

## **Reborn 1001**

### **Chapter 1001 See You in Court!**

“Let me go!” Phantom screamed, her anger uncontrollable.

“If you dare to touch her again, try it!” The bodyguard’s voice was cold and threatening. After speaking, the bodyguard released Phantom’s hand.

Although she tried to suppress it, Phantom was trembling all over. She dared not hit Besse again but glared at her with hatred in her eyes.

The reporters finally reacted and quickly asked questions. “Besse, did you come here today just to threaten Phantom?”

“Bringing a bodyguard with you is meant to intimidate her, isn’t it?”

“Do you know what consequences your unrepentant attitude will bring upon yourself?”

“Aren’t you afraid that Northfield will boycott Karami’s works because of your actions?”

“Do you know what irreparable damage this will cause Karami?”

All the questions were aimed at defending Phantom.

Besse was not threatened by them and calmly said, “I never thought things would escalate to this point. I originally intended to settle this matter privately and compensate Phantom accordingly. But as you can see, she didn’t plan on letting me off so easily. Since that’s the case, I can only accept her charges.”

Phantom stared fiercely at Besse but could do nothing about it for now. She wanted nothing more than to slap Besse in the face right now for being so arrogant even after everything that happened.

“I came here today just to confirm Miss Phantom’s thoughts on this matter,” Besse said nonchalantly as if she were still in control of everything despite being accused of wrongdoing by everyone present.

“Since we’ve clarified things now let’s proceed with your press conference.”

With those words spoken confidently, Besse appeared to be the one in charge of everything despite being accused by everyone present.

Phantom watches her leave with an indignant look.

“Miss Phantom?”

Upon hearing the journalist call her, she immediately put on a pitiful look, and tears flowed out.

“It’s the first time I’ve met someone like this. It was my fault, but she still acted so arrogant and unrepentant. I feel that choosing to use legal means to protect my rights is the right path!”

“We will support you to the end in your fight for rights.” The reporter quickly agreed.

At this time, everyone would take the stance of Phantom. This was not just a lawsuit between the two designers, it was a matter between two countries, under the banner of patriotism.

The media knew which side to take and should stand with it, even though some reporters had also found that Phantom was hypocritical.

Outside the press conference, Besse left the scene and met a woman face to face when she had just taken a few steps.

The woman walked quickly and almost bumped into Besse. Fortunately, a man behind that woman pulled her gently towards him and held her tight in his arms.

“Slow down, be careful.” There was some reproach and indulgence in his voice.

“I can’t!” Susan said in a huff. “Minerva Bird, I can’t wait to beat her to death! Besse?!”

At this moment, Susan realized that the person she almost collided with was Besse.

Susan fixed her gaze on Besse, who also looked at her with surprise.

“Why are you here too?” Susan didn’t expect Besse to show up at the scene.

“Let’s go, crush her together!” With that said Susan pulled Besse’s hand and headed for the scene.

Besse didn’t move and asked, “What are you talking about?”

“Minerva Bird is Phantom,” Manuel explained beside them.

Besse was suddenly enlightened.

She said, “No, I plan to meet Phantom in court.”

“What?” Susan was a bit surprised.

“Since she insists to accuse me, I will accompany her to the end!” Besse’s eyes turned cold.

Originally, I planned to give Phantom some compensation, but now she felt it was completely unnecessary. There was no need to feel guilty towards people with ill intentions. She wanted to see if Northfield’s determination of amnesia would be considered plagiarism.

“Yea, she will be publicly humiliated in court, but I don’t want to wait, she’s there now! How hypocritical she is on the screen! That bitch, she’s doomed today!”

Hearing her words, Besse couldn’t help but laugh. She found Susan amusing and also felt warm that Susan was standing up for her.

“There’s no need to rush.” Said Besse.

“But...”

“We need to respect Besse.” Manuel interrupted.

It wasn’t that Manuel was taking Besse’s side, but he thought if she stayed in Northfield longer for the trial, she would have more time with Oscar. He felt like anything could happen then.

Susan didn’t like Manuel’s attitude. “You just agreed with me earlier about publicly humiliating that bitch. I even prepared myself for it! And now you’re telling me to wait for more? Are you kidding me?”

“Listen to me,” Manuel couldn’t say what he thought in front of Besse and had no choice but to placate Susan.

“What if I don’t listen?”

“Susan!” Manuel’s voice became stern.

“You’re being mean!”

“I’m just...”

“I’m carrying your baby and you’re still being mean to me?” Susan looked very sad.

Manuel didn’t know what else he could do with Susan. Just when he was feeling helpless, Besse stepped in and said, “I just want official means of proving my innocence so people won’t talk behind my back about how I bullied Phantom because of capital reasons. The law is the fairest way.”

Susan wasn’t happy at all; she wanted nothing more than to confront Minerva in front of all those reporters right now. She had already planned out everything perfectly.

“Listen,” Manuel tried again while comforting Susan beside him. “This is related to Besse’s best interests, we should respect her wishes.”

Susan gritted her teeth and made a condition, “Then when we go on trial, I must be there!”

### **Chapter 1002 A Private Villa**

Manuel had no idea what Susan was thinking. Of course, they would come to court unless he was the heartless type. He nodded heavily and agreed, “Okay.”

Susan reluctantly agreed after getting Manuel’s satisfactory answer, “Okay then, let Minerva be smug for a few more days!”

“Let’s go,” Manuel held Susan carefully in his arms, afraid she might bump into something.

Besse followed in their footsteps. She didn’t know why but she liked the feeling of being around them. She even envied their bubbly relationship despite all the bickering.

The group returned to the garage, where the black car was still parked there. Besse hesitated as she had just argued fiercely with Oscar earlier on.

She admitted that she lost her temper when Phantom accused her of something and after everything Oscar did for her, it made her explode instantly.

But with Susan and Manuel’s arrival, Besse understood that Oscar only wanted to wait for Susan to arrive so they could expose Minerva’s true colours together. As for how Oscar could help her out of this mess, she wasn’t sure but seeing how confident Susan looked meant that they must have found a better way to clear her name.

As a result, she misunderstood Oscar and hurt him intentionally but didn’t regret it because there were no feelings between them anyway. Everything she did now was just an attempt to distance themselves from each other as much as possible without hurting Doyle unfairly.

As Besse struggled with whether or not to get in Oscar's car before leaving the garage area, his black car had already driven off without waiting for anyone else. He helped make up her mind by making a choice himself, which left no room for doubt about his intentions towards her.

She thought about finding a place in the Capital, where she could stay temporarily until things cooled down even if it wasn't perfect or comfortable enough, since such places should be easy to find in such a big city.

Just as these thoughts crossed Besse's mind, Susan called out loudly from inside their car.

"Besse, come on, get in!"

Besse had been standing outside alone all this time looking bewildered by how friendly yet presumptuous Susan seemed towards her. Despite feeling surprised by how familiarly close Susan acted towards her without any prior acquaintance whatsoever, Besse didn't feel offended at all.

"Get in," said Susan again invitingly.

She couldn't resist Susan's enthusiasm, so she got into their car.

"Besse, Oscar just called Manuel and said your case will be in court within a week," Susan said.

Besse was sceptical.

"Oscar said you want to leave Northfield, right?" Susan asked.

Besse pursed her lips and nodded. "Yes, I want to go back."

"I understand. Even though you're not Hannah, I still feel sad." Susan sighed. "But I also understand if it were me, I'd want to go home too."

Besse replied and smiled.

Susan was easygoing and seemed good at comforting people. She gave Besse an out when she needed it most.

"Where are we going now?" Besse asked.

"Don't you know?" Susan was surprised. "Oscar wants us to take you to his private residence in the Capital."

Besse frowned.

"Not the place where you stayed last time. Oscar said that wasn't comfortable for you so he arranged for us to take you somewhere else. It's a villa owned by him with only a few servants there, don't worry about feeling constrained."

"Thank you," Besse replied politely.

"You should thank Oscar... but never mind, don't thank him because he has ulterior motives..."

"Ahem!" Manuel interrupted Susan's words from beside them.

Besse couldn't help but laugh as she thought about how many messes Manuel would have to clean up because of her personality alone.

Susan knew what Manuel meant but she simply ignored him and said to Besse, "I'll live with you there in the following days."

Besse was surprised by what she said, and so was Manuel.

"I only promised you to go to the court..."

"Besse is unfamiliar with the Capital and needs someone around. Don't stop me or else I'll do jump rope!"

Besse couldn't help but be amused by their talk.

"I'll stay with you." Said Manuel.

"Are you gonna live with two women? Isn't that inconvenient?" Susan refused.

Manuel was a bit mad-it turned out that when he compromised with her, things just got worse.

"Go stay with your cousin, I'll live alone with Besse," Susan said.

"Susan!" Manuel protested.

"I know how to take care of myself. If you're worried, you can hire a couple more servants. This is how it's going to be." Susan replied firmly without negotiating with him.

Manuel was furious but didn't say anything more as he sat silently in the car.

Susan ignored him and turned to Besse. "Do you mind living with me?"

"I don't mind, but what about your husband?" Besse asked hesitantly.

Susan's lips curled into an evil smile as she leaned in close to Besse's ear like two old friends sharing a secret. It felt natural for Susan and equally so for Besse who accepted her intimacy without hesitation.

"Just pretend everything is okay," Susan whispered into her ear before breaking out into a radiant smile that conveyed an unspoken message that only they understood.

Besse wanted desperately not to understand what was happening between them but found it hard not to when everything was written on Susan's face so clearly.

The car pulled up at a villa located in the suburbs of the Capital, quieter than downtown and more conducive for living. They laughed and chatted along the way until finally arrived at their destination.

"You don't need to follow us anymore." Once again, Susan spoke sharply towards Manuel as soon as they got out of the car.

Besse looked back at them and chuckled. Then she followed the servants to get inside the house first, leaving room for this sweet couple.

### **Chapter 1003 The Villa Given to Hannah**

At the entrance of the villa, Susan said, "You don't have to walk me in. I can take care of myself."

"I just want to check out the environment inside," Manuel replied.

"What's there to see? Oscar's place is not going to be shabby!"

Manuel couldn't find an excuse.

"I'll stay with Besse for a week," Susan said. "After that, I'll be with you all the time."

Manuel didn't believe her at all. He knew she would leave him again the next time something came up.

Susan was a bit exasperated. She stood on tiptoe and suddenly hooked her arms around Manuel's neck. The next second, a kiss landed on Manuel's lips. Every time she kissed him, she couldn't help but sigh about how soft his lips were. They were soft enough to melt her heart. That was why even though it was her initiating it every time, he always ended up kissing her back and taking control of things himself.

The two of them kissed at the door for quite some time while Besse watched from behind a window on the second floor. She did yearn for it; however, Besse turned away and left because she didn't want to disturb them.

They kissed each other for quite some time until they were both breathless.

"When I'm four months pregnant," Susan said teasingly between gasps, "I'll satisfy you then."

Manuel almost choked on his saliva when he heard this unexpected remark from Susan's mind during the pregnancy period.

"You know we can do it without waiting four months right? But you refused." Said, Susan.

"It will hurt our baby."

"Who said we could only do it in a way that is dangerous to the baby? You've felt it, haven't you?" Susan continued with a sly smile on her face.

Her words reminded Manuel of something and he blushed in a blink.

"Oh, y-yea." He replied in a deep and magnetic voice.

"Are you looking forward to it?" She teased him playfully, knowing full well what effect these words had on him. She suspected that maybe Manuel wasn't blushing because he was shy but rather because he was getting excited. His body seemed so sensitive that even one touch could ignite flames within him. If only Manuel went to work in certain circles, who knew how popular he would become? She even felt like she had ruined his life.

"Go back early," she urged once more before leaving, "I'll go check up on Besse."

"Besse needs company more than ever." Susan said, "But I don't understand why Oscar didn't grasp such a heroic rescue opportunity, did he give up?"

"Maybe because Besse is tired of him," Manuel said.

Oscar was too careful with her.

"I didn't expect Oscar would end up in this position today. There are so many women into him at that time..." Susan shook her head. "Forget it, I also don't want to hit him when he's down."

Manuel laughed, knowing that Susan was soft though sometimes she was tough-talking.

"I'll go then. Take care of yourself and accompany Besse."

"I see."

"You go in first."

"I'll see you get in the car first."

"I'll leave until I see you go in."

"I get goosebumps if I want to be so emotional," Susan complained.

Finally, she turned around and went into the villa reluctantly, while Manuel was standing there with a warm smile on his face, looking at her.

Susan thought she couldn't be luckier in this life, since she had met such a perfect man like Manuel.

Susan walked into the hall of the villa, being sentimental. The design of this place was something Hannah would like. She heard that the villa was a present given to Hannah by Oscar.

But not until Hannah died, she didn't even know this place.

Susan raised her head and saw Besse come down the stairs. For that moment, Susan thought she saw Hannah, who came back to the house given by Oscar as if nothing had happened.

But the truth was Besse was not Hannah.

"Susan, I went upstairs and chose a room at random. Which one do you like?" Besse asked calmly, oblivious to Susan's sentimentality.

"You can choose whatever you like, I'm fine with it." Susan could not bear the tears in her eyes.

Besse replied and smiled at her, knowing that Susan wouldn't care about the little details.

They sat on the sofa.

Susan began, "Besse, how do you feel about this place?"

"It's good."

It was more comfortable than Oscar's courtyard anyway. Besides, the design here suited her aesthetic.

"This place is what Oscar once wanted to give Hannah," Susan said.

She couldn't hide things. More importantly, she always had a sense of familiarity with Besse.

"Really?" Besse looked surprised as she scanned the room. It seemed like Hannah and her shared similar tastes.

"Oscar loves Hannah a lot?" Besse asked.

“He does,” Susan replied.

“But if he loves her so much, why did he marry someone else?” Besse asked in curiosity.

“It’s complicated,” Susan sighed. “There are a lot of political reasons involved, and Manuel won’t tell me everything. But I can guess, Oscar was forced to do so.”

“If that’s the case, I think Hannah would have understood him,” Besse said.

“But no matter what the reason is, no woman wants to share their husband with another woman,” Susan said angrily. “I was furious when I found out about it.”

“I can imagine.” Besse agreed

“But for some reason, after all these years since Hannah’s death, I feel sorry for Oscar.” Susan sighed again. “It’s not easy living like this, always pretending everything is okay when it’s not. But for Sal and the country... Anyway, I don’t think he’s living for himself.”

Besse didn’t know how to respond to that statement so she remained silent.

“But at the end of the day, he brought this upon himself.” Susan suddenly became indignant again.

Besse smiled softly at Susan’s straightforward personality but felt a sharp pain in her chest as she tried to hide behind a smile-something was bothering her deeply.

#### **Chapter 1004 Visiting the Rooms**

Besse and Susan chatted for a while. After lunch, they both went back to their rooms. Even someone as active as Susan was sleeping heavily during her pregnancy. As soon as she finished eating lunch, she fell asleep.

Besse was planning to take a nap in her room when she received a call from Doyle. Naturally, he had seen the news today and so had she.

There were many heated comments on the news, but Besse didn’t care anymore.

“I’ll come to Northfield tomorrow,” Doyle said firmly. “I’ll accompany you to court.”

“First handle the internal affairs of Karami,” Besse hoped that Doyle wouldn’t be so impulsive. “I suddenly began to suspect that there may be someone behind the scenes manipulating this plagiarism incident with Phantom.”

“You mean someone is deliberately trying to smear our Karami?” Doyle became excited.

“They probably want to use this plagiarism incident to suppress Karami’s brand,” Besse explained calmly. “Karami hasn’t been in the luxury goods circle for long, but it has attracted many people’s likes since its debut and has put an end to many traditional luxury brands. There are many jealous people out there who might be intentionally stirring up trouble behind the scenes because even if Phantom wanted fame, without anyone backing her up she wouldn’t have become so arrogant.”

Doyle nodded in agreement. “Now that you mention it, it does seem like that.”



“So don’t rush back yet,” Besse advised him wisely. “See if you can investigate secretly who is making Phantom do this, once the lawsuit ends we can still turn things around.”

“I want to come over and keep you company,” Doyle spoke slowly.

“I’m really fine. I’m living with Susan now.”

“Susan?” Doyle was surprised.

“Yeah, I’m living with her. She’s keeping me company. So I won’t be in any danger.”

“How did she end up staying with you?” Doyle asked curiously

“Maybe it’s fate,” Bessey replied. “Anyway, we consider each other friends.”

“When I get Northfield, I will thank her properly.”

“We’ll talk about that later. Your priority now is stabilizing Karami, and finding out who’s behind all of this. As for my situation, I can handle it myself.”

“You’re so independent, it makes me unable to find any reason why I should get closer.” Doyle felt inexplicably lonely. “If any other woman encountered what happened today, she would cry, but instead, you’re comforting me, rationality teaching me how to deal with it.”

“I just don’t want certain people with ill intentions to succeed, I’m not that great! If someone doesn’t mess with me, I won’t mess with them. But if they do, then I will fight back!”

Doyle knew Besse’s personality well. She wasn’t petty about most things and was willing to let things go if it meant avoiding trouble. However, when she did care about something, she would stick to it until the end.

“So, I’m not that independent and I don’t want you to stay away from me,” Besse explained clearly. “I just need your help in handling this matter so that I don’t have to suffer.”

Doyle promised her, “Okay, but if you ever need me by your side for anything at all, don’t hesitate to ask. I’ll be there for you no matter what. Even if it means going against my mother.”

“I know.” Besse smiled.

She knew how good Doyle was to her.

“I won’t be polite with you.” She added.

The two of them chatted for a while longer before Besse finally put down her phone. But as she was lying on the bed, she couldn’t sleep anymore.

She lay there thinking about something-who was behind everything? Doubts began creeping into her mind. She didn’t believe that an unknown designer like Phantom could be so arrogant without someone powerful backing her up from behind.

And naturally, the person supporting him would be Karami’s competitor.

Besse took a deep breath; she decided to leave this for Doyle to handle, since there were too many competitors out there, making it difficult for her to figure out who exactly was causing trouble behind the scenes.

She got up from bed, unable to sleep any longer, and walked around exploring the house that had caught her attention earlier.

There were four bedrooms in total along this corridor. Two of them were empty. She had picked a room randomly earlier without seeing the other two rooms inside.

Besse opened one of these doors only to find herself standing inside what appeared like a master bedroom. The room was spacious yet cosy. Unlike most modern designs which typically used monochromatic black-white-grey colours throughout, this room featured warm orange-yellow hues that gave off an elegant yet comfortable feeling, making one feel instantly at home upon entering.

She couldn't help but walk inside. It was as if someone had lived there before, with no dust in sight. She picked up the photo on the bedside table. It must be Hannah's. She had found her picture online, and it looked just like the ones she saw there, beautiful indeed.

She put down the photo and picked up another one, a picture of Oscar and Hannah getting married on-site. The two of them were so talented and good-looking that they seemed to match each other well.

After looking at it for a while, Besse suddenly felt an indescribable sense of oppression. She walked out onto the balcony to get some fresh air.

On the huge balcony, there was still a cigarette butt in an ashtray on top of an outdoor coffee table, which was probably missed by the maid during cleaning. The cigarette butt had been sitting there for quite some time but not long enough since Hannah died, Besse guessed. Therefore, it could be confirmed that Oscar came here to smoke sometimes.

Besse could even imagine Oscar sitting here alone with a desolate look on his face after Susan's recent words came back to her mind: that he married his second wife because he was forced into politics.

Now it seemed like maybe that was true after all.

Besse stood on the balcony for a while longer; however, she still felt like she had intruded into someone else's territory so she didn't stay too long before leaving.

After leaving, Besse opened another door, which led to what appeared to be a boy's room decorated very boyishly with navy blue and white stripes everywhere, definitely something little boys would love.

Was this room prepared specifically for Salem?

Just thinking about Salem made Besse feel warm yet painful in her heart when she recalled how he looked unintentionally.

### **Chapter 1005 Salem's Recitation**

Besse entered the room and looked at everything in it, which was as clean as the master bedroom. She wondered whether Oscar had brought Salem to live with him here.

She sat on the expensively carpeted floor and looked at some of the educational toys carefully prepared. She picked up a Lego and played with it for a while.

She suddenly realized that she was bored enough to play with kids' toys over there. But the thought that Salem might once have played here strangely made her sense a kind of connection, which urged her to experience the same thing that had been done by that boy.

Besse made a random figure on the Lego wall. She read it out, "Salem."

She smiled. Sure enough, that boy was a particular favourite of hers.

As she got up from the ground and prepared to leave the room, she saw something written on the Lego wall, hidden by a movable table.

She moved the table and saw the words: "When can mom come home?"

Besse felt a stinging pain in her heart. She could feel a lot of sad feelings about a boy from that sentence.

Was Salem missing his mom?

Although the boy seemed to understand many things, in private, he was just a child who wanted to be protected and loved.

After a moment of silence, she picked up a pen nearby and wrote under the words: "Mom never left home. Mom is always in your heart, and you are in Mom's heart."

Hannah should not blame her for doing so, Besse thought to herself.

Just when she put down the pen, the door was opened. Besse was startled by the sudden noise.

She turned her head warily and saw Oscar, who was also looking at her with surprise.

After a few seconds of silence, Oscar uttered the words, "Sorry to bother you."

He apologized suddenly and closed the door behind him. Because of his words, Besse was silent with a mix of emotions. Finally, she hurriedly opened the door to catch up.

"Oscar!"

Oscar was almost fleeing away in the corridor but he stopped when Besse called his name. Besse stepped forward. Oscar turned around to face her and explained, "I thought you were taking a nap."

So, was he trying to avoid her?

"I want to pack a few things from here," Oscar said.

It was as if he was afraid she would be repulsed by him, so he kept explaining why he appeared here.

Besse bit her lip.

Was she that fierce?!

Oscar seemed genuinely afraid of her.

Come to think of it, she wasn't gentle with him.

But it wouldn't make him run away just by seeing her, right?!

Was it because of the unpleasantness of the car today? She did seem a little too much.

She said, "I'm sorry. I said a lot of hurtful things to you today because I was too impatient."

Oscar was surprised by Besse's apology.

He just looked at her like that.

The emotions were difficult to conceal but still madly concealed by him.

"I know," he said.

He knew why she got angry and also knew how much resistance she had towards him.

"Susan told me our lawsuit will go to court in a week," Besse said trying to ease the awkwardness between them.

After apologizing, it felt like the atmosphere between them didn't improve and became even more solemn.

"Hmm," Oscar nodded.

"Thank you," Besse thanked again.

Oscar still just nodded his head looking indifferent and unconcerned.

"Oh yeah, are you here for something?" Besse asked.

"Yeah," Oscar continued nodding his head.

"Then go ahead and get it while I rest in my room," Besse said.

It always felt like there was some unease between her and Oscar.

"Okay." Oscar agreed.

Besse politely smiled at him before walking past him Oscar watched as Besse walked further away from him until suddenly calling out, "Besse."

Besse turned back around.

"Salem has a recitation tomorrow at school, do you want to come watch with me?" Oscar asked casually without thinking about it too much.

Perhaps Besse would refuse.

But he couldn't control himself anymore.

At this point, Besse also fell silent for a moment.

She hesitated before finally saying, "No."

The disappointment in Oscar's eyes was conspicuous, and seeing this made Besse feel burdened instead.

"Okay." Oscar nodded.

As soon as he turned around and readying himself to leave, he heard Besse say, "If I go to the school now, I might cause some commotion. It won't be good for Salem."

"If you're only worried about your identity being exposed then I can arrange something else." Even though trying hard not to show any excitement or emotion while speaking these words

Oscar added, "It's not suitable for me to appear at school either, so I will be prepared in advance and won't let anyone discover me. So you can rest assured about that."

Besse felt a little embarrassed. She was just trying to explain things and didn't want Oscar to have a hard time accepting it. But she didn't expect Oscar to suddenly say so much.

"If you want to go, I can guarantee your safety," Oscar said again.

Besse suddenly found it difficult to refuse but she told herself not to be soft-hearted.

"Okay." She agreed.

"Then I'll send a car for you tomorrow," Oscar said eagerly.

"Will Susan come with us?"

"Yes, she will," Oscar replied without hesitation, afraid that Besse would refuse him if Susan didn't go with her.

Besse couldn't help but smile a little bit. Oscar's panic made her suddenly feel like he was also a bit childish.

Who could have thought that the man on the screen who was calm, restrained and powerful in dealing with anything or anyone would also panic like this behind closed doors?

She said, "Okay, I'll wait for you tomorrow."

"Mm-hmm." Oscar nodded his head slightly,

He smiled at the corners of his mouth but he didn't let himself show too much excitement.

Besse turned and left. The smile on her lips remained until she returned to her room and lay down on the bed; even then there seemed still some faint trace of it lingering around her lips.

She didn't even know what she was laughing about. Was it because of how flustered Oscar had been? Even if she were laughing at him as a joke, why did her heart feel so warm all of a sudden?

Besse lightly pursed her lips and slowly calmed herself down. She suddenly felt that this man named Oscar was dangerous. If it were any other woman who had spent these few days getting close to him, they probably would have fallen in love by now.

### **Chapter 1006 Performance**

Besse told Susan about Salem's recitation. And Susan was utterly excited.

The next morning, before Oscar arrived, she called several times in a hurry. Besse thought that someone with Susan's personality would never feel lonely no matter what.

In addition to Oscar, Manuel came to pick them up at the villa.

The four of them sat in a luxurious stretch car and headed for Salem's school together.

"Why isn't Salem on the car?" Susan asked.

"He has to go prepare at school first," Oscar explained.

"Oh." Susan nodded and suddenly thought of something. "Oscar, is this your first time attending an event at Salem's school?"

Oscar admitted. He had been busy before. Maybe he was making himself too busy. So he didn't have time to attend events at Salem's school.

Occasionally Max would attend for him or Salem's grandparents would come over here for him instead.

"By the way, are Miguel and Michelle coming over?" Susan asked.

Usually, they wouldn't miss any of Salem's activities.

"Um." Oscar nodded and glanced at Besse, who had been sitting silently. Then he continued to answer, "Someone has gone to pick them up and they will go directly from the airport to Salem's school."

"That's good. I thought you forgot." Susan said with a nod.

Susan wasn't in the mood for chatting more with Oscar either but instead naturally talked with Besse about some irrelevant topics but neither felt bored while being together just like old friends do.

Manuel looked at Besse and Susan then turned his head back towards his cousin. Oscar felt Manuel's gaze on him. The two stared at each other for a second without exchanging any information between them.

Manuel let out a sigh softly as it was already quite clear that Besse had Hannah's characteristics, even though they hadn't figured out all the details yet; however, it was almost certain what happened now anyway.

A convoy arrived at Salem's kindergarten, where they entered through another specially designed passageway on arrival there; only the principal knew that Commander was Salem's father.

"Commander."

Oscar slightly nodded his head in response.

"Everything has been arranged properly, this way, please."

"Thank you."

"My pleasure."

The group, led by the principal, walked through a special passage and into the school auditorium. They sat in a few seats that were separated from others in different areas. The seats were slightly off-centre but did not affect their view of the stage.

After settling them down, the principal left. Soon after, many parents arrived one after another and filled up the large auditorium.

“Why hasn’t it started yet?” Susan felt uncomfortable sitting still.

“Be patient.” Manuel reminded her.

“What time does it start?” Susan glanced at him before continuing to ask.

“At ten o’clock in the morning,” Oscar replied.

Susan checked her watch and saw that there were still twenty minutes left.

“Have Miguel and Michelle arrived yet?” Bored, Susan asked again.

“They’re here and sitting over there.” Oscar pointed to where they were seated. He had seen them earlier on already.

“Why aren’t they sitting with us?”

“Their seats are better over there,” Oscar answered back

“I want to sit over there too.”

“Susan, can you please settle down for a while?” Manuel was getting frustrated with her behaviour now.

“Do you dislike me now, Manuel?” Susan glared at him accusingly

“... I just hope you can be quiet for a bit. I feel like your energy is too high; it’s easy for something dangerous to happen.”

“Men always say one thing but do another!” Susan was angry now.

“I’m just worried that talking too much will tire you out since you’re carrying our baby. You’re pregnant.” Manuel patiently tried to calm her down again.

Susan and Manuel bickered back and forth while Besse smiled lightly at their exchange. She felt like their relationship wasn’t normal unless they argued. Somehow arguing made them closer together emotionally than when they didn’t argue as much or even at all sometimes.

Inside the auditorium, an attractive female voice came through.

“Hello, parents! Our Love Bean Annual Arts Festival will begin in five minutes! Please remain seated quietly as good examples for your little ones, don’t walk around randomly! Thank you!”

As soon as she finished speaking, what had been a previously noisy hall became silent instantly. There was no more talking or walking around from any parent present.

Even Susan was unusually quiet this time around.

Five minutes later, exciting music began playing live on stage.

Four hosts consisting of two teachers and two students all dressed up elegantly in fancy dresses and they stepped onto centre stage amid thunderous applause.

“Oh my gosh... isn’t that Salem?!” Susan couldn’t help but exclaim loudly.

“You need to keep your voice down.” Said Manuel.

Susan knew she was being a bit uncivilized, so she quickly lowered her voice. Besse and Oscar were also surprised when they saw Salem.

“Do you know that Salem is hosting today?” Susan asked.

“I don’t know,” Oscar replied in a low voice.

He didn’t know anything about what Salem was doing because the school teachers didn’t recognize him and couldn’t send him any information about Salem’s situation. He couldn’t help but look at Besse.

Looking at Besse’s hopeful eyes, looking up on stage, he had not kept his promise to take good care of Salem.

“Respected leaders, guests, colleagues, parents and dear children, good morning!” The passionate voice instantly stirred the audience in the auditorium with continuous applause.

Female teacher: Today is a day when childhood dreams fly high with colourful imagination.

Male teacher: Today is an ocean of art...

Little girl: Today is filled with happy notes...

Salem: Today we will use our magical paintbrushes to express a beautiful future!

“Wow!” Susan exclaimed excitedly from her seat. “Salem’s hosting skills are amazing.”

Although not as exaggerated as Susan’s reaction, Besse couldn’t help feeling proud inside like it was her child receiving recognition and praise. Besse wished she could officially adopt Salem as her godson.

After the opening speech ended, the stage began its artistic performance program.

“What number program is Salem performing?” Susan asked eagerly.

“The last one.”

“What?!” Susan exclaimed excitedly before calming down immediately after realizing how great he must be to perform last on stage.

She then watched other children’s performances happily while occasionally commenting on them here and there.

### **Chapter 1007 Tears**

All the shows at the arts festival were very interesting.

Even Susan, who tended to be restless was sitting quietly and intently, attracted by those little stars.



“Isn’t that Una? She played the piano solo?” Susan saw the girl on the stage and asked.

“Mhm,” Oscar replied.

All eyes were on this little girl right now. Una was wearing a white princess dress and a crown, sitting next to the piano. With the light focused on her, Una began to play the piano on the stage.

The melodious sound of a four-year-old girl wowed everyone present. Even at this moment, people all held their breath, immersed in it. They were afraid that a little noise would disturb the girl’s performance.

A song played over.

Until Una made a timid bow, the scene suddenly was filled with thunder-like applause.

“Una plays the piano so well!” Susan gave heartfelt praise, “She’s only four years old, she will be more amazing when she was a bit older.”

Oscar smiled with some pride.

“Manuel, our baby can not lag, piano, chess, calligraphy and painting, he or she needs to learn everything!” Susan felt a sense of crisis.

Manuel could not help but laugh and say, “If it is similar to you, we can’t force our baby to do anything.”

“Why not?”

“It’s no use trying. Didn’t you learn enough when you were a child?”

“Manuel, you’re being sarcastic!”

“SHH. The show began again.”

Susan glared at him and focused back on the show, while she promised herself to have a smart baby with an IQ of 200.

Here came the last performance.

Besse was nervous. And so were Susan, Manuel and Oscar.

Finally, Salem appeared in front of everyone, followed by a light on the dark stage.

He wore a small black suit and a bow tie. That good-looking little face, coupled with his natural aristocratic temperament stunned everyone.

Salem’s sweet voice echoed through the auditorium, “My mom is the best mom in the world/ She’s beautiful, kind and gentle/ When I’m feeling helpless/ she gives me encouragement/ When I’m hurt/ she teaches me to be brave/ And when I cry/ she gives me a warm embrace...” The entire room fell silent as he spoke.

His recitation was simple yet heartwarming.

“But...” Salem paused after talking about all of his mother’s good qualities for some time.

His voice seemed to choke up a bit and his intentional pause appeared to ease his emotions or perhaps it was just for dramatic effect.

Either way, everyone was on edge with anticipation.

“But,” Salem’s lovely voice rang out once again in the auditorium, “these are just my imagined versions of my mother/ because I’ve never actually met her!”

The audience was shocked by what they heard. Just moments ago, Salem had spoken so vividly and intimately about his mother, as if he had been boasting about having the best mom in the world. Now he revealed that it was all just a figment of his imagination, an idealized version of what he hoped his mother would be like.

“Where is my mother/ Who is she/ What does she look like?” Salem asked a series of questions before slowly answering them himself, “Later, dad told me/ mom is always with me/ she lives inside my heart/ inside my sister’s heart/ and inside dad’s heart too/ Dad said/ Mom will always be there with us as we grow up.”

Some more emotional parents couldn’t help but shed tears at this point while listening to him speak so sincerely from such an innocent perspective.

Salem didn’t try too hard to tug at anyone’s heartstrings but rather spoke plainly, which made people feel more connected and moved by what he said.

Susan had already started crying silently by now.

“Mama.” Suddenly Salem called out softly. His voice filled with emotion, causing most people present to break down into tears.

“No matter where you are, Mama/ I love you!”

As soon as those words left his mouth, Salem bowed deeply towards the stage below him. The entire audience erupted into thunderous applause, bringing this festival to its climax.

Some parents stood up directly shouting things like, “You’re amazing baby!”

“Your mom would be proud of you!”

“Keep going, sweetheart!”

The whole place resounded with applause and cheers. Encouragement abounded everywhere.

And then finally came the time for Oscar’s group to leave. They left along the special passage. Everyone returned to the car.

Susan was still sobbing, thinking about the situation where Hannah was there.

Manuel was wordless. But Salem’s recitation also made him feel a little heartbroken. Thus, the rims of his eyes were slightly red. He turned his head and looked at Oscar and Besse, whose eyes were also turning red.

“Don’t cry,” Manuel said to Susan, who rushed into his arms.

“Manuel, we can’t let our child have a single-parent family. Salem...” She started crying hard again in the middle of her words.

Manuel patted her head gently. He could not help but take a look at Oscar, and then Besse.

The two of them were still silent in their emotions, which was conspicuous.

The phone suddenly rang.

Oscar took a deep breath before answering it.

“Commander, Mr and Mrs Cooper, as well as young master and Miss have all arrived. Should we send them to your yard now?”

“No, we’ll eat something first, the same place.”

“Yes.”

After hanging up the phone, Oscar said, “After lunch, I’ll take you back.”

He said to all of them but actually, he was talking to Besse. He was not asking, since he feared her rejection.

Besse nodded her head in agreement. Now she felt more urgent about seeing Salem again. Oscar secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

The car drove directly towards an upscale restaurant, where other people had already cleared out. They entered one of its luxurious private rooms where Miguel and Michelle were already there with the two kids playing around. When they saw Oscar arrive with everyone else, Miguel and Michelle both froze with shock as they saw Besse, who lowered her head because she was replying to text messages.

### **Chapter 1008 The Lunch**

At the moment when Miguel and Michelle stood up excitedly, Besse looked up. With just one glance, she saw their eyes red with tears while they were looking at her. In that instant, the disappointment in their eyes was evident. She wasn’t Hannah whom they were expecting.

How could there be so many miracles in this world?

Miguel and Michelle exchanged a glance and seemed to comfort each other.

“Miguel, Michelle!” Susan was more lively and easily able to lift the mood. She ran towards them enthusiastically and greeted them warmly, quickly soothing them.

Manuel wanted to stop Susan again when she was bouncing around, but he couldn’t get a word in edgewise.

“Did you see Sal’s performance just now? It was amazing!” Susan was very excited.

“Yeah, Sal is great.” Miguel and Michelle quickly agreed.

Miguel couldn’t help but cry during Salem’s recitation, not to mention Michelle, who was more emotional.

“Sal you’re so amazing!” Susan didn’t forget to turn around and praise Salem.

Salem felt a little embarrassed by her direct praise. Una suddenly asked next to him, “Auntie Susan, am I not great enough?”

“You’re so great too.” Susan said and patted Una’s head saying, “You look like a beautiful princess.”

“Everyone says that,” Una said happily as she blushed with compliments on her pretty face.

The atmosphere in the luxurious private room was very good. At that moment Salem couldn’t help but glance at Besse. He had heard his father say that she would come to watch his recitation today. He wanted to get closer but since he felt shy, he hesitated for some time before taking action.

“Aren’t we going to eat?” After chatting for a while, Susan asked Oscar.

Everyone had already sat down on the sofa in the private room without any food served yet.

“Just wait a bit, Theodore is on the way,” Oscar replied calmly.

Susan thought about it for a moment then suggested, “Since everyone is gathered here today, why don’t we call Little Bunny too?”

Everyone looked at her curiously, wondering what she meant by calling Little Bunny over.

“I messaged her yesterday. She’s been filming in the Capital recently. Why don’t we ask if she wants to come over?” Susan continued excitedly because she wanted to see Theodore’s reaction when he saw Little Bunny.

Oscar nodded slightly without any objections or comments, while Manuel listened obediently as usual since he always followed whatever instructions were given by Susan anyway.

Besse couldn’t help asking, “Who’s Little Bunny?”

She directed this question towards Oscar, who remained silent until now. Oscar didn’t expect Besse to initiate a conversation with him. He suppressed his excitement and explained in a low voice, “She’s Theodore’s wife.”

“What?” Besse widened her eyes.

“No one else knows,” Oscar replied, “just us few.”

“They’re good at pretending,” Besse exclaimed.

“It’s not pretending.” Oscar said, “They’re not getting along well. They only see each other once every year or so. They live their own lives.”

“I see.”

“Susan doesn’t mind stirring up trouble,” Oscar commented.

Besse couldn’t help but laugh. But he was the one who had just nodded in agreement.

After making a call, Susan said cheerfully, “She said she’s filming somewhere nearby and she can finish work early today, so she’ll get here in 20 minutes.”

With that said Susan smiled slyly.

After finishing filming a scene, Little Bunny received Susan's call. She turned to her agent and assistant and said, "I'm going out for lunch with a friend."

"Which friend?" the agent asked.

"Susan Johnson."

"Oh, Mrs Johnson." The agent quickly changed his expression. "It's good to socialize more outside of work too. You're always so focused on filming that you miss out on opportunities..."

"Okay, I got it." Little Bunny was getting impatient.

Things hadn't been going smoothly for her lately. Some opportunities had been taken away by others even though they were originally hers. Although it was common in the entertainment industry for these things to happen, she still felt uneasy about it.

Her agent was even more unhappy about it and would occasionally complain about other artists attending certain events or making certain moves that boosted their popularity.

Little Bunny just wanted to focus on acting. She had worked hard like the others when she first returned to showbiz but realized that this wasn't the life she wanted.

Seeing that Little Bunny was getting impatient with him talking about other things, her agent changed the subject and said, "Last time when you were rumoured with Addison, both of your names trended together online, but Karami got attention quickly since she was accused of plagiarism. I just contacted Addison's agency again today, we are planning another couple rumour between you two."

"I refused."

"That's the only way. It's not like you're actually with him, it's just a show for the media. Aren't you usually in a movie? The same."

"I told you, I'm married. I'm not good at gossiping. If I get caught, I'll lose my career."

"Who are you married to?" asked the agent.

From the beginning, she thought Little Bunny was lying to him since she had never seen her husband. It seemed that that was an excuse to put her off.

Little Bunny couldn't tell anyone that her husband was Theodore Wold.

"Don't lie to me. I wasn't born yesterday." The agent said bluntly, "That's the decision of both agencies, not your own decision. Don't hold me back when the job is done."

She was unwilling to compromise but she couldn't resist the agent. She then turned to look out the window and said nothing.

She indeed admired Little Bunny after all these years; it was hard to find another one in the entertainment industry as practical as she was. She liked Little Bunny and wanted to help her be more popular.

The agent sighed and said, "Little Bunny, to be honest, if you follow the rules in the circle, you are already at the top of them. How could you be defeated by those having no class?"

Little Bunny did not give any comments.

The agent said no more either, thinking that all she did was for Little Bunny's sake.

Soon, Little Bunny arrived at the hotel. She was completely covered up.

As she got out of the car, the agent reminded her, "Be careful. If you get caught, call me."

Little Bunny answered and left. She walked straight into the restaurant and got on an elevator. As she was about to press the button, a familiar voice suddenly sounded.

"Hold on."

### **Chapter 1009 He's a Loser**

Little Bunny paused for a moment as Theodore walked in, breathing heavily. He had almost been stuck in traffic on his way here and was running late by half an hour since Oscar had messaged him. As he stepped into the elevator, he noticed that the floor button had already been pressed. Turning around, he saw a woman inside wearing a duckbill cap, sunglasses, mask and loose clothing that couldn't hide her stunning figure.

"Are you sure you're going to this floor?" Theodore asked her.

This was the restaurant where they were supposed to have dinner tonight, one that Theodore himself arranged.

"Mhm," Little Bunny nodded hesitantly. She realized it might not just be her and Susan dining together tonight, but she didn't want to turn back now either. She didn't want to see Theodore but also didn't want to let Susan down.

"Whatever," Theodore said dismissively when he saw how coldly the woman responded. He wasn't feeling particularly kind today anyway; even if they went up together, she would still be kicked out of the room eventually, he reckoned.

The elevator arrived at their destination and Theodore quickly walked out, while Little Bunny waited for a few moments before following him into the restaurant, where staff stopped her for identity verification while letting Theodore pass without issue.

Theodore turned to look at the woman and snorted. Then he directly walked into the room.

"I'm sorry I kept you all waiting." Apologized Theodore as soon as he saw everyone was waiting for him. "I got stuck in traffic. I'll punish myself by drinking."

"Don't flatter yourself. We're not waiting for you." Susan began.

"Then why didn't you start?" Theodore thought it was a poor lie.

“We were waiting... for Little Bunny!” Susan exclaimed suddenly upon seeing her friend walk through the door wearing fewer layers than earlier. She had removed her hat, sunglasses and mask, revealing herself completely now.

Little Bunny smiled slightly towards Susan then turned towards everyone else who seemed surprised yet relieved at seeing who finally arrived.

“Hi, Susan,” she greeted her politely despite feeling somewhat awkward under others’ scrutiny.

Then she took the initiative to greet everyone in the private room.

At that moment, Little Bunny was surprised to see Besse with them.

“Mr Wold.” Little Bunny greeted him.

“...”

Theodore suddenly felt uncomfortable. Wasn’t he her husband? Why was she so formal with him?

Susan couldn’t help but laugh at their awkwardness, “No wonder no one believes you’re a couple with this distance between you two.”

Little Bunny felt embarrassed while Theodore glared at Susan.

Manuel quickly defused the situation, “Now that everyone is here, let’s start eating.”

“Okay,” Susan eagerly agreed. “I’m starving!”

“You didn’t have to wait long.” Little Bunny said.

“No worries,” Susan said. “Theodore just got here too.”

Little Bunny felt warm inside from Susan’s reassurance.

Everyone sat down at the table where a feast of dishes was served.

Susan was talkative as usual and started speaking before they even began eating, “Firstly, congratulations to Salem and Una for their successful performance! Let’s all raise our glasses!”

Everyone held up their glasses in agreement.

“Sal,” Susan turned her attention towards him. “Do you want to say a few words? The poem you recited about your mother today, did you write it yourself or did your teacher help?”

Salem did not like showing off or drawing attention to himself unnecessarily. He felt a little shy and self-conscious while being singled out by Susan.

“It was done together with my teacher.” He answered modestly.

“So it was your idea?” asked Susan again

“Yes.”

“Do you miss your mom?” She couldn’t resist asking another sensitive question despite knowing better than discussing such topics during meals.

Salem nodded and replied, "Yes."

Hearing Salem answer honestly made everyone feel emotional, including Besse, who had been keeping an eye on Salem since they entered this restaurant but refrained from approaching him due to too many people around them. Until now, his words touched her heartstrings once more.

She pursed her lips, trying to think of something else. She had just received a message from Doyle. He said he would be in the Capital tonight. Karami's internal affairs were settled now. She agreed to remain silent and let the outside world slander them while they secretly investigated who was behind it all.

She didn't know why, but she didn't feel as excited about Doyle coming back to accompany her as she thought she would be. Maybe it was because she wasn't used to relying on others.

"Besse," Susan called out to her twice.

Besse snapped out of her thoughts and awkwardly smiled, "What's up?"

"Let me introduce you to Miguel and Michelle," Susan said, "They are Salem's grandparents and this is your first time meeting them."

"Yes," Besse politely replied, standing up and picking up a glass of wine before offering a toast. "Nice to meet you, Mr and Mrs Cooper."

"Hello dear!" The two elders also raised their glasses. "If we hadn't seen your face for that one second, we almost mistook you for our daughter."

Besse knew exactly who they were talking about and laughed lightly before responding, "Commander, Susan and Manuel have all made that mistake before."

"You are too similar." Michelle added, "I almost couldn't tell the difference."

At this moment Besse wasn't sure how best to respond or what words should follow next, especially when seeing Michelle looking uncomfortable with some hidden pain, which caused discomfort in Besse's chest too.

"Are you Oscar's girlfriend?" Michelle asked bluntly.

Susan was drinking at the side but nearly choked on hearing Michelle's question; covering her mouth with both hands while Manuel put down his utensils gently patting her back. He felt like his heart disease might act up if Susan coughed any more than necessary.

"Be careful! The doctor says coughing is dangerous." Manuel reprimanded with great concern.

Finally calming herself down, Susan retorted towards Michelle saying, "He's a loser."

### **Chapter 1010 Too Humble**

Susan's blunt words made Oscar feel embarrassed, and Besse felt the same way. Just as she was about to explain, Susan calmly said, "Besse has a fiancé who is handsome and talented. She doesn't like Oscar."

Manuel pretended to cough on the side.



Susan looked at Manuel, displeased. "I didn't say anything wrong."

"It was my fault," Michelle quickly tried to ease the awkward atmosphere. "I haven't seen Oscar bring a lady to dinner in so many years, I thought..."

"Michelle, do you support his second marriage? No, no-no, it's his third marriage." Susan interrupted.

Oscar pursed his lips.

Theodore gloated on the side with an expression of enjoying watching a good show.

Manuel had a headache and didn't know what shocking thing Susan would say next.

"I support it," Michelle said. "Many things back then... were not Oscar's fault. He has been living alone for so many years and Salem and Una need a mother. If there is someone suitable, of course, I support it."

"Michelle, you are too kind." Susan was moved by her words. "If I were you, I would never forgive him for..."

"Susan," Manuel couldn't take it anymore and covered her mouth with his hand.

Manuel had told Michelle and Miguel about many things that happened back then when Oscar overworked himself just to see Salem; they saw how sincere he was, which eventually led them to accept him as part of their family again after all these years apart from each other.

Susan stared at Manuel wide-eyed.

Manuel quickly changed the subject, "Let's eat before our food gets cold. Come on!"

Everyone started eating in order not to make things more awkward than they already were.

During dinner, Theodore suddenly asked, "When will you go back to work?"

Oscar glanced at Theodore suspiciously, "Do you need something?"

"I want to go back to Kensbury City for a while," Theodore replied unexpectedly. "It's been so long since I've seen my father or my son; I miss them."

It seemed like he finally had some conscience left in him after all this time.

"You can go," Oscar agreed without hesitation, "I'll be going back tomorrow."

"Really?" Theodore asked excitedly.

"Yes."

"In that case, after dinner, I'll head out right away"

"When are you leaving? Do you need me to send you off?" Theodore asked Miguel and Michelle.

"We plan to stay for two days and spend more time with Sal," Michelle replied.

"Oh, okay," Theodore quickly agreed, then turned to Little Bunny next to him. "What about you?"

“Hmm?” Little Bunny was quietly eating her food.

She wasn't very familiar with these people, and the awkwardness at the dinner table made her hesitant to speak up. Being called out by Theodore like this also made her feel uneasy.

“I'm asking if you're going back. To see Nicholas?” Theodore repeated impatiently.

“I have two more sessions tomorrow, I need to go back and rehearse my lines...”

“Can't you rehearse your lines in Kensbury?” Theodore's tone was annoyed.

Little Bunny frowned. What was wrong with Theodore today?

“How long has it been since you've seen our son?” Theodore asked accusingly.

Little Bunny tried not to argue with him in front of everyone else. She went home at least once a week but Theodore rarely went home.

But she nodded anyway, “Okay.”

Theodore didn't say anything else after she agreed. He just felt inexplicably irritated that she had refused him earlier.

“Theodore, how dare you blame her? When was the last time you saw your son?” Susan always stood up for what was right.

“That's why I'm making changes now.”

“Just because you're changing doesn't mean everyone else has to follow suit.” Susan retorted. “Why is your ego so big!”

“Susan, do we have some kind of grudge against each other or something? You can never seem happy unless we argue every time we meet!”

“I am just the embodiment of justice.”

Theodore sneered dismissively at her words.

Their bickering lightened up the mood during dinner.

After finishing their meal, they all left together.

Michelle and Miguel took Salem and Una ahead in their car while Besse watched them leave, feeling a sense of loss.

“We'll be leaving too.” Said Theodore as he gestured towards his car where Little Bunny followed behind him.

“Don't bully Little Bunny.” Susan couldn't help reminding him again before they left.

Theodore ignored her comment as he walked away from them towards his car with Little Bunny trailing behind him.

Susan watched their backs disappear into the distance before saying aloud, "I feel like Theodore is going eat little bunny alive."

"Let's go guys. Get into our cars now." Manuel pulled Susan along as they headed towards their vehicle while everyone else got settled inside it.

In the quiet car, Besse suddenly spoke up, "Doyle is going to the Capital later, so I won't be going back with you."

Oscar's eyes flickered, and Susan and Manuel also looked at her.

"Thank you," Besse said to Oscar.

Oscar replied seemingly coldly, "When Doyle comes back, it wouldn't be convenient for you to stay outside. There are many rooms in the courtyard where he can stay."

Susan was impressed by Oscar's generosity. He was accommodating Besse and even included her lover in his offer.

"No thanks," Besse said.

"You have a court hearing in a few days; there's no need to cause any trouble," Oscar said indifferently.

Besse hesitated for a moment.

"I'll be very busy from now on. If there's anything you need help with, you can ask Manuel." Oscar said plainly. It was obvious that he wasn't going to bother them anymore.

Besse looked at him and naturally understood what he meant.

"Take me to work first," Oscar instructed the driver. "Then take them back."

"Yes, Commander." The driver quickly responded respectfully.

Besse turned her head towards the outside of the car. Sometimes Oscar was too good to her that she felt guilty about it all.

So at this moment, she couldn't refuse his arrangement but just silently agreed with him.

Oscar got off first while Susan finally couldn't hold herself back from saying, "Besse, if not for your fiancé, I would want to set you up with Oscar. He's not such a bad guy after all..."

His kindness towards Besse made her feel like this man was too humble.

But Besse didn't answer as she did not want more discussion on this topic.

Susan didn't want to make things difficult for her either so she asked, "When will Doyle arrive in the Capital?"

"In about an hour." Replied Besse

"Now is perfect timing then! Let's go pick him up together."

"I'll take a taxi myself, don't worry about it."

“I think we can go check out a handsome guy along the way.”

“...”