

Read After Reborn, I Become a Billionaire novel Chapter 1 online free

Hannah Cooper opened her eyes and looked around with confusion.

“Where am I? Am I in a ward? Am I in the hospital?” she thought.

Wasn't she dead already?

She touched her chest, wondering why she couldn't find the wound.

But she remembered clearly that she'd been stabbed into the heart with a knife by her husband, Charles Sawyer, who was known as a perfect husband to all.

Was it a dream only?

If so, the dream couldn't have been realer!

She could still remember Charles telling her in the dream, “Hannah, I've never loved you. And I'm tired of sleeping with you. You know what, Sarah is much better and sexier in bed, but you're like a dead body, cold and stiff...”

In the dream, Hannah didn't cry or make a scene. She was so well-bred that she tried everything she could to endure with the pain and then went out of breath.

“You love me a lot, right? Then go to hell so that I can be with Sarah. I'll be grateful for you!”

He said it in a gloomy voice while pulling the knife out of her heart.

Blood spilled on his handsome and gentle face, making him look more ruthless. Then he put on a light smile, as if he was looking at a stranger instead of his loyal wife, who had been devoted to him for ten years.

In the dream, Hannah died with her eyes widely open. she swore that she wouldn't forget and forgive his cruelty and ruthlessness.

Was it really a dream? But she could still feel the pain in her heart.

Or was she saved by someone? Could it be medical technology was so advanced that it could save a person got stabbed in the heart nowadays?

She went to the bathroom and looked herself in the mirror.

'The heart operation made me look younger?' She thought while being greatly impressed by the advanced medical technology.

'Or I was having a dream? I dreamed that my husband, the one I love the most, has killed me?' At this moment, Hannah got a lot of questions.

She turned on the phone and found it was the year of 2022 on the screen.

No way! It was impossible! There must be something wrong with the phone! She ran out of the room hastily...

The nursing worker at the door saw her awake and stopped her instantly, then called the doctors and nurses to come over and run the examinations.

"What's the date today? Which year is it now?" Hannah was in a hurry to confirm with anyone she'd met.

They looked at her out of curiosity. Suddenly, Hannah, who seemed to have been out of her mind, quieted down.

"The concussion is gone. You can go home tomorrow." A doctor said after the examination.

The the crowd left one after another.

After the doctor left the room, her best friend, Susan Phillips cried out happily, "Oh dear lord! It's awesome! Thank God! I'm calling Miguel and Michelle! They've been staying with you here for two days. They just left for a rest this morning."

"Susan," Hannah, who'd been in silence, called her name out of a blue.

Susan turned around and saw Hannah looking kinda unbelievable and weeping continuously.

In fact, Hannah was making sure that she was still alive. So were her parents and Susan.

It was wonderful! She wouldn't want to wake up if it was a dream. How she wished she could go home and see her parents now!

"Miss Cooper, my master will be here tomorrow. Please be sure to meet him then." Suddenly, a guy said.

"Who's your master?"

"Hannah, his master is the man who's hit you." Susan whispered at her ears.

"OK. I'll make some time for him." Hannah nodded.

She also wanted to know what had happened and why she'd been back to the day when she was 22. Or was she living in her 22, and whatever she remembered in mind was nothing but a dream?

But it didn't make sense! If it was only a dream, she couldn't have remembered every detail so clearly and precisely.

Or was it an accident? Was it God's plan? Probably, God saw that. Her life was so miserable yet the evil people lived well. By no means would she let it happen again if the future was gonna be like what she remembered.

"Susan, I wanna take a break. You'd better go home and have a good rest, too. I bet you must have been tired out these few days. Don't worry about me. I'm OK. I can go home tomorrow." Hannah looked at Susan's dark circles and thought Susan was worth of her best friend. But she couldn't tell her too much since Susan was so impulsive and straightforward.

"OK, Hannah. Have a good rest. I'll go take a nap in the restroom." Susan had been too worried to sleep well recently. So, she lay on the bed and fell asleep immediately.

Hannah tucked her in and closed the door. She had to prove some things, and must prove if they were facts, predictions or only a dream.

She picked up the phone and dialed a number, "I'll pay you 30,000, keep watch on a suite in a fancy apartment complex, and see if you can find those two people in the photo going in and out of it. I'll pay you ten thousand dollars as deposit. And, I'll transfer the balance payment to your bank account after you take the photos of them going through that door."

“You got it. Send me the photo via e-mail.” the man agreed quickly on the phone.

This private detective agency was specialized in looking into love affairs.

As far as she could remember, she found Charles acting quite weirdly and she was hesitant to call the private detective agency to find out the truth in her memory. In the end, she chose to trust her husband and gave up the investigation.

So, she'd proved the first thing. The number, the detective agency and the email address did exist, and they could carry out with the investigation.

She didn't ask for much and just needed to prove that Sandra Stein lived at that address. Then, she could prove her memories further.

Moreover, if she was found to be having an affair with Charles, that would be the third thing that needed to be proved.

If these things had been proved, she might either have the future memories or live in another parallel universe.

And, she was back to her 22 again.

Hannah figured it out slowly—here was what was going on: she'd been back to her 22, and restarted everything.

Lying on the bed, Hannah saw her parents coming in, and her eyes were red with tears abruptly. She hadn't seen them in a long time. She missed them so much!

Her mother held her in the arms dearly and comforted her, thinking her sweet daughter must have been badly hurt in the accident, otherwise she wouldn't have cried so hard.

In the end, Hannah got exhausted and cried herself to sleep.

Hannah had dinner with her parents, then urged them to go home and take a rest. Her bosom friend, Susan, also went home along. They saw her safe and sound, and agreed to go back and refresh themselves. They all had been exhausted these days.

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Hannah was woken up by the phone in the middle of the night.

“Hello, my honored client. We had a lucky day. These two people happened to spend the night in the apartment last night. I’ve finished the task in only one day. I’ve got plenty of time. Would you like me to take more photos? I’ve sent the information you need via e-mail. Please transfer the balance payment ASAP if you’re pleased with my service.”

“Very well. No need to take more shots. I’ll transfer the balance payment right away. So much for our cooperation. Keep it confidential, or you’ll ruin your trust.” Hannah threatened.

“Got it. We’re professional, and won’t let the cat out of the bag. Thanks for your trust!”

Hannah saw Charles and Sandra kissing each other passionately in the photo. Charles seemed so strange to her at that moment.

By this time, she’d completely accepted what she’d guessed earlier. Besides, she thought she must be thankful for this experience in her life. In her memories, to be more exact, in her previous life, it must have happened.

Thus, all was true. He’d cheated on her from the beginning, but she’d been so stupid as to have trusted this hypocrite all the time.

They had been married for ten years, and they were childhood sweethearts.

Hannah was smart since she was little. She married Charles at the age of 22, then she hid her glories and tried hard to be a loyal and responsible wife to him. She’d given up everything of herself and done whatever she could to help him rise from a rich businessman to a noble.

But she’d never imagined that Charles would kill her personally some day, and that he would kill all her family as the engagement gift for the one he loved.

She hated him.

She hated his guts.

Fortunately, she was blessed by God.

The car accident had brought her back to her 22, before she married Charles.

She swore she would change her future!

The next day, Hannah stared at Oscar Wells, the man who was standing in front of her, who had crashed into her car. He was the third son of the Wells family, born in the family which headed the four strongest powers in the country, Northfield.

He had a charmingly handsome face. He was over six feet and his body shape was as perfect like a model. Absolutely, he was the most stunning guy in Kensbury.

But a man who was so well-born like him turned out to be the most notoriously spoiled playboy in Kensbury. The number of women he'd fucked is much bigger than the men she'd ever met. It was hard to imagine how much he'd indulged himself in sensual pleasures. Moreover, he was the only man that Charles had failed to beat in her previous life.

"Are you falling for me, Miss Cooper?" Oscar threw his deep eyes lightly on her since she kept staring at him without a blink.

His voice was magnetic and special, and even the flirting words sounded nice from his mouth.

"Yes." She came back to earth and admitted it.

Hearing it, her bosom friend Susan yelled at her furiously, "Hannah, are you out of your mind?"

Oscar looked a little surprised but appeared to sneer at her.

"Do you have any idea who he is? Do you know he's a jerk?" Susan shouted at Hannah, "He's good-looking and good at playing around. Besides, he's good at nothing. Jesus! You said you've fallen for him? What's wrong with you? Are you blind?"

Well, she admitted that she'd been blind to have fallen in love with Charles, a very cunning and scheming hypocrite!

They went to a church to pray in the early morning but were hit by a red sports car on the way back. Fortunately, the driver of the sports car was sharp and quick enough, and turned abruptly to void the head-on collision, but they still crashed into each other.

Their cars were slightly damaged but no one else in the car was injured except that she'd passed out. The doctors were unable to see any physical wounds on her, so they could only diagnose her with concussion.

Surprisingly, she had returned to her 22 in the accident.

Hannah ignored Susan's question and turned to Oscar and asked, "You've got the balls to take me away from my wedding?"

"Hannah!!" Susan couldn't help it again. Undoubtedly, Oscar was a dreamboat but how could Hannah give up her marriage for a playboy like him?

"I'm getting married on 18th next month. You dare come?" Hannah uttered the words clearly one by one.

It took a few seconds for Oscar to digest Hannah's words.

"Miss Cooper, I'm afraid that you need to go to the hospital and have a brain CT." he said lightly.

Saying it, he took out a bank card randomly from a pocket of his black suit pants, held it with his slender fingers and handed it to her arrogantly, "I'll pay."

Hannah glanced at the super VIP black Card. Anyone knew that Master Oscar was a big spender, and those woman who'd ever hooked up with him were paid generously.

Hannah took it over.

Oscar looked a little surprised then.

All people of Kensbury knew that Hannah was well-educated, soft and elegant, and never fooled around with those rich playboys. She only hoped to marry Charles and be his wife.

"I'll take it as the engagement gift." said Hannah.

Susan, who was standing besides them, were totally shocked.

Oscar pursed his perfect lips softly, put on a meaningful smile and chose to be silent with a poker face. She had no idea if he'd accepted it or he was just waiting and seeing.

“I’ll go with you as long as you show up on my wedding.” said Hannah.

In fact, she was answering a question that he’d asked her before.

In her previous life, she was too excited to fall asleep the night before the wedding. Then, she received a stranger’s call at four o’clock in the morning.

“Will you go with if I come take you away on the wedding tomorrow?” he asked bluntly.

“Who are you?” Hannah frowned and asked.

“Charles isn’t a good man.” he said.

“Who the hell are you?”

“I’m not a good man, either.”

Then, he simply hung up the phone.

Hannah thought it was a prank and the man sounded drunk, so she didn’t take it to heart. Later, she got to know accidentally that it was Oscar’s phone number but she even didn’t give it a shit. She’d always despised the rich playboys. Moreover, she’d never had any connection with Oscar.

She didn’t get what Oscar meant until she went back to her 22 now.

But Oscar didn’t show up on her wedding back then, so she wasn’t sure he meant it or just said it.

Anyway, she wouldn’t marry Charles again in this life no matter Oscar came or not. She did it only to seek a more brutal revenge. That was all!

Then she turned around and left. Susan caught up with her quickly, and got back to their car.

Oscar watched the car running past him, and thought Miss Cooper, whom all men of Kensbury wished to marry, was very interesting!

In the car, Susan couldn’t help it any more, “You were just out of your mind to have told a jerk like Oscar to come and take you away on your wedding day, right?”

“No. I knew what I was doing.” Hannah was driving, looking very clam and kinda cold-blooded.

She couldn't forget that she was still tortured cruelly by Charles right before the car accident.

“Then, what about Charles? You're a perfect couple for everyone in the country. You simply can't imagine how much they're jealous of you. Gosh! Are you gonna cheat on him before the marriage? What do you take him for?” Susan found it hard to believe.

What was the big deal of cheating before the marriage? Hannah smiled coldly. She'd seen Charles having sex with another woman stark naked on the bed.

“To me, Charles's an animal!” she gnashed.

He didn't deserve to be a man!

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Susan was frozen and stared at Hannah for long. She didn't understand what had gone wrong.

Suddenly, Hannah's phone rang, which lasted for a very long while.

Susan couldn't stand it again and reminded her, “Hannah, pick up the damn phone!”

She wanted to know how Hannah was gonna explain to Charles.

Hannah tried hard to calm down and answered the phone in a very low voice, “Hello, Charles.”

“Hannah, my love, sorry that I've been too busy to pick you up from the hospital today.” Charles said in a warm and soft voice from the other end of the phone.

Hannah smiled ironically.

Charles was gonna take part in an election on the Influential Outstanding Youth a couple of days later. So, she went to the church and prayed for him, hoping that he'd be blessed by God and won the selection.

Sadly, she had the accident because of him, but he even didn't come pick her up from the hospital. He just didn't care.

Charles used to be the top priority in her life. She was capable to be the most outstanding one, but she'd given up everything for him!

"Hannah, you OK?" Charles's voice sounded tenderer when he heard nothing back from her.

"Yup. I'm OK." Hannah said lightly, "I've prayed to God."

"Didn't you pray to God that we would have a happy marriage and a dozen of kids?" he kidded.

Of course she did! Hannah was a girl who believed in Love Is All before the accident. But she just found the wish was really disgusting when she thought of it now.

Before she died, she finally learned the truth that she couldn't get pregnant once in ten years because Charles had put birth control pills in her food all the time.

Ridiculously, she'd been humiliated by the Sawyers and sucked it for so many years.

To carry his child, she kept going to the hospital for treatments and even thought of having a test-tube baby.

"What's going on? Are you too tired?" Charles seemed to have noticed she was acting different and asked with concern again.

"I've been hiking with Susan since the early morning. I'm tired. Now I'm driving home."

"Sorry that I've got something in hand for the time. Otherwise, I could have come picked you up from the hospital." Charles sounded very guilty.

Hannah even thought it meaningless to show any emotion at that moment.

She had used to believe he'd been very busy with work before. But the fact was that he'd been busy having sex with another woman.

"Safe driving, sweetie." Charles urged.

Hannah hung up the phone without hesitation.

Susan looked at Hannah's indifferent face and bit back the words, thinking that Hannah had become a utterly different person. But she guessed Hannah might be back to normal tomorrow after a whole night's sleep.

The car ran back to downtown. Hannah drove Susan back to the Phillips Manor first.

"Susan." Hannah suddenly called her name.

Susan looked around and comforted her, "Hannah, go home and have a good rest. Don't think too much."

Susan was still funny and innocent. Those horrible things hadn't happened to her yet.

Hannah put on a smile. This was the first real smile since she returned to her 22.

"Thank God that you're still alive," she said.

"Hell. You're definitely out of your mind!" Susan was speechless, "My dad used to say someone like me would live a long life. That small car accident wouldn't kill me!"

Hannah also thought someone who was innocent and romantic and living a carefree life like Susan wouldn't die easily. However, in her memory, she ended up jumping off the 28th floor and killing herself.

Hannah was heartbroken and couldn't get over the pain in her lifetime.

She was thankful that she'd been back to her 22, and everything was just right. Nothing had happened yet! And she still had got the chance to save it!

She calmed herself down and said, "Don't tell others what happened today."

"What did you refer to?"

“My deal with Oscar.”

Susan rolled her eyes and said, “I’ll zip it. Anyway, you’ll be back to normal tomorrow.”

However, she would be more determined the next day.

“I gotta go.”

“Safe driving.” Susan said with anxiety.

Hannah nodded and drove steadily back home. She drove back to the Cooper Manor ten years earlier, which was too familiar and strange to her.

Hannah felt she couldn’t help to be overwhelmed by the emotions deep in heart.

Her parents wouldn’t have died in the car accident if she hadn’t been fooled in the previous life. That was a planned car accident. She survived luckily because her parents held her tightly and protected her from getting injured.

She hated to recall that bloody picture and the terrible misfortune, and she would never want to go through it again.

“Hannah, didn’t Susan go pick you up from the hospital? Where’s she?” Hannah’s mother, Michelle Cooper, said softly.

Hannah held back the tears, put on a smile and went up to them.

Everything had changed from now on. She swore she would screw Charles and destroy the whole Sawyer Group one day, so that no one could ride on the backs of the Cooper family and shit on them again!

“Why your eyes are so red?” Michelle saw her coming over and asked with concern.

“I dropped Susan home first. My eyes are dry, and I rubbed them a little hard.”

“The Sawyers just called me, and wanted to talk about the wedding details...” said Michelle.

Hannah took a deep breath and said, “Mom, I’ll break off the engagement. I’m not marrying Charles.”

“What?” Michelle was stunned.

Hannah’s father, Miguel Cooper, who was sitting besides Michelle, took his eyes off the newspaper and said, “Did you have a fight with Charles?”

“Charles isn’t a good man. He marries me only because he wants our family properties, and takes us as the stepping-stone to be a noble.” Hannah sensed her parents’ doubts and added, “I can’t prove my words now. But please give me some time. You’ll believe it then.”

Miguel and Michelle were lost for words when they saw how determined Hannah was.

Hannah wasn’t a troubled kid since little, and they seldom worried much about her.

Hannah’s grandfather had arranged the marriage for her since she was little, and she accepted it. She’d never contacted with any other man except Charles, for she believed firmly that he was the fated one for her.

Moreover, they had been a loving sweetheart couples. But why she suddenly said something like that?

Hannah saw the confusion on their faces and said, “Dad, I’ve never done anything to embarrass you and mom. I also know that our family will benefit a lot from the marriage. But even so, I still stick with my own decision.”

“You’re my daughter. Of course I believe you.” Miguel couldn’t do anything else but humor her, “But, if we break off the engagement now, neither of the families will gain anything. Instead, it’ll bring us huge negative impacts. How is Cooper Group gonna keep a foothold in Kensbury in the future!” he didn’t get it.

“No. It won’t.” Hannah said assertively, “I’ll break off the engagement, but the Sawyer family will bear all the consequences.”

Miguel was shocked by Hannah’s strong aura field. Somehow, he thought she was different from usual as she was normally so soft and tender.

“The Sawyer family will definitely be embarrassed on next month’s wedding.” Hannah said in a resolute and decisive tone.

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Hannah managed to persuade her parents.

Although they were still doubtful, they could only choose to give in due to her determination and support her unconditionally to settle the cancellation of her marriage with Charles.

Hannah returned to her room and lied on the bed she had longed for.

She had not missed that bed before, and she never thought changing a bed would bring her so much tragedy.

She looked around and took out the super card she had got from Oscar.

'Who the heck is that man? Is it the right decision to collaborate with him?' she thought.

She had been facilitating Charles to overcome difficulties to expand his family in her previous life, and the only obstacle, also the man who could not be defeated no matter how, was Oscar who was looked down on by everyone. He was unexpectedly stubborn.

He suddenly gave her a call the night before her wedding. Was it a prank, or something else? It was hard for her to conjecture.

Yet to ruin the Sawyer family completely, she needed a helper.

She thought for a while and took out her phone, making a call to Kensbury City's largest mall that sold luxurious products.

"Hello, Miss Cooper, what can I help you?" The customer service personnel asked with deference.

"Can I use the card by telling you the card number?"

"Is your card our mall's co-branded card?" the personnel asked.

"I'm not sure."

"Could you please tell me your card number? I'll have a look for you."

Hannah told her the card number.

The personnel seemed to become more deferential after checking the number. “Miss Cooper, the card you have is our mall’s super VIP card. You can buy anything from our mall without any budget limit. We can provide you with video purchasing for whatever goods you want, and we’ll deliver the goods to your house.”

Hannah glanced at the card in her hand and exclaimed at the authority of the card.

She had actually heard that many rich boys from a wealthy family would make a super card that looked high-class, yet she had never heard about a card without budget restrictions, especially for a super mall that sold luxuries. She could actually shop there until the owner of the card went bankrupt!

Without thinking further, she said, “There’s no need for video purchasing, please place my orders according to my list and send the goods to my house. The address is...”

After stating the long list of orders, she hung up the call and slept.

She felt that she needed to have a sleep to adjust her emotions.

After all, she needed time to adapt to the overwhelming fact that she was reborn.

...

Mount Northfield was a place free of city’s hustle and bustle. There stood a highly fabulous private super club, the inner space of which was deluxe and the membership rules were strict. It was not a place that could be entered with just lots of money.

Oscar was its regular customer.

He was sitting in a suite next to a cliff. There was a French window in front of him. It was a nice field of vision and one could overlook the panoramic view of the scenery of the surroundings.

He was smoking a cigarette absentmindedly.

Several of his friends were playing billiards behind him and a bunch of women were serving them at the side. They were also doing something debauched.

“Oscar, your phone’s ringing,” Theodore Wold, the man sitting beside him, reminded him.

Oscar turned around and took a glimpse.

“Which girl have you got rid of this time?” Theodore saw a whole list of expenses records.

He was afraid that Oscar had lost quite an amount of money this time.

Oscar took his phone and checked his phone randomly.

He kept on receiving messages of purchase notifications.

“You’ve been too generous to women.” Theodore felt his heart ached just by listening to the message alert, “The point is you’ve not even kissed a woman...”

“I have to be generous to my wife.” Oscar suddenly spoke.

Theodore was startled for two seconds. “What did you say?”

“I said I’m getting married.” Oscar extinguished his cigarette casually and let out a bewitching smile.

He looked extremely charming. Theodore was mesmerized by him and he shouted after gaining his mind back the next second, “Crap! What did you say just now?”

Oscar picked up the blazer he had taken off and replied, “Prepare the wedding gift.”

He then left.

As he just reached the entrance, a woman acting flirting stopped in front of him. “Oscar...”

Oscar glanced at her and yelled the next moment, “Get lost!”

The woman was frightened.

Didn't rumor say he was welcoming to women?

She looked at Oscar in disbelief and quickly walked away under his cold stare.

She had a feeling that she would be murdered by him.

It turned out rumors were indeed untrustworthy.

It was the first time she followed those rich boys to a party there. She initially thought she could seize the opportunity to get close to Oscar. It looked like a man who was that handsome and whose family was that wealthy was not easy to mess with.

...

Hannah was woken up by a series of phone ringing from her dream.

She got up on the wrong side of the bed and looked at the godforsaken phone number.

With spectacular memory, she was able to know it was Oscar without saving his phone number. She held back her anger and spoke, "Hi."

"If I've remembered correctly, I only wanted to pay for your medical bills." He sounded rude and unhappy, but his voice was still listenable.

Hannah just then recalled the reason she spent so much of his money was to make him contact her.

She chuckled and replied, "I remember I've told you I'm taking that money as dowry."

"So that's why you're carefree enough to spend thirty million of my money at once?"

"..." She did not remember spending that much money.

She was just buying random stuff.

She said, "I won't waste your money for nothing."

"And that means?"

“If you help me beat the Sawyer family down, I’ll help you get rid of trouble.” She sounded serious.

Oscar obviously fell silent for a few seconds.

His expression changed a little.

How did she know what he was planning?

Hannah could make out what he was thinking and she said straight away, “I know you better than you thought.”

“So am I the one being disadvantageded?” he said coldly.

“No, you should be glad I’ve chosen to help you, rather than...” Hannah said, “...Charles.”

In her past life, Oscar had been opposing Charles, yet he could not defeat him no matter how. So Charles was also a strong opponent to Oscar.

Both of them were at loggerheads state.

She did not know which of them had won until she died.

It could be Charles since he was more despicable.

That jerk had used the Cooper Group’s wealth to successfully inherit the title of a nobility after she died.

Hannah tried all her best to control herself to make her temporarily forget the cruel torture she had received back then.

“I thought you guys love each other and are always lovey-dovey? I’m surprised that you want to cooperate with me.” In other words, he did not believe her at all.

“Come to my wedding, and I’ll let you see how sincere I am.” Hannah knew it was pointless to say anything further.

They were all grown-ups, and sometimes, actions speak louder than words.

“Sure.” Oscar agreed to it straight away.

It could be she knew many things, or it could be cooperating with her would not bring him disadvantages but benefits.

Hannah was taken aback by his straightforwardness.

Yet she was not a woman who liked to show her feelings. She even restrained herself from showing too much of her anguished feelings and remained in dignity when she was tortured by Charles to death. It was her way of self-protection, and also the evidence of her receiving good family education.

“Deal.” She replied.