

Reborn 1021

Chapter 1021 I'm Going to Pursue Little Bunny!

Theodore had long been accustomed to Susan's personality. Sometimes, he even enjoyed bantering with her, which made him feel better. He bluntly said, "I got divorced."

"With whom?!" Susan blurted out.

"Why do you care who I got divorced from? Do you think I've been married hundreds of times?"

Theodore snapped.

Susan sat up in bed. Manuel naturally woke up too and turned to look at Susan.

"Oh, almost forgot, you've only slept with many women but only married once." Susan deliberately teased. "So Little Bunny finally dumped you?"

"What nonsense are you talking about? I dumped her! I've never lacked women. She can't dump me!"

Theodore was angry.

"Then why are you so worked up?" After years of knowing Theodore, Susan understood his temper quite well.

"I'm not worked up at all. I just wanted to celebrate with you!" Theodore stubbornly denied it. "I thought we could have a drink together."

"I'm pregnant and can't drink with you," Susan didn't give in to Theodore's face-saving attempts. "Just admit it, did she dump you and now you're looking for comfort from someone else? Don't worry, I won't tell anyone else about it because my lips are sealed!"

"As if anyone would believe that! You'll probably go tell Manuel as soon as we hang up."

"I swear on my life that I won't say anything!" Susan promised and immediately put the phone on speaker mode so that Manuel could hear their conversation too.

Manuel was speechless by now. Sometimes when she acted naughty like this, he thought Susan was really adorable.

"You said it!"

"Although I'm a bit careless sometimes, I'm loyal to my friends. I won't betray you." Susan spoke righteously.

Theodore also felt the same way about this woman's sharp tongue, but when it came down to being a friend especially towards Hannah, she was what she said.

He took a deep breath and confessed, "Yes, I got dumped by her. She actually found me dirty..."

Theodore then went on telling the story of what happened between him and Little Bunny today. It had been weighing heavily on his mind, and he needed someone he could talk freely without being judged or laughed at. He couldn't turn Oscar or Manuel for help because they might make fun of him. But somehow, Susan seemed like an easy person to confide in.

"I take a damn shower every day, not just a shower, but also wash my hair, change clothes and..."

Theodore rambled on incessantly.

"Little Bunny doesn't dislike you for that." Susan couldn't help but interrupt him.

"I just can't understand it! Little Bunny is just a third-tier actress..."

"She's now first-tier."

"Even if she's first-tier, she's still an actress?!" Theodore sneered. "What gives her the right to insult me like this? She doesn't know how much dirtier she is than me in the entertainment industry."

"No, she isn't," Susan told Theodore seriously. "She has always been clean in the entertainment industry and has never done anything shady."

“Just because of that, with no power or influence, she can make it this far?!” Theodore refused to believe it.

“Manuel and I did help her.”

Theodore was surprised.

“We’ve met Little Bunny several times during social events. When we meet good directors or producers, we intentionally introduce them to Little Bunny. Of course I don’t know if our introductions helped her at all; however, she worked hard herself and starred in several popular works, which earned her rightful place as a top tier actress.”

“Why didn’t you tell me when you were helping her?” Theodore was unhappy.

“What use would telling you have done?! You never thought about helping her anyway.”

“She didn’t ask for my help either!”

“She didn’t ask for my help either! Do you understand what I mean by having vision?! People like you who lack vision deserve to be disliked.”

“I asked for your comfort not your company while Little Bunny insults me!”

“If you face reality then things won’t be so unbearable. It’s better than deceiving yourself.” Susan kindly advised him.

“I...” Theodore couldn’t speak after being rebuked so harshly.

“Now that you’re divorced why do you care so much?” Susan said. “You have so many women, forget about Little Bunny in a few days.”

“But I found out...”

“What did you find out?” Susan asked, curious.

“Nothing.”

“Don’t tell me that... you’re reluctant to let go of her? Or maybe even fallen for her? No kidding, okay?”

“What nonsense are talking about! How could I possibly like her?! How could I give up an entire forest over one crooked tree!” Theodore said fiercely. “I’m just upset! I really want to strangle her.”

“Theodore, you’re not being honest!” Susan called him out directly. “If you really had no feelings for Little Bunny, why would you care so much? Someone with your personality wouldn’t even bother about what others think of them, right?”

“...” Theodore couldn’t understand it himself.

Why was he so angry today?

Why was Little Bunny all he could think about?!

He couldn’t even calm down his inner turmoil. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have called Susan.

“I advise you to give up on this!” Susan sincerely advised him. “Don’t cause trouble for Little Bunny. She doesn’t like you, she hates you and finds you annoying. If you go and try to make peace with her or something like that, it’s just humiliating yourself?”

“When did I say I wanted to make peace?”

“I knew you won’t tell the truth.”

“It’s not because I like Little Bunny. It’s because I can’t swallow this anger!”

“Theodore...”

“I’ve made up my mind. I’m going to pursue Little Bunny again!”

“Are you crazy?” Susan became excited.

Manuel quickly gave her a look to calm her down.

“I want to make Little Bunny fall in love with me and then dump her! This woman has caused me so much frustration. I can’t just let it go without doing anything about it.” Theodore said firmly.

"You're just causing trouble for others. Besides, there's no way that someone like her will fall for someone like you." Susan said.

"Aren't we still friends?"

"It's precisely because we're friends that I'm reminding not to do anything useless."

"Susan, at times like these, shouldn't be standing by my side supporting me?" Theodore wasn't happy.

"Do you actually have feelings for Little Bunny?" Susan couldn't help but ask.

"No."

"Just tell the truth."

"I'm doing this out of revenge!"

"We hardly ever talk anymore." Susan didn't want anything else from Theodore. She turned towards Manuel instead and said, "Manuel, I'm hungry."

"I'll get some food for us." Manuel stood up.

Theodore exploded when he heard their conversation. "Susan, you weren't supposed to tell anyone about this!"

"I didn't say anything; you were the one who spoke first! I only put the phone on speaker."

"Susan!" Theodore roared in anger.

Manuel quickly hung up the phone before things escalated any further.

All that shouting isn't good during pregnancy.

Chapter 1022 The Conflict Between Doyle and Manuel

Manuel and Susan woke up together. They were currently staying at Oscar's villa. Manuel only agreed to let Susan stay with other men under the same roof because he was living there too. He was not the type of man who would allow his wife to be around other men unless he was present.

Of course, another reason why they agreed to live together was that it would have been awkward for Susan to live with another couple.

Just like now, as soon as they entered the hall, they saw Doyle and Besse having breakfast in the open-plan dining room. Doyle was feeding Besse eggs, and they looked very intimate-just like a sweet couple in love.

Susan took out her phone and snapped a picture of them. At that moment, Doyle and Besse noticed Manuel and Susan entering the room.

"Good morning." Besse greeted them.

"Good morning," Manuel replied with a faint smile while watching them.

"Won't you join us? They've prepared plenty of food here." Asked Besse invitingly.

"Sure."

The two walked over to join them at the table while the servants brought out breakfast dishes one after another. However, Susan didn't like eggs so much; she refused to eat them no matter how much Manuel tried coaxing her into eating them by saying things like "eating eggs makes babies smarter." But eventually, she gave in since she wanted an intelligent child with an IQ of 200.

Besse found it amusing how everyone always thought that Susan bullied Manuel when it was quite the opposite-he had her wrapped around his little finger.

"I'm full now. You guys can keep eating." Said Besse, wiping her mouth before leaving so as not to disturb their mealtime conversation any further.

Manuel and Susan nodded politely before continuing their meal. Sitting on a couch in the hall, Doyle couldn't resist commenting on their living arrangement, "I never thought you'd end up living with

Susan.”

“There wasn’t any other choice since Northfield residents are pretty hostile towards outsiders,” explained Besse without mentioning Oscar’s name explicitly which led Doyle into thinking that it was Susan who helped her.

“I shouldn’t have to go back if I knew you’d be targeted this way.”

“Don’t blame yourself. I’m the one who asked you back.” Besse continued, “Anyway, we only have a few more days until our lawsuit is settled then everything will go back to normal.”

“Yeah, when the lawsuit is over, we’ll leave immediately!” declared Doyle determinedly.

“Agreed! By the way, did you find out who’s backing ‘Phantom’ behind-the-scenes?”

“It’s hard to say,” Doyle said, feeling a bit agitated. “I’ve had people secretly inquire about several competing companies, but from what we know so far, it seems that no one is manipulating this matter.”

“If it’s not a competitor, then who could it be?!” Besse was surprised.

“Whoever it is, we’ll prove our innocence and leave Northfield. It doesn’t seem like a good place for us to stay. I have a feeling our luck isn’t good here.”

“Do you still believe in luck?” Besse couldn’t help but laugh.

“I’m educated on the subject.” Doyle chuckled as well.

The atmosphere between the two seemed relaxed.

Susan watched them laughing in the living room while eating breakfast and sighed. “Oscar probably has no hope left.”

“Don’t you hate Oscar?” Manuel asked meaningfully.

“I do hate him, but... I don’t know how to explain it. Look at Hannah’s parents, they don’t mind Oscar remarrying. If he can find true love and start over again despite everything he’s been through... even if I never speak to him again because of Hannah, I think I would understand Oscar.”

Manuel looked towards the living room without saying anything more about Susan’s words.

After finishing her meal, Susan sent a message to Oscar, “Give up on Besse!” She attached a sweet photo of Besse and Doyle feeding each other in the restaurant with her message.

At that moment Oscar was sitting in his office. He saw his phone light up. Then he stared at the text for some time before finally clicking on it. It took him awhile to ready for Susan’s message. He saw how intimate that sweet couple was. Oscar silently put down the phone. For him, her carefree smile was all he wanted.

After breakfast, Susan went out into the backyard for some exercise. The doctor said she needed to walk more often for an easier delivery process. So after every meal she would habitually take walks. Besse was accompanying her, Manuel didn’t follow them though; instead, he walked over towards where Doyle sat on their couch. They exchanged pleasantries before Manuel spoke up, “I heard you grew up together with Besse?”

“Yeah,” replied Doyle nodding slightly. “We’ve known each other since childhood.”

“Don’t you think she’s changed quite a bit?” Manuel casually remarked.

Doyle furrowed his eyebrows slightly showing signs of discomfort.

“I heard that Besse was in a serious car accident and was in a coma for a year after the accident,” Manuel said, not paying attention to Doyle’s emotions.

“What do you mean?”

“She lost her memory, right?”

“What do you want to know?”

“I want to know if you know the truth.”

“What are you talking about?!” Doyle became visibly angry. Manuel wasn’t friendly to him.
“I’m saying that it’s unfair to deceive someone into loving them.”
“What did I deceive her about?!” Doyle shouted back, clearly provoked by Manuel’s words.
Susan and Besse were chatting peacefully in the garden when they heard their argument and quickly went inside the house.
“What’s going on?” Susan asked excitedly.
“Nothing.” Manuel stood up from the couch, ready to leave.
“Manuel, are you jealous of Doyle because I find him attractive?” Susan said with a one-track mind. Sometimes, she seemed dumb but other times she could defuse an awkward situation instantly.
Manuel laughed a little bit. “Yeah, I’m jealous.”
“Damn it!” Susan cursed at him as he left with Manuel a few seconds later.
Susan kept explaining, “I like pretty guys, but my heart only belongs to you! Why can’t you be more confident?...”
Besse walked over to Doyle as soon as they left.
“What did Manuel say to you exactly?” asked she.
Doyle still looked upset. Under Besse’s gaze, Doyle replied, “He said I deceived you but I don’t know what he means by that. And, I have a feeling that he’s known you a long time.”

Chapter 1023 In Court (1) Plead Not Guilty

Besse was quiet. This feeling wasn’t unique to Doyle alone. She felt it too.
“I’m similar to one of their friends, which is why there was a misunderstanding.” Said she.
“I don’t understand. You’ve never been to Northfield, yet they thought you looked like someone they knew before.”
“Neither do I.” Besse laughed. She didn’t understand why she felt so familiar with Northfield despite never having been there before.
“Don’t think about it. After a few days in court, we’ll leave this place.”
“Promise me you won’t come back here again.” Said Doyle, serious.
“Okay.”
The truth was that this place always gave her an indescribable feeling-both familiar and fearful.
Five days later, Besse went to court for the plagiarism case.
Besse stood at the defendant’s table while ‘Phantom’ stood at the plaintiff’s table. There were many people in the audience seats, including Susan and Manuel. Doyle was also present but had deliberately kept his distance from them since his unpleasant encounter with Manuel that day. They hadn’t spoken since then.
“Ah, there you are.” A familiar voice suddenly sounded in their ears.
Susan looked up and saw Theodore sitting down next to them.
“Where’s Oscar?” She looked around left and right.
“Not convenient for him,” Theodore replied as he sat down beside them. “Probably he doesn’t want to see his love rival.” He glanced over at Doyle smugly as he spoke.
“Huh? You have time to mock others?” Susan sneered, “But Little Bunny has gone cold on you. What happened? Have you given up?”
Theodore fell silent; Susan just knew how to hit where it hurt most.
“Quiet!” The bailiff maintained order inside the courtroom before announcing its rules of conduct once more for everyone’s benefit. Once done, everyone rose from their seats as the judge entered into

chambers and began hearing arguments from both sides during defence proceedings.

The plaintiff's lawyer stepped forward and began, "My client is Minerva Bird, also known as 'Phantom'. Eight years ago, she released an original design that has now been plagiarized by Karami's well-known designer Besse for commercial gain, seriously damaging my client's reputation. My client is now suing Besse for plagiarism and demanding that all profits from the Angel series of designs be compensated to her. Furthermore, my client requires a public apology from Besse in front of the media."

The room was shocked by the high demands made by the plaintiff.

The Angel series had made billions in profit and not just because of its unique design but also because it had a strong brand name. Even if Phantom were to use this product line again and make it marketable, it would never earn as much money as before.

Demanding a public apology on top of compensation seemed too aggressive.

"This is our evidence." Said the plaintiff's lawyer as he handed over all relevant documents to the judge. After reviewing everything carefully, it was clear that plagiarism had occurred. They only needed to determine how much compensation should be awarded.

"Based on the evidence provided by the plaintiff," began the judge. "It appears that Besse did commit plagiarism. Now we will hear from their defence."

"Thank you, Your Honour." Said Besse's confident lawyer who then declared, "We deny those allegations."

Everyone was shocked once again at such a bold statement. At this point, winning sympathy from court officials was crucial, so why would they make such an unnecessary move?

Minerva couldn't help but sneer at their arrogance while thinking about how foolish they were being.

The more Besse tried to defend herself with lies or excuses only further proved her guilt making her look even worse off than before.

"Your honour," continued Besse's attorney, ignoring everyone else's reactions towards his statement. "I have several questions I'd like to ask my client."

"Permission granted."

Besse looked up at her attorney curiously, wondering what he could want with these questions when he asked.

"Miss Besse, since your birth until now, have you ever visited Northfield?"

"No."

"Are you sure?" the lawyer asked again.

"I'm sure," Besse replied. "I have records of my travel history from birth until now, and this is my first time in Northfield."

"Okay," the lawyer nodded, then turned to the judge. "Your honour, may I ask the plaintiff a few questions?"

"Permission granted."

The lawyer walked over to Minerva, who straightened her back and looked confident.

"Miss Bird, I want to ask if eight years ago you submitted your original design to Water Ripple Design Magazine?"

"Yes," Minerva replied.

"If I remember correctly, that magazine went bankrupt five years ago."

"That doesn't affect the fact that my design was published eight years ago in that magazine. This is the issue where it was published and luckily I kept it all these years, it's out of print by now." She held up the yellowish magazine.

The lawyer glanced at it and chuckled. "So if not for this magazine, Miss Bird wouldn't be able to prove that your design was published?"

"That's right. Otherwise, there would be no way for me to prove anything and I'd just have to suffer silently." Minerva looked smug. "But as they say, what goes around comes around!"

"I agree with that statement," said the lawyer following up on what she said before asking another question, "I also wanted to ask Miss Bird, if this magazine had been distributed online?"

"Online?" frowned Minerva unhappily as she retorted, "Whether or not it was distributed online has nothing to do with whether or not my design was previously published. What's your point?!"

"Don't misunderstand me, Miss Bird. I don't doubt for a second that your design did get published eight years ago. What I mean is, back then when fashion designs were only circulated through paper media because the internet wasn't so popular yet, this company went bankrupt five years ago so there's no way they could've re-published their old works online again. Furthermore, from what we know about its sales figures at 2000 copies sold; during an era when the internet wasn't developed yet nor anyone would spread content via the internet later on. It's almost impossible for someone overseas like my client to receive a copy of such an obscure publication at its time."

Chapter 1024 In Court (2) Intense Defense

"Objection!" the plaintiff's lawyer exclaimed. "The defendant's argument is mere speculation without any evidence. The so-called underdeveloped internet, the fact that the plaintiff has never been to Northfield, and the poor sales of a fashion magazine are all theoretical arguments that cannot fully explain why the defendant did not see this magazine or design. Even if only one copy of this fashion magazine was sold, it is still possible for the defendant to have seen it if they appeared in public. Such ambiguous views cannot be used as evidence in court!"

The judge nodded in agreement. "Objection sustained. The defendant's argument has some basis but there are still loopholes that can be exploited and cannot be used as legal evidence. Please ask the defendant's lawyer to present new non-infringement evidence."

The defendant's lawyer nodded.

Minerva smiled brightly at her mouth. Plagiarism was an ironclad fact, and Besse would only embarrass herself more by trying to argue against it.

"I have a question for the plaintiff," said Besse's lawyer.

"Permission granted."

Facing Minerva, Besse's lawyer asked, "Miss Bird, this magazine was published eight years ago and went out of business five years ago. It disappeared from circulation after that period too. You only have a copy because you deliberately collected it? If you didn't collect it on purpose then does that mean we will never see this magazine again?"

"Even though it was published eight years ago and went out of business five years ago, once something is released into circulation on market shelves then anything could happen," Minerva said fiercely. "It could appear anywhere including in front of Besse! For designers like her who just take one glance at something before copying its design, they won't forget even after many years."

"So Miss Bird means my client saw your design eight years ago then kept it in her mind until recently when she 'designed' something similar?" asked Besse's attorney.

"I'm just guessing," said Minerva with a shrug. "As for when she saw my design or how long she kept my work before using them for plagiarism, only she knows."

Besse's attorney nodded his head slightly.

He turned to face the judge and asked, "Your honour, may I ask whether there is any possibility we can find magazines from 8 years ago now?"

"Not likely," replied the judge. "But not impossible either."

"We searched for relevant information about that magazine and Miss Bird's original design through a real-time search on the Internet. Except for being mentioned by Miss Bird in the articles on her social media page to accuse Miss Besse of plagiarism, I can't find anything else related to this magazine, which is enough to show that this magazine was only circulated in paper and never exist online." Besse's lawyer respectfully handed over the evidence he prepared. "Your honour, please take a look."

The jury conducts began to check the evidence.

The judge said, "The Internet is not the only way of dissemination, and it can only be used as a basis for your defence this time, but it is not enough to show that the defendant has not seen this magazine."

"Of course. So I have a second piece of evidence. Please allow my witness to appear in court, Your Honor."

"Yes, please."

A middle-aged man appeared in court.

The defendant's lawyer asked, "Who are you and what is your name?"

"I am the former director of Water Ripple Design Magazine, my name is Len Shaw." The man replied.

"Did you publish this magazine back then?"

"Yes."

"How were its sales at that time?"

"Not good." Len said, "Fashion magazines were not popular 8 years ago, the readers preferred to read emotional content. Magazines like ours that specialized in fashion had closed down one after another, and we were no exception. We declared bankruptcy 5 years ago."

"Then do you remember the sales volume of this magazine at that time?"

"It is said that 2,000 volumes had been issued, but in fact, no more than 500 volumes had been circulated on the market. We had bought the rest internally, and some of them had even been used as waste books to recycle." Said Len.

"Are you sure you did not misremember what happened 8 years ago?" the defendant's lawyer confirmed.

"Yes, I'm sure. That was the volume having the lowest sales in the history of Water Ripple Design. And, since that volume, we realized that the market for fashion magazines was getting smaller. Although we had persisted in doing it for another three years, that was just faith."

"It wasn't popular with readers in the market. But how did it go in the industry?"

"It didn't work either. It was not highly regarded by the insiders. It was released without any buzz and sank right away." Len added, "The trend and aesthetics were not as advanced as they are now. Looking back now, Phantom's Angel series is truly a cutting-edge existence."

Minerva began to smirk as she received unexpected praise.

"From Mr Shaw's answer, it can be confirmed that the actual sales of this magazine at that time were only 500 copies, and no one in the industry paid attention to it. It can be said that it sank right after its release."

"That's correct." nodded Len Shaw. "Now seeing how popular the Angel series is selling, I regret our lack of foresight back then."

"So, Mr Shaw, in your professional opinion, do you think the Angel collection is plagiarism?"

"Yes, 100% plagiarized," Len affirmed confidently. "As a designer for many years with my experience

speaking for me, two works so similar cannot exist without plagiarism.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Minerva and her lawyer couldn't help but sneer, thinking that Besse's lawyer was hoisting themselves with their own petard. And so did the audience think.

Susan became angry, “Is this lawyer even professional? Did Minerva bribe her?!”

“Keep watching.” Manuel reminded her to stay quiet. Susan held back her anger and chose silence instead.

The defendant's lawyer continued as “I just want to get an answer from a professional here. Finally, I would like to ask Mr Shaw another question.”

“Okay,” replied Len.

“In your experience as a designer, how long will it take for this magazine to disappear from circulation?”

“At most six months,” answered Len confidently. “Firstly because of the low sales volume; secondly because there has been no ripple effect in the industry; insisting on half a year is already extreme. It is possible that within three months or less, this magazine had completely disappeared from the market since magazines update quickly along with changing trends in design.”

“So you mean this magazine will circulate on the market for up to six months?”

“Yes.”

“And if my client had copied it then, she would have seen it within these six months.” The plaintiff's attorney made himself clear.

Chapter 1025 In Court (3) Reversal

“My deduction is as follows,” Len replied.

“In other words, my client had seen this magazine eight years ago and had it stored in her memory. Recently, she took it out and plagiarized from it.”

As soon as he spoke, people began to laugh.

Was the plaintiff's lawyer trying to convict his client?!

The court hadn't even ruled yet and he was already surrendering.

“If a designer has an impression of a design, they will always remember it. Once they have that impression, they won't forget for many years. Besse is an internationally renowned designer with exceptional design abilities. It's entirely possible that she saw this design eight years ago and recently plagiarized from it again.” Len said bluntly. As he said, he was also defending Phantom.

In the world of design, plagiarism is truly intolerable.

“Is there any possibility that my client recently saw Phantom's work and then copied from it?” speculated Besse's lawyer.

To everyone present, the counsel of the defence seemed to be digging a hole for his client constantly. Although seemingly incomprehensible, those present seemed to understand what he meant. After all, Besse's lawyer was also from Northfield. Northfield's people uphold their knowledge copyright on their territory, which was understandable. Everybody believed that Besse was doomed this time around.

“It's unlikely,” Len said. “This magazine couldn't have been kept for so long unless someone deliberately collected them like Phantom, who would keep it because her work was published in it. And since Besse is a foreigner, it's improbable that she could've obtained this magazine abroad since Northfield fashion designs weren't recognized internationally at that time; thus, the magazine wouldn't have had any chance of being circulated overseas. The only possibility would be if Besse accidentally stumbled upon this magazine when it was released.”

“Okay, thank you, Mr Shaw.”

Len exited.

The defence began again, "Your honour, I just received confirmation from the publisher of this magazine stating that only 500 copies were sold, and there wasn't much buzz surrounding its release within the industry circle. It quickly fell into obscurity. Therefore, it would've been almost impossible for my client to come across such an obscure publication within recent times."

"Objection!" the prosecution said. "Just now, your witness made it clear that for a designer, even if they saw a design 8 years ago, a well-known designer can design it now. That means Besse didn't copy this magazine recently, but saw it 8 years ago and only used it to plagiarize now."

"I agree with the plaintiff's lawyer. My client did see this magazine 8 years ago and then plagiarized from it."

"If you say so, what is there left to argue?"

The defence looked at the judge and said, "Your honour, do you agree with my point of view and that of the plaintiff's attorney?"

The judge looked at the jury who had discussed for a while before giving him a clear answer.

"This court agrees with both lawyers' views." Replied the judge.

"Then just announce the verdict!" said the plaintiff's attorney. He thought it was an easy lawsuit to win without much effort since the defendant surrendered on their own accord.

"Your honour, I have another question I want to ask my client." Requested the defence.

The judge hadn't spoken yet when the plaintiff's lawyer mocked, "Hurry up and make your client admit plagiarism and request leniency from the court."

"Watch your words." Reminded the judge.

"Yes."

"The Defendant's Attorney is allowed to ask questions of his client." Said the judge

"Thank you, Your Honour." The Defendant's Attorney bowed respectfully before turning back towards Besse, who remained calm throughout all these accusations against her work. She showed no emotional fluctuations despite her attorney denying her in various ways during this trial.

"Miss Besse, just now based on evidence provided by Plaintiff along with testimonies given in court today, we have determined that your Angel series is indeed copied from Phantom's original works."

"I didn't copy anything." Besse denied firmly.

"What evidence do you have that proves you didn't plagiarize?"

"I've never been to Northfield before nor seen Phantom Works before."

"While only 500 copies were sold of this magazine, as long as they circulated in the market there was a high possibility of them reaching into your hands. Even if according to facts, the chances of seeing this design recently are zero but eight years ago when the magazine first hit market circulation, all evidence points towards you having seen this design back then. What proof do you have for yourself?!"

Besse fell silent after hearing these accusations. The lawyer for the defendant was pressing Besse aggressively. It was clear that he was trying to force her to admit to plagiarism. Minerva, who was standing nearby, was enjoying the spectacle.

Besse could only blame herself for not being one in Northfield. Naturally, everyone from there would take the Phantom's side. But she was the real victim here. As Minerva felt pleased secretly, Besse suddenly spoke up, "I don't remember anything from four years ago."

The whole courtroom erupted in confusion and chaos.

"What does that mean?!" Some people in the audience shouted out.

"Quiet! Everyone remain calm!" The judge sternly ordered.

The court fell into silence again.

"Miss Besse, could you please speak more clearly? What do you mean by saying 'you don't remember anything from four years ago'?" asked the defence lawyer.

"I got into a serious car accident four years ago," Besse explained calmly. "I spent a year lying in bed and undergoing treatment at the hospital. The doctors even said I might become a vegetable at one point, but my family never gave up on me and kept fighting for me until I finally woke up again."

"But when I did wake up, I realized that I had lost all of my memories from before then. To me now, everything before that time is just a blank slate."

"Do you have any evidence to prove your amnesia?"

"I have an official diagnosis certificate issued by the hospital."

The lawyer quickly grabbed hold of it and handed it over to be examined by jury members.

"Objection!"

It suddenly dawned on the prosecution lawyer-he'd been tricked!

All along the defence lawyer had been arguing about how impossible it would be for his client to have seen Phantom's design recently since she could only have seen it eight years ago-everyone including the judge had agreed with him.

And now Besse saying she had lost her memory 4 years ago meant she could shake off her responsibility.

"This diagnosis certificate may not even be valid! Was it issued by a hospital in Northfield? According to my knowledge, Besse is not a common designer, and it would be easy for her to fake a certificate like this! I think that she could be pretending not to remember." The prosecution lawyer retorted, agitated and satirical.

Chapter 1026 In Court (4) Amnesia Exposure

Barely affected by the prosecution's statement, the defence lawyer requested calmly, "Your honour, please allow me to call another witness."

"Permission granted."

There came another witness, a man a bit older.

"Who are you?" asked the defence.

"My name is Roosevelt Red, I'm from Jolencami, the attending of Besse." Answered the man.

"Can you identify yourself, please?"

"This is my work ID." The man said as he showed them a card.

The defence lawyer took it for the officials in court, who submitted it over to the jury.

"You are Besse's attending physician and should be very clear about her physical condition." Said the defendant's attorney. "Can you tell us more?"

"Yes," nodded Roosevelt. "After Besse had an accident and suffered a severe blow to her head, she remained unconscious for a long time even after being rescued. It wasn't until exactly a year later that she woke up completely but lost all of her previous memories thereafter. Here are all of Besse's diagnostic reports during hospitalization as well as all subsequent medical records."

The staff member submitted evidence again to court officials.

"So after Besse had an accident she couldn't remember anything before it happened?" asked the defence counsel.

"Yes."

"I object!" The plaintiff's attorney became quite agitated. "I seriously doubt whether these diagnostic reports are authentic or not! I don't agree with this so-called proof provided by Jolencami. Northfield

should have its authoritative proof!”

Minerva was also visibly excited on one side.

It was hard enough getting this far; it was hard enough forcing Besse into this situation. How could such an inappropriate reason appear halfway through? She still needed to win against Besse to obtain huge sums of money and establish her reputation. She couldn't accept such unclear reasoning passing by so easily.

“Don't worry about it,” said the defence counsel calmly. “I also have what you want, a hospital certification of Northfield.”

The plaintiff's attorney fell silent immediately.

“Your honour, please allow me another witness.”

“Allowed.”

Another man walked into the courtroom.

If anyone knew something about the medical community of Northfield, he would recognize him.

Benedict Castillo was a well-known doctor and authority in that area of this country.

As soon as the plaintiff's lawyer saw this man, he felt greatly uneasy-if this man could verify that Besse did suffer a loss of her memory, everything would fall apart as they fight this.

“What is your name?”

“I am Benedict Castillo, the president of the Capital Hospital and director of the research institution.”

His identity provoked a little uproar from the audience.

“Mr Castillo, was my client, Miss Besse, a patient suffering from amnesia of you?”

“Yes. She did come to me for help, and I conducted several tests and diagnosed her with memory loss caused by blood clots pressing against the nerves inside her head. The accident she had years ago caused blood clots to form inside her skull, which remained there due to their location being too dangerous for removal. This affected her nervous system and caused memory loss.”

“So, it's true that Besse suffers from amnesia?” asked the defence lawyer.

“The results of our medical assessment are accurate.” Replied Benedict.

“All right then, thank you for your time, Mr Castillo.”

“Why should we believe it just because you say so?” Minerva couldn't contain herself any longer.

“Just now my lawyer said that Besse's identity is special and she could easily fake it. Why should finding a doctor from Jolencami or Northfield prove anything? Amnesia only happens in cheesy romance dramas, it doesn't happen in real life!” she exclaimed angrily.

Everyone present looked down upon Minerva at this point.

If not for Benedict Castillo's words, the audience might have agreed with Minerva since memory loss was almost unheard-of outside TV dramas and not easily believed by most people as something that could happen in real life.

But because the person testifying in court was the most authoritative figure in Northfield's medical community, anyone who knew his identity knew how much weight his words carried. He couldn't possibly lie on the stand, as it would not only affect his reputation but also that of the entire country's medical authority. To put it bluntly, Benedict's prestige was such that no one would question the truthfulness of what he said. Whatever he spoke was guaranteed to be fact.

If someone were to question him, it could only mean their ignorance. So at this moment, Minerva's doubts were looked down upon by others.

“Plaintiff, please remain quiet.” Warned the judge sternly.

Minerva was dissatisfied but had to keep her mouth shut due to the warning. She kept signalling her

lawyer with her eyes for help with her defence.

The plaintiff's lawyer didn't even bother acknowledging her, knowing there wasn't anything questionable about this.

"Your honour," said Besse's lawyer respectfully again. "Here is a diagnosis report personally issued by Mr Castillo himself for your review."

As he spoke, a staff member handed over a document to be examined at trial.

Later, Benedict left the courtroom.

A result had come out.

"In conclusion," continued Besse's lawyer after some reasoning earlier on in court proceedings. "If my client had seen Phantom's original work before then it would have been possible 8 years ago at best since my client lost her memory 4 years ago and wouldn't remember seeing it anyway if she did see it back then. Of course, we don't rule out that my client may have subconsciously remembered something from seeing Phantom's design and incorporated it into her work during the creation process, which might infringe upon original design rights but is truly an unintentional mistake. On behalf of my client, I ask Your Honour for leniency when considering judgment regarding this matter."

After finishing his statement, Besse's lawyer prepared to sit down again when suddenly...

"I object!" The plaintiff's attorney stood up once more. "I object to what opposing counsel has just stated! I do not agree with Besse having seen Phantom's design 8 years ago. I suspect that Besse recently saw my client's design plan!"

Chapter 1027 In Court (5) Reverse Testimony

In the courtroom, it was tense again.

"Mr Simmons, through our recent reasoning and evidence, even this entire court agrees with my viewpoint that my client can't have had a chance to see this magazine in recent years. You suddenly question your previous facts. Don't you think it's a bit unreasonable and even self-contradictory?!"

"I admit I didn't consider everything earlier, I didn't expect you to be so cunning and use diversionary tactics that I couldn't defend against."

"Mr Simmons, what we need in court are reasonable evidence and logical reasoning, not just saying whatever we want. Please don't forget your duty as a lawyer!"

"Your honour," said the plaintiff's lawyer, who seemed unwilling to argue with the defendant's lawyer any further. "The defendant's attorney has been maliciously guiding us towards accepting his viewpoint all along. His arguments are full of loopholes, such as only 500 copies sold or disappearing from circulation after release, these are baseless claims! As long as magazines exist on market shelves they can continue circulating, definitely longer than 8 years!"

"Your honour," responded the defendant's attorney, who appeared somewhat agitated now too. "My point of view is not unfounded! The answer was arrived at through witness testimony which was deemed acceptable by the court too. Now it is Plaintiff's counsel who is being unreasonable by being aggressive..."

"Your honour..." began Plaintiff's counsel trying to interject.

The defence cut him off directly saying, "I have proof that shows my client's innocence."

"What proof?" asked the judge.

"I have here all of my client's design works from when she worked in the industry along with feedback recognized by markets including numerous international awards won over time. My client's design ability speaks for itself. She isn't on the same level as the plaintiff at all, so how could someone

outstandingly famous like her resort to plagiarism? Given her big reputation, she knows being caught plagiarizing would lead inevitably lead to her downfall. Why would she take such a risk? Logically speaking, there is no way this makes sense except for one possibility, Besse simply did not know that she may be guilty of plagiarism because of the Angel collection.”

“I object! All points made by the defence were based purely on speculation without any concrete evidence.” Retorted the prosecution, emotionally.

“So, Mr Simmons, can you provide evidence to prove that our client has indeed read the magazine that has disappeared from the market in the past 4 years? Can you prove that my client has indeed seen Phantom’s original design?”

“I... ” Wynne Simmons was somewhat speechless.

“Mr Simmons, evidence is indeed needed in court. Not only to defend my client’s innocence but even if my client were to be found guilty and sentenced, credible evidence is still needed to prove it. Otherwise, it would just be your speculation or even malicious slander!” The defendant’s lawyer had a strong momentum.

“You’re talking nonsense!”

“Quiet!” The judge banged his gavel. “This legal defence ends here. This court will make a judgment on the plagiarism case after a half-hour recess!”

Saying this, the judge and jury were ready to leave.

“Your honour!” The defence stepped forward again and shouted. “Your honour, I have evidence to prove that my client did not plagiarize Phantom’s work at all. On the contrary, Phantom plagiarized someone else’s work!”

As soon as his words fell off his tongue, there was an uproar throughout the courtroom.

What a reversal!

The plaintiff became a defendant.

But this unexpected turn of events at this moment made everyone excited.

“Quiet!”

Everyone calmed down slightly then Susan in the audience couldn’t help but become excited as well.

Finally came the climax she had been waiting for!

She couldn’t help but look towards Besse, who looked quite shocked at this point because she thought everything would end there. All points discussed with her lawyers were over with no one telling her about these follow-ups before now.

“I object!” The plaintiff’s lawyer shouted. “This trial only deals with Besse’s plagiarism case. No other irrelevant cases.”

“Your honour, this relates to whether or not my client committed plagiarism. It also concerns who exactly is the author of the original work and whether or not ‘Phantom’ has any qualifications to accuse my client of copying her work!”

“Allowed.” Nodded the judge

“May I present my witness?”

“Yes, please.”

A woman walked into the courtroom looking like she had some age on her already.

“Who are you?”

“I was the former editor-in-chief of the Conspiracy Design Society,” the woman said. “My name is Zeny Hutcherson.”

“Ms Hutcherson, have you ever seen this work before?” the defence lawyer placed the design papers of

the Angel collection in front of her.

"Yes, I have seen it," Zeny replied.

"Did you see it in this magazine?"

"No," Zeny stated plainly. "I am seeing this magazine for the first time today."

"As someone in the design industry, you haven't seen this design magazine before?"

"The Water Ripple Design Magazine was never popular back then and was rarely recognized by its peers. I didn't pay attention to their magazines, which is normal." Zeny had a certain status in Northfield's design circle and spoke with some arrogance.

"Okay." The defence was only trying to reiterate how unpopular this magazine was and continued asking, "When and where did you see this design?"

"I've seen it at a design competition 9 years ago. This work appeared there."

"Is the designer of this work in that competition her?" The defence lawyer pointed at Minerva.

"No," Zeny confirmed firmly.

The audience began to stir again as her words fell silent.

"So who is it?" The defence lawyer asked again.

"Hannah Cooper," Zeny answered calmly. "Because real names are required for participation in competitions, I know her real name is Hannah Cooper."

Susan sitting among the audience suddenly turned red-eyed with tears streaming down her face. It had been long since she heard that name from someone else last time.

"Hannah Cooper?" The prosecution lawyer deliberately elongated his tone. "Are you sure it's not Minerva Bird, who is known by 'Phantom'?"

"I'm sure it isn't," said Zeny confidently. "This competition required participants to come on-site for face-to-face designing. As a judge myself, I saw them personally. I am certain that Hannah Cooper came instead of her."

Chapter 1028 In Court (6) Hard Evidence

"You're talking nonsense!"

Zeny's words made Minerva collapse on the plaintiff's seat. She was extremely excited, pointing at Zeny and shouting, "You're talking nonsense. This is my original work. What does it have to do with Hannah Cooper?"

Zeny glanced at her.

"Quiet! Please be quiet, plaintiff!" The judge said sternly.

Minerva couldn't calm down. She couldn't let anyone know that this design wasn't her original work.

"I seriously suspect that this person was bought by Besse. What evidence does she have to prove that this work belongs to Hannah Cooper? If it belonged to Hannah, then she should come out and confront me instead of finding some random person to talk nonsense!" Minerva said again.

She had heard some news saying that Hannah had died. Although it hadn't been widely reported, someone mentioned it at a class reunion and said that Hannah had died a long time ago. Only her parents lived in the Cooper Manor now, and people who were close to their family knew about it. Since Hannah wasn't here anymore, there was no evidence against her accusation. This was also why she dared accuse Besse so confidently.

"If Hannah Cooper could be here today, I wouldn't bother Ms Hutcherson coming here. I can't say more about the specific reason."

"You're just stalling! There's nothing you can't say clearly in court! I'm accusing Besse of plagiarizing my

original work right now. If you want to accuse me of plagiarizing from Hannah too then only Hannah herself has the right!" Minerva spoke confidently.

"Miss Bird, please understand one thing, I'm not accusing you of plagiarizing from Hannah's works right now, I'm only accusing you for not having any qualifications or rights as an accuser against my client for plagiarism." The defence explained his logic clearly.

After all, if they were accusing Minerva of plagiarism from Hannah's works then they would need another case which would be unrelated to this one. Hence court could refuse such cases easily. Naturally, Minerva couldn't argue with him. She gritted her teeth and became very emotional throughout all these proceedings,

"Even without Hannah Cooper present, I can still provide evidence proving that this piece is not an original creation by Miss Bird." He turned towards Zeny again and said, "I heard you kept a video recording during the competition."

"I kept it." Zeny nodded, "Originally we agreed with TV stations for broadcasting but due to various reasons, it never happened so we've always kept hold of those tapes."

"Did you bring them?"

"Yes, I brought them."

"Thank you," the defence lawyer requested, "Your honour, please allow us to play this video recording."
"Granted."

Minerva was no longer calm. But at this moment, she could not stop anything from happening and had to watch the video.

In the video, a familiar figure appeared on the screen. As soon as Susan saw it, her eyes turned red. She couldn't bear to watch any videos of Hannah. She didn't want to see her alive and well in front of her but was unable to see her in person. So she had Manuel lock away any videos related to Hannah on her phone. She was afraid that she wouldn't be able to resist looking back at them and would break down even more after watching them.

At this moment, Hannah's appearance reappeared before her eyes once again. Hannah at that time was still very young and inexperienced. She wore a simple high school uniform among a group of exaggerated fashion designers, appearing out of place yet pure and lovely all the same. Such an image infected not only Susan but also Manuel and Theodore as well.

Theodore felt extremely guilty towards Hannah back then. If it weren't for him, everything would have been different.

Everyone's attention was focused on the screen without noticing that a man under protection by a group also appeared in the audience area, sitting quietly in a corner without causing any commotion while his gaze remained fixed on that woman on the screen.

The courtroom screen paused during the playback of the video clip with Hannah holding up one of her design sketches. She was smiling lightly all along with such beauty radiating from within herself.

"This is footage from nine years ago. It should be clear enough to prove that the designer of the Angel Series is none other than Hannah instead of Minerva."

"I disagree!" The plaintiff's lawyer spoke up saying, "Just now your witness made it clear enough already. This competition wasn't broadcast originally, then how could my client have seen or copied anything? This is even more absurd than Besse couldn't see the work of my client published in the magazine."

"Mr Simmons, you may miss something. Minerva knew Hannah very early on."

The prosecution lawyer frowned upon hearing this statement.

“Right, Miss Bird?” the defence lawyer asked Minerva.

She refused to speak.

“It doesn’t matter if you don’t admit it. I have a witness who can prove your relationship with Hannah.” the defence lawyer said, turning to the judge to request that the witness be brought forward.

“Yes, even if Hannah and I were classmates, what does that matter?! Why do you say that I plagiarized from her instead of her plagiarizing from me? Just because she published first means I copied her? Maybe I had designed it but just hadn’t published it yet!”

“Then can I say that my client Besse also designed for a long time before publishing?”

Minerva was getting frustrated.

“Besse has no connection with my client. However, my client and Hannah were classmates. My client had designed something, which Hannah saw and then used in a competition. It’s reasonable.” The plaintiff’s lawyer found a loophole.

“Is it reasonable? Let’s take a look at Hannah’s designs before and after this incident as well as Minerva’s designs before and after this. With one glance we’ll know who is copying whom.”

The defendant’s attorney took out many of Hannah’s previous design drawings as well as those made after that competition occurred. Then he took out Minerva’s previous design drawings along with those made afterwards. In terms of style, the Angel series’ design techniques were similar to those used by Hannah, while there was no correlation between them and Minerva’s work.

Not only professionals could see this difference but even ordinary people could tell at first glance.

After showing both parties’ designs, the defendant’s attorney said, “Ms Hutcherson, as an originator-level designer, standing in your professional perspective, who do you think the Angel series looks more like in terms of design?”

“I cannot deny that it looks more like Hannah’s work,” Zeny spoke frankly. “When you asked me to be a witness earlier on, I studied Phantom’s designs already. Based on her level, she wouldn’t have been able to create such top-notch works herself so if possible then she must have copied them.”

Chapter 1029 In Court (7) There’s No Plagiarism

“You’re lying, you’re just spouting nonsense!” Minerva was being trampled on by someone and she was getting agitated, causing a scene.

“Quiet! The plaintiff needs to be quiet. If you don’t follow the rules of the court, we will take action according to disrupting court order!”

Minerva held back and didn’t dare speak up again.

“Your honour, that is the defence for my client’s alleged plagiarism case.”

The judge nodded and asked, “Does the plaintiff need to defend themselves?”

Minerva wanted to speak up but couldn’t get a word out before her lawyer spoke up. “No.”

“What do you mean ‘no’?!” Minerva yelled at her lawyer.

Wynne Simmons knew better than anyone that saying more now would only make things worse. He told Minerva straightforwardly, “The facts are clear. There is no point in defending yourself anymore. I suggest listening to the court’s judgment.”

“I didn’t plagiarize!” Minerva couldn’t take it anymore. “Besse plagiarized my work.”

“The court will decide,” said the plaintiff’s lawyer again.

“I don’t accept it!” Minerva declared.

“Whether or not you accept it doesn’t matter. After this trial, if there are any objections, you can apply for a second trial. For now, though, this is where we stop.”

Minerva gritted her teeth as tears welled up in her eyes. She knew that this verdict wouldn't be what she wanted it to be. But with her attorney giving up on defending her case, she had no other choice. After confirming everything once more time, the judge announced, "Adjourned for half an hour." As soon as he finished speaking, the judge along with the jury left their seats for a discussion over the result. And immediately after they left, there was some commotion in place.

"I used to sympathize with Phantom but I never thought that she would copy someone else's work! It's unbelievable!"

"Me too! I originally thought of taking pleasure from seeing justice served since being copied as this sucks. But, look at now, what a reversal!"

"The way I see it, Besse might not have copied anything or maybe even if she did, it doesn't constitute as plagiarism since she may have completely forgotten about someone else already creating something similar."

"Speaking of Hannah Cooper, when she was still working at Celina as their designer, she created an entire series dedicated towards friendship, specifically made by one of her best friends who got married. That series was amazing and touched me deeply because I could feel their deep friendship on those beautiful wedding dresses..."

Susan heard all these conversations around here, and tears just kept streaming down non-stop from her eyes.

That wedding dress Hannah designed for her contained the most solid friendship in the world.

"Don't cry," Manuel comforted Susan by her side.

Yet she was overwhelmed by her memories of Hannah, and she couldn't stop it. Tears were thick in her eyes, through which she looked up and saw Bess's back at the defence table. It was a familiar back as if she had seen Hannah standing there.

Half an hour later, the judge and jury returned to the courtroom and everyone stood up in silence.

The judge announced, "The First Court of the Capital has made a judgment on Minerva's accusation of plagiarism against Besse."

"Firstly, It is clear that Besse suffered from amnesia 4 years ago and that Water Ripple Design Magazine closed down with only 500 copies sold during that season. Therefore, it is established that Besse could not have read any magazines by Water Ripple Design during those 4 years and therefore cannot be accused of plagiarizing Minerva; Secondly, it is a fact that the Angel series' original author is Hannah and this court will no longer accept Minerva's accusation as the original author of this design against others for plagiarism. This court pronounces its verdict and will deliver its judgment within 5 days."

The judge struck his gavel and left with his team while other people slowly started leaving too.

Manuel turned around looking towards where someone had been standing earlier but they had already left. He helped Susan out saying, "Let's go outside to wait for Besse."

Susan followed him out first before waiting at the door for Besse, along with Doyle who was also there waiting. Since the conflict that had happened that day, things had become pretty tense between Manuel and Doyle. Susan didn't quite understand why Manuel couldn't get along with Doyle when he normally never had any issues with anyone else. Could it be because she glanced at Doyle a few times or complimented him on being handsome? Was he so petty?

As Susan pondered these thoughts, a loud voice suddenly erupted from nearby as Minerva began arguing loudly with her lawyer.

"Who do you think you are not defending me anymore?! How dare you!" She shouted angrily while her lawyer tried to keep calm despite being visibly annoyed by what she said.

“Mr Simmons, lawyers like you shouldn’t even bother practising law anymore. I’ll make sure your bad habits are exposed online so everyone knows what kind of lawyer you truly are.” She continued shouting in anger.

The lawyer couldn’t take it anymore. “Have you said enough?! Who would want to represent someone as dishonest as you? You’re not even original, what right do you have to accuse others? I didn’t come to settle scores with you, and now you’re threatening me?! Do you have any shame at all?”

“Wynne, you took my legal fees and yet speak to me like this?!”

“If I had known you’re not original, I wouldn’t have represented you. It’s ridiculous!”

“Who made you the expert to judge me? Huh?”

“You know the truth,” The lawyer interrupted her. “I thought maybe if you got out of here, the reporters might not let you go. As your defence attorney, I wanted to help protect my client a little bit. But now it seems like I was overthinking things. Someone like you can handle the media just fine on your own! Goodbye.”

“You stop right there!” Minerva yelled after him.

The lawyer ignored her and left quickly.

Minerva stamped her feet in fury where she stood. Susan hurried over while Manuel did nothing to stop her. It seemed like only then did Minerva notice Susan standing outside the courtroom doors. But when she saw Susan’s face, hers visibly changed. She gritted her teeth and turned away from Susan.

“What? Don’t you remember your old classmate?” Susan began.

“What’s up?”

“Nothing much,” Susan replied casually. “Just wanted to see how pathetic your situation has become. Why are you so foolish? To disgrace yourself in public?!”

“Susan!!”

“When we were in school together back then,” Susan continued relentlessly, “I always felt that every move of yours was driven by jealousy towards Hannah, but who knew you became a thief to steal Hannah’s designs for personal gain, even extortion attempts! How does it feel now, Minerva? When karma comes knocking at your door? Does it hurt or what?”

“Susan, stop it...” Minerva couldn’t hold back anymore and wanted to lash out physically against her.

“Don’t even think about laying a finger on her.” A cold voice suddenly rang out, stopping Minerva in her tracks.

Chapter 1030 The Person Who Helped Her

Minerva put down her hand forcefully. She turned her head to look at the man walking from behind Susan and sneered, “Isn’t this Manuel, the perennial backup? I heard you finally became the main squeeze and married Susan. What’s up with you, Susan? Because Henry died, you settled for second best and chose Manuel...”

The next second, Susan slapped her hard in the face. Minerva’s face turned red and swollen.

Besse had just come out of the courtroom when she witnessed Susan’s domineering act of hitting someone. She stood nearby, without disturbing them, just watching like that.

“Susan, you hit me! How could you hit me?!” Minerva exclaimed and raised her hand to hit back.

At that moment, Manuel grabbed her directly, holding her wrist tightly so Minerva couldn’t move at all. Minerva almost cried out due to the pain in her wrist.

“Let go of me, Manuel!”

Susan gave her another slap across the face. That loud noise directly stunned Minerva, who stared at

Susan with wide eyes.

Susan said while rubbing her palm, "The first slap is because you offended me. My relationship with Manuel doesn't need your evaluation, you're not worthy!"

Minerva's eyes glared at Susan with a crimson rage. Because she was shackled by Manuel, there was no way to move at all.

"The second slap was for Hannah," Susan said. "The reason why I only slapped you instead of reporting you for plagiarism is that people like you, who are so lowly, are not worth our time and energy. As I said before, you don't deserve it!"

"Susan!"

"Manuel, let her go, so as not to dirty your hands."

"Susan"

Susan didn't even glance at Minerva and turned to walk towards Besse. She found Besse walking out of the court.

Manuel let go of Minerva when he saw Susan leave. Minerva was full of anger, but she knew very well that she couldn't beat the people here, so she had to endure the humiliation and leave.

Manuel made a phone call and coldly ordered, "Cyberbully Minerva."

She deserved what she had done to hurt others. Most importantly, Minerva had offended his wife.

There was no limit to how bad things could get on her, only worse.

Then, Manuel returned to Susan's side.

Theodore looked at the couple and felt a little envious for no apparent reason, and he thought of Little Bunny, who dumped him. But he believed that was her way to get his attention. As he noticed a familiar black car parked below the steps of the courthouse, and Manuel, Susan needed nothing from him, he left.

At that moment, Susan began a conversation with Besse outside the courthouse.

"Congratulations on being acquitted." She said to Besse.

Besse smiled slightly and said, "The lawyer told me it was your evidence about Minerva plagiarizing Hannah's work that helped a lot."

"I didn't tell you in advance, because I didn't want to burden you mentally," Susan explained. "You're not mad at me, are you?"

"Why would I be? You helped me a lot," Besse expressed her gratitude. "It's just that it seems like I went from plagiarising Minerva's work to plagiarising your friend's work instead. I don't know if you mind or not, it still offended your friend."

"I don't mind." Susan shook her head. "It just makes me feel like you and my friend are becoming more alike. Sometimes I can hardly tell the difference..."

Besse didn't know how to respond.

Susan felt like she was being too emotional again and said, "Let's go. leave here together."

"Yea." Besse nodded.

Doyle also returned by Besse's side at this time and put his arm around her waist as they walked away together.

They descended from the high steps, where Minerva was surrounded by reporters who were asking all sorts of embarrassing questions that made her cry in public even harder.

But her pathetic tears didn't become a shield for her against the reporters' bombarding. When they saw Besse appear, the reporters rushed over but countless black-suited bodyguards blocked them so they couldn't get close to Besse's group at all.

Besse naturally noticed something too, while Susan, Manuel and Doyle did as well. But she didn't ask much though perhaps she knew whose arrangement it was.

She silently walked into the waiting car parked on the side of the road. Then the luxury car carried them away.

"I'll be leaving soon with Doyle," Besse suddenly spoke up, feeling heavy-hearted when thinking about these past few days spent with Susan. She wasn't ready yet to say goodbye to her yet. And maybe there would be no next meeting.

"Are you leaving right now?"

"Yea, we have booked our flight for 1 PM today so we need time to pack our bags before heading out."

"So early? You won't even have time for lunch at home then." Susan sounded frustrated.

"We'll eat something at the airport."

"Okay then." Susan nodded.

There was no reason for her to force Besse to stay, as she had said long ago that she would leave after the trial. But still, Susan couldn't help but turn around and look at the car behind them. She knew who was in it and that he had been watching them from the car all this time. He must have seen Besse being hugged intimately by Doyle after they came out of the courtroom.

Following them all this way wasn't meant to get Besse's attention. It just happened to be on their route. As expected, at the intersection, that black car turned onto another road and left.

Susan watched as it disappeared from view, lost in thought. Besse noticed it too but she didn't say anything about it.

When they got back to the villa, Besse started packing her things while Susan stood at the door watching her busy herself. In truth, there wasn't much for Besse to pack; she didn't have many belongings with her.

Doyle had brought some luggage with him and was still packing up when they arrived back home.

"Besse," Susan began tentatively, "there are some things I know you might not want to hear but I feel like I should tell you anyway."

Besse smiled and said, "Go ahead then, I'm listening."

Somehow, she knew Susan's temperament well; Susan could hardly hold back her words, or she would be perplexed.

"The person who provided evidence of Minerva's plagiarism of Hannah's design for today's trial wasn't me. It was Oscar."

Besse already suspected as much since Susan tended not to pay attention or notice these kinds of details due to her carefree personality.

"He asked me if Hannah ever designed any pieces related to the Angel collection before, so I went looking through Hannah's storage room, where we found a precious video recording which led us straight towards Zeny."