

Super Wife 881

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 881

Eugene was about to leave, but Azalea stopped him before spreading her arms. "Can you hug me, Eugene? Just for one moment." He eyed her coldly. I have a girlfriend. So, no."

She closed her eyes, and the tears kept falling down her cheeks. After a momentary pause, she said in a broken voice, "I know, but we might never meet again. Can't you just hug me like I'm your sister?"

She tried to throw herself into his embrace as she spoke, but she failed. Eugene had managed to keep her at arm's length before she could even get into his arms. "Don't obsess over something that will never be. I have told you we'll never be a thing."

Azalea stared at him in disbelief, her eyes glistening with tears. "I know. You don't have to keep reminding me. But I've liked you for a long time, so I can't possibly cut off all those feelings right away. Can't you just grant me one last wish?"

"No," he answered tartly. Right then, a gunshot roared across the air. By instinct, he pulled her to his side and kept her behind him. When he took her to a hidden spot, he saw a bullet buried at the spot where they had been standing just seconds ago.

Eugene shuddered slightly. Who did this? Did they come for me? I can't believe they even had the guts to shoot me right outside the police station. He called the cops and told them to check out the bullet. He wanted to know if it was an accident or an attempted murder. A moment later, he hung up, and another call came.

The number was a familiar one, but it still caught him by surprise. Olivia? Why is she calling now? He wanted to pick it up, but Azalea was leaning on his chest, and he shoved her away. Fortunately, she stood back and said nothing.

He picked up the call, but for some reason, he spoke carefully, "Olivia? W-What's up?" Olivia replied calmly, "I was just worried. How is the investigation going?"

He heaved a sigh of relief before answering, "I just got out of the police station, and the suspect has confessed to everything. They're going to write an article and release it on the news. Then, the rumors will be no more."

She said, "Good to hear. Where are you right now?" Eugene threw a glance at Azalea. "I'm on my way back to the company. Once I settle down, I can go home tomorrow."

"Are you alone?" He shifted his gaze to Azalea once again. Dammit, I don't wanna cause a misunderstanding. I guess I'll just keep it a secret. She's not here right now, and any explanation might sound awkward. A moment later, he replied, "Yes."

With that, her tone turned ice-cold when she next spoke, "Be careful, then." Then, she hung up. He stared at his phone in confusion. W-What was that? Is she mad? Is it because I've been out for too long? He gasped in silence when that thought flashed across his mind.

A ton of cops had emerged from the police station, and Eugene felt more at ease now. Those terrorists aren't gonna do anything with them here. He turned to look at Azalea. "You should go back to City Palace. It's dangerous here."

Just then, she held his hand tightly. Like a child, she requested, "I'm scared. Can you take me home?"

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Eugene didn't want to take her home, but thinking that she might hound him otherwise, he relented, "Fine." It'd be worrisome to let her go back alone, anyway.

The moment they emerged from their hiding spot, they were met with one-no, two women. They were wearing caps and masks, but he recognized who they were, and he froze. His mind went blank. Olivia? Why is she here? Did they just come? Or did they see anything? Was that call some sort of a test?

By instinct, he let go of Azalea's hand, much to her confusion. She then turned her attention to the approaching ladies. They might have covered themselves up, but judging from their well-kept figures, she knew they were beautiful women underneath. And they radiated an air of confidence, which was something she never had. She then looked at Eugene in puzzlement.. Why is he so nervous? Does he know these ladies?

Before she could figure things out, Eugene had already approached the ladies. "Olivia! What brings you here?"

Olivia looked at Azalea for a moment before she turned her attention to him. "We wanted to see you, so we planned to surprise you." She didn't plan to get out of the car at first, but then she heard the gunshot and couldn't help but worry about him. So, in the end, she got out of the car to check on him. Aside from that very reason, she was also furious seeing them so close together. How much longer do they have to chat? This is taking forever. And I can't believe he dares to lie to me! Going back to the company, huh?

Nervously, he explained, "This is Azalea, the King of Namb's cousin and Sirius' daughter." Olivia put on a formal smile despite seething inside. She would never show that to Azalea. That would be embarrassing.

"Your reputation precedes you, Princess Azalea. Word has it that you're the most gorgeous lady around." Azalea nodded slightly. "Just a rumor people came up with. And you are?" She was asking

Olivia, but her eyes were on Eugene.

He wrapped his arm around Olivia's shoulder. "She's Olivia Maxwell, my girlfriend." Then, he pointed at Jewel. "This is Jewel Fenton, my godsister."

Azalea nodded again. "So, you're his family. Hello." Olivia smiled as she looked at Eugene. "So, what's the princess' relationship with you?" Awkwardly, he replied, "Her brother is a friend of mine."

Olivia looked into his eyes. "Where are you going?" Quickly, he explained, "I was going to the company, but I ran into her, and then a gunshot happened. I was going to get her a ride."

With a smile on her face, she said, "I see. We'll go back to the hotel, then. You go ahead." With that, she was about to leave.

For some reason, Eugene felt a little creeped out from how aloof she was acting, so he quickly held her hand to stop her from leaving. "It's alright. I was just going to get her a ride." After saying that, he took her to the roadside, keeping her close. He then hailed a cab. "You should go home, Princess Azalea. Hayes will get worried if you're out for too long."

She nodded in acknowledgment without saying a word. Then, she turned to give everyone a nod before getting into the car. Eugene heaved a sigh of relief in his mind. He then held Olivia's hand in delight. "Did you just arrive?"

Coolly, she responded, "Yes. We were going back to the hotel since you said you were going to the company. Fancy seeing you here, though

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Olivia kept staring into his eyes. Sheepishly, Eugene explained, "I just got out of the police station when you called. And I ran into her by chance before someone fired a gun. After that, I was just going to get a cab for her. Hayes is my friend-I can't possibly let his cousin get hurt. Don't take this the wrong way, okay?"

She remained staring at him long and hard as she asked, "You sure you share no other relationships with her?" He shook his head. "No, I swear. I never had any ideas about her. Please believe me, Olivia."

"Then, why are you so nervous?" Her eyes were still on him. With resignation in his voice, he said, "I'm just worried you might read too much into it."

The look on Olivia's face had turned slightly better after she saw how nervous he had gotten. "Fine. As long as you're okay. So, where are we going?"

Eugene answered, "To the company. Wanna come?" She responded, "No. I'm going back. My flight's in the afternoon." He had a feeling that she had something on her mind, and he was worried. "I'm coming with you, then."

Surprised, she asked, "Did you finish your work?"

"The case is closed. Curtis can handle the rest." She looked at him in silence. She knew he hadn't finished his work just yet. He lied because he wanted to be with her, and it melted her fury away just a bit. "Just head to the company and finish your work. Jewel and I will pack up. After that, we'll meet up and go to the airport together."

"Alright, I'll give you two a ride." Olivia held his hand softly in an attempt to tell him she wasn't angry. "No. You'll waste a lot of time if you do that. You should finish your work here unless you want to come back again. Jewel is with me. I'll be fine."

Eugene studied her face carefully. Good. She's not angry. He nodded in relief. For the last few days, he was trapped in the City Palace. Work had piled up, and he must settle it.

With that, they went their own ways. Olivia and Jewel returned to the hotel. Eugene did say he didn't get any ideas about Azalea, and she believed him, but she was still miffed about it.. She was upset and felt like the world was unfair to her. She hated this version of herself. Why do I get so worked up over

something so trivial? It's not like me at all. Where did the composed Olivia from the old times go? I used to not care about men. She packed up in silence.

Jewel was a girl, too. She knew what Olivia was feeling. Softly, she said, "He probably kept it a secret because he didn't want you to take it the wrong way."

Olivia knew that much. It would have been fine if she had no idea about the matter, but she saw everything, yet he said nothing was going on between them. She almost became his girlfriend six years ago. They almost got engaged last night. And he protected her by instinct just now. There's no way he doesn't have any feelings for her.

However, she couldn't ask him about that. She knew what he would say. Oh, Azalea is Hayes' cousin, and I'm his friend. She's like a sister to me. The platitudes. She was tired of it. Forget it. If I keep pestering him over this, it'd be crass of me. I don't wanna be a crass woman

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She would not allow herself to stoop so low Olivia took a deep breath and pretended she was fine. "I know. Thanks, Jewel, but you need not worry about me. Since he said he doesn't like her, I'll trust him." Jewel responded, "Yeah. Azalea might be super hot, but Eugene still likes you the most."

Well, I understand you're trying to console me, but the first remark wasn't necessary, Olivia grumbled in her mind. They packed up and got into the cab. They had planned on going to Eugene's company to meet up with him before heading off to the airport.

However, before they could arrive at his company, he called them. He apologized, "I'm sorry, Olivia. Can you stay for one more day? Hayes suddenly called me. We'll leave tomorrow."

Olivia was a little disappointed. She thought they would meet up real soon, but things changed all of a sudden. If you can't leave, then don't promise me anything. You made me happy for nothing. "What happened?" she inquired.

He said hurriedly, "I don't know for sure, but he said it's something urgent. I'll have to take a look. You ladies stay around, alright?" She had no choice but to agree to it. "Sure."

Eugene wanted to cheer her up. He knew she was upset, but Hayes just told him he had to go over, or he would regret it. I don't have much time now. "Sorry, Olivia. After I have checked things out, I'll call you."

"Alright," Olivia muttered. He knew she was disappointed. She came all the way to see him, but he just kept working. He put his phone closer and genuinely said, "I love you, Olivia."

Instead of feeling warm and delighted at his love confession, she only felt numb. After the call ended, she put her phone down stiffly.

"What's wrong?" Jewel asked in concern. "He can't leave yet. Said he had something to do. We'll need to stay for one more day." Jewel shrugged at that. "Then, that's what we're gonna do. We still haven't shopped around anyway."

Olivia was upset, but she kept telling herself it was just one more day. I can just treat this as a vacation. Besides, it's better than the time when I couldn't find him. I'm not going to let myself get sulky over this. After making up her mind, she smiled. "Sure. Where are we going?"

Jewel replied, "Let's check in at a hotel near the company and talk after that."

"Okay." The ladies went to a decent hotel. They were about to check in, but then someone called Olivia again. This time, it was a phone call from Christoff. A frown slowly formed on her face as she thought, Is he still here? Reluctantly, she took the call. "Where are you?" he asked.

Nonchalantly, she said, "On my way to the airport." He chuckled. "As if. You're at a hotel, aren't you?" Surprised, she looked around for him. "Where are you?"

"Don't even try. You won't find me. I thought you were going back. What happened?" "Nothing happened. Just thought that we haven't played enough just yet, so we decided to stay around for another day."

"Yeah, right. You're waiting for Eugene, aren't you?" Dammit. How does he know everything? And why does he keep an eye on me? "What? Annoyed because I'm waiting for my boyfriend?"

Christoff chuckled. "Nope. Just want to remind you of something: you're waiting for him, but he might be waiting for someone else. Not you, that's for sure."

Olivia's face fell. "What do you mean by that?"

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Christoff asked, "Do you know where he is?" "Of course," Olivia answered. "Do you know what he's up to, then?" For some reason, she got frustrated. "Spit it out, or I'm hanging up."

"Don't vent at me. I'm not some sort of emotional trash can. I'm just telling you your boyfriend went to see Azalea. You got duped."

She held her fury down as she asked, "What happened to her?" "Almost got assaulted. She fractured her bone in her escape and is now lying in Royal Hospital." Olivia snapped, "You're lying!" "I never lie to you. My men saw him going into the hospital."

A short while later, he sent her a photo. She hung up the call and enlarged the image. Azalea was lying on a bed with her eyes closed, whereas Eugene was standing before the bed with eyes filled with concern. There was a group of medical staff standing nearby. She inspected the photo closely and finally confirmed it wasn't photoshopped.

A sense of irony filled her heart. She kept telling herself to trust and understand Eugene, but now, she wouldn't do it anymore. She refused to be understanding. If you wanted to see her, you could have just told me, but you lied! You said it's urgent! You made me look like a fool for trusting you so easily. You like her. That's why you left me to see her. She was about to enter the hotel just a moment ago, but now, she didn't have any reasons to stay around anymore, so she came back out with her suitcase in tow.

Jewel quickly came up to her. "What's wrong, Olivia? Where are you going?" Olivia stormed off. Without looking back, she said, "Home." Surprised, Jewel asked, "You're going home?"

Aren't you going to wait for Eugene?" "No. We're leaving," Olivia replied icily. Jewel pulled her suitcase and quickly caught up to Olivia. "Shouldn't you call and inform him about this?"

"I will not." Olivia then added, "And you're not allowed to call him, either." Jewel walked with Olivia. "What happened?" Olivia didn't have the strength even to explain. She hailed a cab. They got into the car, and Jewel asked again, "Olivia, tell me what happened."

Olivia remained silent. She rested her head on Jewel's shoulder, looking exhausted. Jewel's heart went out to her, and she pulled Olivia close. Softly, she said, "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

When they arrived at the airport, they ran into a familiar figure-Christoff. Olivia wanted to ignore him, but for some reason, his seat was right next to hers on the plane. He smiled. "What a coincidence."

Olivia sneered silently and thought, As if. He's planned this. She refused to talk to him, so she crossed her arms and pretended to sleep.

However, Christoff wouldn't take no for an answer. He smirked and went after the wound in her heart. "Why aren't you waiting for Eugene?"

She refused to entertain him. Yet, the man kept speaking, "You know how men are. Sometimes, we're forced to do things we don't want to. As long as he comes back to you, that's enough. If you ask for too much, you'd be annoying."

That does it! She opened her eyes abruptly and yelled, "Shut the hell up!" The sharp look in her eyes shocked him, but then he chuckled. "Oh, you're so ungrateful. I'm just trying to cheer you up."

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"He might be a jerk, but you're even worse," Olivia retorted. Christoff clicked his tongue. "How am I worse than him?" She didn't respond. Instead, she turned to Jewel. "Give me the bag, Jewel."

Jewel was one aisle away. She gave Olivia the bag. Christoff wondered what she was doing and observed Olivia in silence. She opened the bag, and took out a smaller package. She unfurled it and whipped out two silver needles, holding them in her hand. She then put away the rest of the stuff before handing it back to Jewel. Not a word was said during the whole process.

He gulped nervously. He had seen the silver needles before. She had used it on Azalea back then. What is she trying to do? Is she gonna use them on me? "W-Why are you holding those?"

She pointed the needles at him. "I'd shut up if I were you." He protested, "Why are you venting at me? I spent three times the price to get this ticket. All so I can cheer you-

Before he could even finish his sentence, Olivia was already going to stab him with the needles. He swallowed his words and raised his hands to surrender. "Alright, fine. I'll shut up."

Olivia tucked her tools away and returned to rest. Christoff eyed her from the side. She's a special woman, alright. Anyone else would have started crying at this point, or at least interrogated me. Instead, she stays calm and goes for action. Not sure if I should call her brave or a coward. Either way, she must be really upset now.

On the other hand, Eugene finally had time to call Olivia, but her phone was turned off, and he frowned. Turned off? He tried to call Jewel, but it was the same situation.

Right then, his heart sank as he sensed something was off. Both of their phones are turned off. Did something happen? Did they go home? But I thought we promised to go home together. Panicked, he called Curtis and asked him to look into this.

Lying on the bed, Azalea said weakly, "You can leave if you need to do something. I don't want your girlfriend taking this the wrong way."

He responded coolly, "It's alright." He was lying. He kept pacing back and forth. It was obvious that he was concerned. Hayes interjected, "She's fine now. I can handle things here. If you have something to do, just do it."

"My girlfriend just came to Nambahd. She's not familiar with the place, and I am worried about her. I don't want her running into any danger."

Hayes quickly said, "You should hurry up and look for her, then." "Alright." Just as Eugene was about to leave, he received a call from Curtis, and he immediately took it.

"President Nolan, Miss Maxwell and Miss Fenton had taken the flight home. Their flight was at three. It has already taken off."

"I see." He hung up, finally feeling at ease. As long as they're fine. But why did they go home? Before he could figure it out, Azalea asked, "Did you find your girlfriend, Eugene?" He answered, "Yes. She has gone home."

With hope in her eyes, she asked, "So, can you..."

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Eugene exhaled in resignation. "Fine. I'll stay here until your surgery is done." Hearing his affirmative answer, Azalea smiled. "Really? Thank you, Eugene." He said, "If it weren't because of me, none of this would have happened."

Hayes stood up to take his leave. "Alright. You guys go ahead. I'll look into this. My men have started the investigations. You can take a break if you want, Eugene. You don't have to stay here all the time."

"Sure," Eugene responded. Silence filled the room as soon as Hayes made his way out of the ward. Azalea asked, "Will your girlfriend take this the wrong way?"

She's going to take it the wrong way if she sees us together without knowing what's going on. Hayes should have told me about this. He said, "I'll explain to her when I get home."

She gave him an apologetic look. "Why don't I call her?"

"There's no need for that," he answered curtly. That'll just make the misunderstanding worse. She's going to read into this too much.

"Alright, I'm sorry," she said sheepishly.

However, her apology only made him feel even more frustrated. "Why are you apologizing? I should be the one doing that. I got you the cab. That's why you got in danger. If something were to happen to you, I'm not sure I could live with this guilt." I'm glad it didn't come to that.

Azalea responded, "No, this is not your fault. Who would have known the cab driver would be a potential sex offender?" "Just rest. I need a smoke."

"Okay, but don't smoke too much. It's bad for your health." Eugene left without saying a word. A circle of fence surrounded the hospital, and he leaned on it as he burned through his cigarettes. Why did she go back all of a sudden? Is she mad?

What am I saying? Of course, she is. I promised to go back with her, but I stood her up. It's not surprising that she's mad. She could at least tell me, though. She promised she'd wait. But why did she change plans? Did something happen back home?

He looked at the time. It's midnight back home. I shouldn't call North. Don't wanna disturb his sleep, after all. I'll call Brian, then.

The incessant calls jolted Brian awake. He rummaged around for his phone, but when he noticed it was from his brother, he eased up. What the f*ck he wants? He took the call and grumbled, "What is it this time? This is the third phone call. I need to sleep."

Eugene ignored his complaints. He asked, "Did something happen back home?" Annoyance crawled all over Brian's face. "Nothing. Aside from your disappearance, it's been uneventful. You just had to go missing.. You just had to call me a hundred times. Do you think this is a romance drama?"

His complaints were once again ignored. Eugene hung up. If everything is fine at home, why did Olivia go back? No matter how he thought about it, he had a feeling that he was at fault. If he could leave, he would have flown back home. No. I need to tell Brian about this. So, once again, he raised his phone and called his brother.

Brian had just fallen asleep once more when Eugene's call pulled him away from his slumber. The sight of his brother's name drove him mad. He wanted to smash things and kick Eugene's butt.

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Alas, he's my brother. I can't kick his *ss however I want. Brian held his frustration back and took the call. He roared, "This better be important, or I will kick your *ss. I don't even care if you're my brother!"

Eugene didn't even realize he had interrupted Brian's sleep. All he wanted to know was what had happened to Olivia. All of Brian's complaints fell on deaf ears as Eugene barely paid attention to what he was saying. "What did you say?"

Brian held his fury back and asked, "Why did you call?" Eugene snapped out of it and answered, "Just wanna say that if Olivia comes back, call me." "Olivia?" A frown creased Brian's forehead. "Where did she go this time?"

"Nambahd." "What? When did that happen?" Eugene had no answer for that. Oh, I forgot to ask. "Didn't ask. We didn't even talk much. You guys don't know she came to Nambahd either?" "Yeah, she didn't mention going there."

I'm pretty sure she had told North about this, though." Brian's drowsiness dissipated a little as the topic of the conversation caught his interest. "What happened? Did you guys fight?" "No. We barely even talk, let alone fight."

"So, why did she come back alone?"

"She's not alone. She's with Jewel." "Same difference. They went to Nambahd to look for you, and now, they left you there alone. You think that's normal?"

"I know it's not. That's why I'm calling you. Stay in touch. I wanna know the latest news." "You could have just, I don't know, scheduled a flight back here?"

"I can't go back right now."

"What happened?" A sigh of resignation escaped Eugene's lips. "It's complicated. I can't leave. Just tell me once she gets back. That's all I need."

"Hey, wait!" Brian stopped him. "You won't call me again, will you?"

"I might." "Eugene!" Brian was miffed. "I'm going to ignore you if you call me one more time. I haven't been sleeping well lately, and you just called me four times. You're going to give me a heart attack."

"If I can't call you, who else can I call?"

"Your son."

"He has school tomorrow." "And I have work. Dammit, Eugene. You don't want to disturb your son, so you come to me instead. And now, you expect me to help you out? As if, Brian grumbled and hung up. He then plopped back down onto his pillow, but he was still worried. I should probably switch my phone off. I don't want him to call me again.

He reached out for his phone and was about to turn it off when a text came in. 'Good morning. Did you sleep well?'

He looked at the time. Goddammit, it's already morning. I didn't even sleep a wink. He noticed who the sender was, and his lips twitched. It's that girl again. God, she's persistent. She kept texting him every day. Not every text was a good morning or good night, however. Sometimes it would be a photo, sometimes it would be a status, and sometimes it would be some interesting stories. It almost felt like he was her wall where she could post her status.

Nah. If it were a real social media wall, she'd have gotten reactions and comments, but she'd receive nothing but radio silence from me.

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However, she didn't seem to care, either. It was as if she was merely using him as a tree hole to vent into and did not expect a response. The texts came in daily.

What infuriated him was the fact that he couldn't remove her from his contacts list. Later on, he found out this was the little brat's doing.

His initial displeasure slowly turned into indifference. Well, she can go ahead and send whatever she wants, he thought. Not many people texted him on WhatsApp. She was the only one, for the most part..

He would check the texts when he was in a good mood and ignore them when he wasn't. After Olivia's return, she immediately rejoined the production. She didn't talk to anyone about her trip, so apart from North, no one else knew that she just came back from Nambahd. Excluding the annoying Christoff, of course..

Everyone returned to the production together, but as Christoff hadn't changed his appearance, he could not appear in front of the others yet. When Olivia started to climb out of the car, he called out to her, "Why don't we get dinner tonight? It'll be on me."

"Not in the mood for that," she replied. He frowned. "Are you going back on your word?"

"What did I say?" she asked apathetically. "Back in Nambahd, you said that when we got back, you'd treat me to a meal as thanks," he reminded.

"What I said was that if you returned to the country before me, I'd treat you to a meal as thanks. I didn't ask you to stay there and make things even more difficult for me."

He scoffed. "How can you say that? It was Eugene who made things difficult for you. What does that have to do with me?"

"Who asked you to tell me about it?" Olivia fired back somewhat unreasonably. "You told me because you wanted to sow seeds of discord between us. You should be thanking your stars that I'm not holding you accountable for that, yet you still want me to buy you a meal? In your dreams!"

She shoved him away and got out of the car. Christoff was both annoyed and amused as he watched her leave. He smirked as he thought, What an intriguing woman!

Meanwhile, as soon as Olivia walked onto the production set, Carter spotted her immediately and shot over to her. He hugged her thighs and looked up at her as he called out cutely, "Mom."

Olivia had been feeling a little melancholy just moments ago, but her mood improved a lot once she saw the adorable little boy. She bent down and stroked his head. "Do you have scenes to shoot today?"

He nodded. "Yeah. Are you feeling better now, Madam? I wanted to look for you that day, but you weren't in your room. Where did you go?"

"I had something I needed to take care of, so I left for a little while, but I'll be back tomorrow," she explained.

Carter gently ran his fingers against the scar on her head with an empathetic expression. Although the wound had healed, it left a long, scar behind. "Does it still hurt?"

Olivia caught his soft, little hand. "It doesn't hurt anymore. Don't worry." "Thank you, Madam," he said with a slight pout. "No one has ever been this nice to me before."

"It's nothing," she said with a chuckle. "That's not true," he refuted. "No one looks out for other people when there's danger around. You're a good person, Madam. You're genuinely nice to me."

She felt a pang in her heart. How much of humanity's callousness and cold-heartedness did this little guy experience for him to say that? She hugged him and said, "I like you, Carter. That's why I'm willing to be nice to you."

"I like you too, Madam," Carter replied. He wrapped his little arms around her neck and buried his face against her before remarking a little sorrowfully, "If only you were my real mom, Madam."

Olivia's heart trembled. She couldn't stop herself from wanting to get closer to this child. When she thought of what he had gone through. As she patted him gently on the back, she assured him, "If you like me, then go ahead and think of me as your mom. You can come to me if you encounter any sort of difficulties."

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Carter's eyes lit up at once. "Madam, are you really willing to be my mom?" Olivia was in a dilemma. Worried that North might get jealous, she replied hesitatingly, "Actually, it's just a form of address. Regardless of whether you call me Mom or Madam, deep down inside, I'll still treat you as if you're my child."

His eyes lost all their earlier sparkle as he stared at her. He stood there a little awkwardly as he answered dutifully, "Oh, I see. Thank you, Madam."

He gave her a deep bow and explained, "It's just that I see that all other children have moms, and I thought that you treat me especially well, like a mom. I'm sorry for getting the wrong idea."

His eyes welled up with tears that glistened in the light. It was a pitiful sight. Olivia's heart ached as if someone was squeezing it. She pulled Carter into her arms. "Why are you apologizing? You call me Mom because of the characters we play, but if you want me to be like a mom to you, you can call me Godmother!"

He seemed to be in disbelief as he tentatively tried to confirm what she had just said. "Is that true, Madam? Do you agree to be my mom?"

She stroked his head. "Yeah. Who wouldn't want a bright and wonderful son like you?"

Although North might get jealous, he has a kind soul. I'm sure he'd agree as well once he finds out about this child's suffering.

She would find the time to talk to North about this and introduce the two boys to each other.

Carter's smile was so wide that it filled his entire face, but even so, he looked a little shy as he nestled closer to Olivia and called out a little timidly, "Godmother."

She acknowledged him with a smile. "From now on, you're my son. If anyone hurts you or mistreats you, come and tell me, and I'll make them pay."

He patted his tiny chest and promised, "Godmother, I'll protect you, too. I won't let anyone hurt you." She let out a laugh. "Okay. From now on, I have someone who's looking out for me, too."

He came close and hugged her again. 'I missed you so much, Godmother,' She returned the hug. 'I missed you, too.' Then, she got up and said, 'Come. Let's go inside.'

Meanwhile, Jewel shook her head helplessly. Well, at least her mood's better now that she has this child to keep her company.

Olivia didn't plan on jumping back into filming today even though she came to the set. She was just here to talk to Norris and let him know that he could arrange for her to start filming her scenes tomorrow.

She left the set after saying a few words to the director, but before she could go any further, Carter ran out after her.

'Godmother,' he called out to her sweetly. She was taken aback. 'Why did you come out, too? Are you done with your scenes for the day?'

He nodded. 'Yes. I'll buy you something to eat, Godmother.' Olivia chuckled. 'Why would I let you pay for me? Let's go. It'll be my treat.'

'No, I want to pay,' he insisted. 'It's to celebrate that I have a mom now.' She didn't try to debate this with him. She was still going to pay the bill later. 'Let's go. Miss Jewel will be joining us, too.'

He glanced at Jewel and smiled. 'Okay.' The three of them got into a car, and Carter directed them through many twists and turns until they stopped in front of a restaurant.

All along, Olivia was curious to know where the boy was taking her. However, when the car stopped in front of the familiar restaurant, she finally realized why the street felt so familiar to her.

Isn't this the restaurant recommended for couples that Eugene and I frequented?