe there's nothing between you and him. We had no choice, right?"

She snickered. "We had no choice? You 'didn't have a choice' because you refused to place her in a difficult position. But I had no choice because I wanted to save your life. Eugene, had I known that you were living out your best life with a pretty woman there, I wouldn't have put myself through all that trouble. After all, you know how disgusting Christoff Stevenson is. If I had a choice, I wouldn't have asked for his help. If I hadn't found the spiked drink, what would you have planned to do? You'd lie on Azalea Namb's bed, ready to be Sir Sirius' son-in-law! How dare you compare us? You were never in the same position as me!"

He felt frustrated for saying the wrong thing, and he reached out to take her hand. "Olivia, that's not what I meant..."

She flung his hand away and gave him a death stare. "Why don't you wrap up your relationship with her, then? You've been making excuses and going in circles. Even now, I have no idea what you actually think! I will repeat myself—I don't care who you fall in love with, as long as you are honest with me. You will earn my respect if you are truthful, and I will promise you a clean breakup! And you do not have the right to question my relationship with Christoff Stevenson!"

With that, she stormed out.

North gave Eugene a look. "You shouldn't think you can bully Mommy just because you're my dad! I can call someone else Daddy if he is good to Mommy!" Then, he rushed after his mother.

Jewel had wanted to mediate, but she acted too slow, and her words might not even be of much help. After some thinking, she said nothing and followed Olivia and North down the stairs.

Eugene was left frozen at the door to the room. She said I have no right to suspect her!

Indeed, he had no right to do so.

He closed his eyes. What the heck was I saying? Why did I complicate matters with the mention of Christoff Stevenson? He hadn't planned to mention Christoff at all, but he blurted it out without knowing.

Meanwhile, Jewel was consoling an upset Olivia. "Olivia, you misunderstood him. He probably meant that he trusted you, and he was hoping to get your trust in return."

Olivia countered, "Did I get engaged to Christoff Stevenson? Were we star-crossed lovers from six years ago? And did I shield him from bullets?"

Jewel explained, "People were talking about the 38-minute secret chat between you and Christoff Stevenson, even though that's just fake gossip spread by those who are not in the know. You are the

same as them now—you don't know the truth, and that's why you're overthinking."

Chapter 912 It Can't Be Anyone but You

Olivia said, "I gave him endless chances. From last night till today, I gave him two chances to come clean, but did he? He was busy explaining that there was nothing between him and Azalea, while I was trying

to squeeze the truth out of him. I never wanted to hide the relationship between Christoff and me. If he had not lied to me, saying that he was assisting the investigation at the police station, I would have told him about Christoff. I thought he was too embarrassed and proud to tell me about his struggles, and I was such a fool for telling North to keep the secret for him. Now, I finally know the reason behind his cover-ups—he didn't want me to learn about Azalea!"

Jewel responded, "Well, maybe Azalea is in love with Eugene, but don't worry! He's definitely not into her. You know, men do not like to create unnecessary trouble for themselves. He probably thought there was no need to tell you about Azalea because there was nothing between them anyway."

Olivia gave her a side-eye. "Of course, you'd trust him because he's like your brother. Stop putting in a good word for him."

That shut Jewel up.

Back at the filming set, Carter Rogers immediately noticed that Olivia was in a bad mood. He went up to her and asked, "Godmother, what happened to you?"

She replied, "It's nothing. I didn't sleep well last night."

He shot a quizzical look at North. North sighed wistfully like an old soul without revealing anything. He was baffled by the actions of both the mother and the son, but he didn't press on because he assumed that they must have run into a complicated issue.

The two kids would stick around Olivia, telling her jokes and making faces. That cheered her up a lot, but she still lost her focus from time to time. There were a lot of outtakes during her scenes, but the director didn't have a go at her because he knew that she was struggling with something.

At noon, Christoff sneaked up to her. "What's wrong?"

Olivia couldn't be bothered to talk to him. "Nothing."

He asked, "Is it because of the article from the morning?"

She looked at him, astonished. "From the morning?"

He had an annoying smile on his face. "Why? Haven't you read the post online?"

She frowned and searched for the post on her phone. As expected, she found a new post, titled "Eugene Nolan and Olivia Maxwell Suspected to Have Fought Over the 38-Minute Secret Chat Incident".

The attached photo was taken at the entrance of the hotel. It also captured the scene of her fight with Eugene at the door to the hotel room. She was the most angered at a gif image, which pictured her yelling at Eugene: "And you do not have the right to question my relationship with Christoff Stevenson!"

The comment section was a mess. Most people speculated that the couple had broken up. Someone remarked that Olivia had used Eugene to boost her popularity and was ready to go solo once her popularity started rising. Worse, someone added that Eugene had found out about her affair with Avery Mauve and was confronting her.

A sense of despair crept up on her. The 38-minute secret chat and the gossip about her breakup seemed to be part of a well-executed plan to defame her.

Christoff chuckled. "I never thought you'd be this protective of me. I'm glad."

She shot him a look. "Are you behind all these?" It was a question, but he knew she was suspecting him from the look in her eyes. He frowned at her. "Hey. Don't blame it on me. I just found out about it."

She questioned, "Who else can it be? No one else has the time to stalk me like you do."

He glanced at her. "Why would I spend my time doing that?"

Olivia accused him in rage, "You were the one who spoke to me for 38 minutes, and you're the one who wishes to see me break up with Eugene! It can't be anyone but you!"

## Chapter 913 Thorn in Her Flesh

Christoff flashed her a wicked smile. "Yeah, I have all the motives in the world to do so. But do you think that's all I can do? Did you really think that I'd make you break up with him with two social media posts? You have underestimated me." His smile morphed into a mocking and disdainful look.

He was right—he would never stoop that low just to cause friction between a couple. That would be uncharacteristic of him.

But who was behind this mess if not him?

She closed her eyes, feeling as though she had stepped into the trap he set up. Indeed, she was in a huge fight with Eugene, and Christoff was involved in every incident leading up to the fight. Perhaps, he had quietly sowed discord. Just as how he told her that Eugene was a jerk, he was no better.

She raised her head to give him an icy stare. "How did you know that Eugene visited Azalea Namb that day?"

He laughed and came clean. "I sent someone to follow him!"

Enraged, she hissed, "Why did you do that?"

He explained, "What's wrong with that? He's active in my territory. But you—are you now blaming me for telling you about his visit to Azalea Namb's?"

While speaking, he inched closer to her in an intimate manner and chuckled. "Or would you have preferred to be kept in the dark?"

Of course, that was not what she would have wanted, but Christoff played a huge part in her deteriorating relationship with Eugene.

He noticed her doubtful look and said once more, "Do you want me to look into what Eugene has done in Nambahd?"

She glared at him. "No, thanks."

He pouted. "Well, you don't appreciate my kindness."

She fired back, "How is that being kind?"

He complained, "You should direct your anger at Eugene. I'm an innocent victim who got caught in the middle of your fury."

She asked, "Are you close with Princess Azalea?"

"We're alright." He gave her an impudent look. "What is it that you want to ask?"

"Do you know why she was hospitalized?"

"No." Then, he added, "Even if I knew, I wouldn't tell you."

Choking in anger at his response, she had to gather herself before saying, "Why did you refuse to tell me when you have already told me about Eugene visiting her?"

He smiled and answered, "I will not do anything that helps with your relationship. You should be thankful that I didn't do anything to destroy your relationship."

How annoying! Every word he says and every action he takes are getting on my nerves!

She raised her hand in an attempt to smack him out of rage. How could he say that to me with such confidence?

Chuckling, he held her hand. "Hey, you have to know the good from the bad! I'm helping you to see through a jerk. What if he has an affair while dating you, but he lies to you, saying he's working late? At least you know his true face now. If you can change him, do it. If not, you should get yourself another man, so you won't have to be upset with him anymore. Look how much I care about you! I don't mind it if you don't thank me, but you shouldn't blame me!"

She struggled to free her hand from his grip. "Let go of me! And stay away from me!" Then, she stormed out.

He laughed at her. "Why? Are you scared that you'd waver after hearing what I have to say? That shows your relationship isn't rock-solid!"

Indeed, she did not dare to listen to him anymore. She had to admit that she was affected by his words, especially at this moment when she had little confidence in Eugene. Christoff's words were like a thorn in her flesh.

#### Chapter 914 Finding the Culprit

The most infuriating thing about Christoff was that he never attempted to hide his motive, and he wasn't too bothered even when Olivia perceived him as a villain. Still, she would not forgive Eugene for his action just because Christoff was involved.

Christoff was terrible, but she had to admit that she had relationship problems with Eugene. Otherwise, they wouldn't be fighting due to the incitement by a third party.

Anyway, she decided to put her thoughts behind her, for she needed to find out the identity of the netizen who made the post in the morning. The culprit was someone who followed her around, and she felt irritated knowing that the person would post any minute details about her online.

She went to the dressing room and found North typing away furiously on the keyboard. "North, did you see the post from this morning?"

With eyes glued to the screen, he answered, "Yeah, Mommy. I removed it."

She took a seat. "Can you look into the person who posted it?"

"I'm on it," he replied while pressing the enter key. The IP address of the poster immediately showed up on the screen. "Mommy, look at this. Do you know her?"

Her face soured after she found out about the person behind the leak. It came as a surprise to her. The person was only an assistant but dared to post about her.

Fuming, she marched out of the dressing room. North shut his laptop and went after her. "Mommy, I'll go with you."

She coaxed him, "No, don't come with me. I don't want to expose you too much. Why don't you play with Carter? By the way, where is he? Why don't I see him around?"

"He took a call just now and left." North stopped following her, but he reminded her with concern, "Mommy, be careful."

"Don't worry. I'll be fine." With that, she entered the shared dressing room. Her entrance attracted the attention of the tens of people there.

They were sensible enough to greet her.

"Miss Olivia, who are you here for?"

"Olivia, come take a seat."

Although Olivia was the main lead, she wasn't arrogant at all. The only difference between the privileges accorded to her was her private dressing room, which she didn't get to enjoy at her last filming set.

The actors and actresses who were close to her addressed her as Olivia. However, some newer cast members called her Miss Olivia.

Everyone could tell that she was in a bad mood. They exchanged glances, wondering who she was after.

"Noel Harris! Come with me!"

Hearing that, Jodie Jansen shot a panicked look at her assistant, Noel. "Noel, what's wrong?"

Meanwhile, Noel felt nervous and queasy. While assuring Jodie that everything was fine, she secretly calmed herself down, thinking that she couldn't have been exposed. How could Olivia find out about

her if she posted with an alternative account?

To Noel's surprise, Olivia did not wait for her to follow along—she went straight to a quiet corner and came to a stop. Then, she turned around to face the woman behind her, who was trying hard to stay composed. She growled, "Are you going to confess, or do you want me to force the truth out of you?"

Noel, trying her luck, argued with Olivia, "Miss Olivia, w-what do you want me to say?"

Olivia snickered. "Do you want me to show you the evidence?" She flung the IP address uncovered by North in Noel's face. "Take a look. Did I blame the wrong person?"

Noel looked flustered and surprised at the speed that Olivia tracked her down. "Miss Olivia..."

Olivia gestured at her to stop speaking. She was in no mood to listen to any explanation. Instead, she questioned, "Didn't you work for Summer Monroe for a few days?"

Noel nodded. "Yes."

Chapter 915 Confrontation

Olivia said, "So, you're doing this for revenge?"

Noel lowered her head and replied, "No..."

Although she did not admit it, she could not explain what had happened.

Olivia had lost her patience. "So, you deliberately posted that thread to defame me simply because Summer's ban caused you to lose the job you had worked so hard for?"

Noel remained silent and kept her head low.

Olivia's face darkened, and she shouted, "Speak up!"

Noel nodded in response. Frightened, she cried and explained, "After I left Summer, I couldn't find a job for a long time. Everyone said that I was unlucky and no one wanted me—"

"Enough!" Olivia impatiently interrupted Noel. "Are you trying to say I'm responsible for losing your job? It was Summer's fault for ruining it, so what does it have to do with me? People berated me from head to toe too. Don't you think I was wronged here? So, why are you crying? What's the point of crying?"

Noel bowed and apologized, "I'm sorry, Miss Maxwell. I did it impulsively."

Olivia questioned, "Impulsively? You took pictures, drafted the post, and meticulously planned its timing. You even used your alternate account to post it. If this was out of impulse, I can't imagine what a premeditated action would look like. And do you know why Summer was banned? It was because of her dishonesty. You followed her for only a few days and learned nothing but her deceitful methods of backstabbing people."

Noel wept as she apologized, "Miss Maxwell, I-I'm sorry. It was wrong of me to blame you for everything."

Olivia replied indifferently, "Never mind. Just resign yourself. Make sure you never appear in front of me again." With that, she promptly left.

Noel ran after her while crying. "Miss Maxwell, I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I worked so hard to get this job..."

Olivia abruptly turned around and fixed her cold gaze on Noel. "You bring these upon yourself. Either I'll have you sentenced to three to five years in jail, or you'll never show your face to me again. The choice is yours."

In the end, Noel did not dare to say anything further.

As Olivia returned, she heard Carter's voice. "Let's go tomorrow. It happens to be my day off from shooting... Alright, let's make it ten tomorrow."

She was curious about who Carter was talking to.

As she was about to approach them and inquire, she suddenly heard Christoff's voice asking, "Have you found the person who posted that thread?"

Glaring at him, Olivia ignored his question.

He asked again, "Who was it?"

"What's it to you?"

He rubbed his chin and smiled. "Well, it's none of my business. I just want to thank her for doing what I've been meaning to do."

She shot him another glare. "You're a psycho!" With that, she walked away in annoyance.

However, he followed her. "You're still mad at me? Shouldn't you apologize to me?"

She stopped in her tracks. "Apologize to you?"

Christoff nodded in agreement. "You just wrongly accused me!"

Olivia suddenly realized and responded nonchalantly, "Serves you right!"

Angered, he flicked her on the forehead. "You sure have no conscience!"

She covered her forehead in pain and glared at him.

He snorted. "What's the matter? This is punishment for falsely accusing me."

With a stern look, she warned, "Another move, and I'll fight back."

At that moment, she felt the urge to beat someone up, particularly Christoff.

Chapter 916 Once Bitten, Twice Shy

Christoff feared no consequences as he provoked her with a taunting gaze. "I've already done it, so what will you do about it?"

Before he could finish, Olivia had already launched an attack on him. However, he was on guard this time and did not give her an opportunity for a sneak attack.

He was far more skilled in martial arts than her, but he did not use all his strength. Rather than fighting, he seemed to be teasing her as he was always in control of the situation, which made her impossible to land a hit.

While tiring her out, he even had the leisure to taunt her. "Have you ever thought that maybe I've been going easy on you every time you mocked me?"

Olivia was pissed. "I don't need your mercy!" With that, she launched an even fiercer attack at him.

Christoff became serious, and they continued to spar for another ten minutes. The fight ended with him finally gaining the upper hand as he pinned her down.

A crowd had gathered around to watch the commotion and spontaneously began applauding when the fight ended. "No wonder he's so confident in performing wire stunts. He has genuine martial arts skills."

"Avery is so handsome. Not only is he talented in acting, but he's also skilled in martial arts."

"Yeah, it's quite impressive for a newcomer to be able to do this."

Olivia struggled. "Let me go!"

Christoff chuckled and said, "Admit that you're no match for me and apologize, then I'll let you go!"

"Apologize? In your dreams!" As she spoke, she lifted her foot and stomped directly on his foot.

As the proverb goes, "Once bitten, twice shy," he was wary of this move and easily avoided it.

Consequently, Olivia's foot landed heavily on the ground, and a striking pain spread through her foot.

Christoff let go of her and teased with a smile. "That's quite a rough kick. I didn't expect you to be that harsh on yourself."

Instantly enraged, she shoved him away and delivered a powerful kick with her long legs. As she meant to fight, her attack was not light. If he had not possessed any martial arts skills, he could have been seriously injured or even ended up coughing up blood.

Despite his martial arts skills, Christoff retreated several steps before he could stand firmly. He rubbed the spot where she had kicked him on his chest and glared at Olivia. "You certainly don't hold back."

However, he deliberately chose not to dodge as he knew she was in a bad mood and needed to vent her frustration. She was also surprised as she knew he was skilled enough to bypass her kick effortlessly, yet he chose not to.

Olivia stared at Christoff suspiciously. "Why didn't you dodge?"

He approached with a smile. "What's wrong? Do you feel sorry for kicking me?"

Her momentary guilt disappeared as soon as she heard his teasing words. She sneered in response. "I don't feel sorry, just a little regretful."

Christoff raised an eyebrow. "So, you regret kicking me?"

Olivia grinned while her eyes squinted. "I regret not kicking you more!"

He pointed at her in anger and was speechless for a moment.

She gave him an eye roll. "From now on, stay away from me." With that, she walked into the studio.

Christoff furrowed his brows as he watched her walking away. Why isn't she afraid at all?

"Avery, you're so handsome." A relatively unknown actress gazed at him with admiration.

He glanced at her and gave a faint smile. As someone who had been in the entertainment industry for so long, he was all too familiar with what was going through her mind.

Just that... he was not interested in her. The one he was interested in happened to be the one who made him want to beat her up.

Christoff stroked his chin as he was reluctant to hit Olivia. He shifted his attention back to the actress and deliberately approached her. "Which part of me do you find handsome?"

#### Chapter 917 Eugene's Dilemma

The actress' heart was racing. "Y-You're handsome in every aspect."

Christoff replied, "You're like wine to me."

She blushed. "W-What do you mean?"

He leaned in close with a smirk. "Both are consumable."

The next day, a group of managers and secretaries gathered outside the president's office at the Nolan Group to report their work. They jostled and pushed each other as no one dared to go in.

Curtis walked into the scene and was surprised by the commotion. "What's going on here?"

A manager immediately approached him and gestured toward the office with a glance. "Don't you see, Mr. Wood? The tension in there is unbearable."

"That's right. Our president has already made three managers and five secretaries cry this morning. It's impossible to go in and come out unscathed."

"Mr. Wood, please think of a solution."

Curtis snorted inwardly. A solution?

What solution could there be when even he was scolded too?

"There's no solution. You'll have to fend for yourselves." He was about to go in.

A manager grabbed Curtis and pleaded, "Mr. Wood, you can't just stand here and do nothing. Here's an investigation report. Please bring it in when you go inside."

Once a person found a solution, others quickly followed suit. "Mr. Wood, I have my annual report here. Please bring it in as well."

"And my project proposal."

"My meeting minutes!"

In a short time, Curtis had a stack of documents in his arms. He frowned at everyone. "You guys..."

Everyone bowed deeply to him. "Mr. Wood, take care."

He stared at them in silence for a moment. "Don't act like I won't come back, okay?"

As soon as he entered the office, something flew toward him. He instinctively dodged and narrowly avoided a blue file that flew past his chin before crying out in grievance. "President Nolan."

Eugene did not expect it to be Curtis and frowned. "What's the matter?"

Curtis quickly placed the files on the desk and said, "President Nolan, a few children are waiting outside to see you. Would you like me to see them?"

Eugene's brow furrowed. "Children?"

Curtis explained hastily, "Yes, there are three of them. T-They said they are your sons."

Eugene's face immediately turned black. "My sons?"

He could not help but wonder, Since when did I have so many sons?

An inexplicable annoyance arose in his heart. "Don't you know who my son is?"

Curtis replied anxiously, "I know, but these three children are alone and keep insisting on seeing you. They had been waiting outside for a long time, and I didn't have the heart to ask the bodyguards to drive them away. That's why I came to report to you."

Angered, Eugene threw his pen on the desk and lazily leaned back on his chair. Why are strange things happening one after another recently?

Starting with the rope breaking at the Nambahd Amusement Park, he felt he was being set up.

As someone had died in that accident, the authorities were alarmed. Eugene had to step forward to resolve the issue and was later 'invited' to the City Palace by the King of the City. He subsequently promised Azalea that he would accompany her on her birthday. After that, he and Olivia began to have various misunderstandings when she went to the City Palace.

As Eugene returned from the City Palace, he heard rumors about Olivia and Christoff, and they began to argue. Their arguments escalated to the point that she still ignored him until now.

Eugene sensed that all these events were somehow linked to Christoff, but he was hesitant to reveal this to her as it could further fuel her resentment toward him.

Chapter 918 The Sons' Visit

After all, Eugene was the one who made the mistake, and Christoff was the one who helped Olivia. He was barely confident that she would believe him instead of Christoff. For the past few days, he had struggled to organize his thoughts and find a way to explain himself. He wondered if she would be willing to believe him.

And to make matters worse, three children came and claimed to be his sons just when these problems remained unsolved.

Someone intended to make things worse for him.

Eugene ordered coldly, "Let them in." He wanted to see what these children were up to. He thought they must have been fed up with life and that they would claim to be his sons.

Soon, Curtis came in with three little children. When Eugene saw them, he was a little surprised as he did not expect that they were such young children.

Looking at the kids standing before him, he felt his heart soften strangely. They looked like they were carved from the same mold. The anger that had just filled him dissipated a little, and he felt he had seen them somewhere before.

However, Eugene believed that whoever was behind this was highly immoral to manipulate such young children to sow discord. Do they think I won't bear to hurt them?

He looked at them and asked coldly, "So, you wanted to see me?"

At that moment, one of the little boys stepped forward and introduced himself humbly, "My name is Carter Rogers. These are my brothers, Blake and Terry. We came to find our daddy!"

Eugene smiled. "So, that's why you came here? Do I seem like someone who wants to be your dad?"

Carter was momentarily stunned and frowned. "You are our daddy."

Eugene asked, "What makes you say so?"

Carter asked, "Isn't Promise Island yours?"

Eugene lazily leaned against the back of the chair and replied, "Yes, and? Looks like you did your homework."

Carter said, "Then, you're our daddy."

Eugene retorted coldly, "Promise Island is mine, but what does that have to do with you three claiming to be my sons?"

Carter stared at Eugene for a while. Although he was initially happy to see his daddy, he could sense that Eugene was displeased with their visit. So, he felt a little aggrieved. "Grandpa told us that our daddy is the owner of Promise Island."

Blake gently grabbed Carter's hand and stepped forward to speak, "We also discovered you have the same RH-negative blood type as us."

Eugene replied sternly, "Although this blood type is rare, it doesn't automatically mean that every child with RH-negative blood is my son. However, since you are all young, I won't give you a hard time. So, tell me. Who sent you here? What do you want?"

Given that the three children standing before him were merely a bunch of six years olds, his imposing demeanor was overwhelming even for an adult, let alone for the children.

After Eugene's words, Blake almost cried from being questioned. It took him a long time to speak up, "We don't have any purpose. No one sent us here. We snuck out and worked hard to find you..."

Eugene's expression darkened as he looked at the children. "I assumed someone taught you to say that."

The three children shook their heads. "No."

Eugene said, "Alright, you may leave now. I have no interest in having more sons. If you come here to cause trouble again, I won't hesitate to take action."

Carter and Blake were both disappointed—saddened even—by Eugene's response, for they did not expect him to be so cold-hearted. As they were about to leave, Terry, who had been silent until now, piped up, "You can do a paternity test with us!"

Eugene was getting annoyed. "What paternity test? Get out of here before I throw you all into the sea to feed the sharks."

Chapter 919 Take It or Leave It

As soon as Eugene's words fell, Terry frowned slightly. He walked a few steps to Eugene's desk and took a paper napkin from his pocket before spreading it out on the surface.

Everyone was puzzled by his actions. Even Eugene could not understand what Terry was about to do and stared at him with confusion. "What are you trying to do?"

Terry remained silent and took a blood glucose testing needle from another pocket. Taking a deep breath, he puffed out his cheeks as if he was cheering himself up. The next moment, he placed his little finger on the napkin and pricked it with the needle without uttering a word.

Eugene was shocked as he could not believe such a young child would be willing to go to such lengths to prove his point. He was certain that even adults would fail to do so.

The prick from the needle seemed painful as he could hear Terry's sudden heavy breathing and see the boy's squinted eyes and shrunk neck.

Drops of blood dripped onto the napkin as Terry kept trying to force out more blood.

Eugene suddenly felt a twinge in his heart, perhaps because he also had a son around the same age as the three children. He could not bear to watch on anymore, silently cursing whoever had made these innocent children experience such pain. He could not believe someone would use young kids to cause trouble for him.

It would be so heartbreaking if their parents saw this.

Hence, he quickly spoke up, "Stop it. I won't do the paternity test, even if you provide a blood sample."

Terry finally stopped as he could not ooze more blood from his finger. He looked up at Eugene. "You don't have to do it if you don't want to, but please don't wrongly accuse us." As he spoke, he took two needles from his pocket and handed them to Blake and Carter.

The other two children stepped forward and took a napkin before pricking their fingers. To Eugene's surprise, neither of them even flinched. Although they held their breath and their fingers trembled, they endured the pain without a single cry!

Suddenly, Eugene had a different view of these three children and even admired them.

Carter looked at him. "It's your choice whether to take the paternity test, but we don't recognize you as our daddy anymore!" With that, the three children took two steps back and exchanged a silent glance with each other before leaving the room neatly.

Eugene was honestly stunned!

As he gazed at the three neatly folded paper towels on his desk, he began to doubt his memory. He could only recall having a one-night stand with Olivia, so how could three children be standing before him claiming to be his? Could it be that she was pregnant with quadruplets?

No! That's impossible. These three children are younger than North.

However, he could not recall having any intimate contact with anyone else. If there was not, then the children's actions scared him. It was clear they were confident of their biological connection to him.

Otherwise, why would they go through the trouble of enduring the pain of pricking their fingers and extracting blood samples right in front of him? Even if it was a conspiracy, the children's actions felt too genuine to be mere acts.

Curtis was also stunned by this terrifying scene. Whose kids are they? I can't believe they'd go to such lengths to prove it. But wait, it makes perfect sense if they're President Nolan's children. Why else would they willingly give blood samples?

He looked at Eugene cautiously. "President Nolan... Are you considering doing a paternity test?"

Naturally, Eugene had yet to decide, for he had never expected to be pushed to this point one day, especially by three five to six-year-old children.

#### Chapter 920 Conspiracy

Perhaps... Azalea did something to me when I lost consciousness six years ago? When I was injured?

The notion sent a chill down Eugene's spine. The possibility that he fathered these three children morphed into a ball of fear that crept into him—he and Olivia would be over.

At the thought of that, he hurriedly slit his finger with a knife and let the blood drip onto a piece of napkin, which was handed over to Curtis. "I need a DNA test, and keep this between us. You mustn't let anyone else know about this."

"Okay, President Nolan," replied Curtis seriously at Eugene's somber face before leaving.

Eugene's apprehension grew. At that moment, he wished someone was setting him up by leveraging the children instead of having anything to do with them.

At first, he stayed vigilant regarding the possibility that the children were part of a conspiracy. Now, he was genuinely surprised by them to the extent that he did not inquire about their background, hometown, mother, or age.

Should I do a background check on them? But who should I seek help from? North is out of consideration. Forget about the fact that he might get jealous; that little brat is on Olivia's side. If he knows about it, she will as well. I shouldn't let her know before the test results are out.

He was contemplating on whom to seek help from, and someone came into his mind. That second kid to speak... Isn't he the same kid playing the piano at Mi Amor? He dressed formally, and there was quite a distance, but I think they're the same kid.

As an afterthought, Eugene stood up with his car keys. Half an hour later, he appeared at Mi Amor and looked at the podium first thing. The piano kid isn't around.

Despite the disappointment, he tried to convince himself that the kid could not come to work since he was elsewhere today, so he headed to the reception desk. "Is that piano kid on leave?"

"Yes," said the receptionist.

He thought for a moment before questioning, "How long has he been working here?"

"Over two months."

"What's his name?"

"Do you need something from him, sir?" The receptionist frowned.

Eugene fished out a business card from his pocket. "Eugene Nolan. My girlfriend is impressed by the piano kid. So, I wanna know more about him."

The receptionist exclaimed, "Mr. Nolan! Nice to meet you, sir. The kid's name is Blake Rogers. He's six, and he came up to us on his own. He impressed our boss, so he works here."

"Have you seen his family?"

"He has an elder brother and a younger brother. They're about the same age."

"What about their parents?"

"Never met them before. He's normally here with his bodyguard. I think he has a godmother. She took a few kids over for a meal twice."

"Godmother? Do you know her name?"

"No. She always put on a cap and a mask every time she comes. Must be a celebrity. We're guessing that they're her illegitimate children."

Eugene paused momentarily at that reply, trying to figure out who the parents might be. Then, he stuffed a load of cash into the receptionist's hand. "Could you contact me the next time they dine in here?"