

Reborn 1031

Chapter 1031 DNA Testing

Besse listened quietly as Susan spoke.

"Your lawyer and the medical authority who arranged your memory loss diagnosis were all arranged by Oscar, not me."

The trial was all about Oscar helping Besse under Susan's name. Besse didn't respond. Sometimes she just didn't know how to respond.

"Oscar has done a lot for you behind the scenes," Susan continued. "I even tried to convince him to come to visit you here, but he said you didn't want to see him so he refused. I don't think anything will happen between you two, so I often send him pictures of you being intimate with Doyle just to make him give up on you once and for all. But today he came to watch your trial in person, and I only noticed because he was sitting alone in a corner looking lonely."

"I think Oscar only likes me because I remind him of Hannah," Besse said. "When someone else comes along who reminds him of her, then I won't matter anymore."

"I don't know why, but I don't believe that," Susan replied. "I dislike how fickle Oscar is. If he remarries someone else, even if it's you, we'll never speak again. That's my bottom line. But even with that attitude, I still want to help Oscar fight for another chance."

Susan watched Besse closely as she spoke in an attempt to gauge her reaction. But Besse remained expressionless throughout their conversation. Her calm demeanour reminded Susan of Hannah once again.

"Do you have no feelings for Oscar?" Susan asked finally after a long pause.

Besse hesitated before answering, "Yes." Her tone was firm and resolute.

Susan looked disappointed as she retorted, "But earlier on, there was hesitation in your voice!"

"I hesitated because I wanted to find the right words without hurting anyone too much," Besse explained calmly. "If my words are too gentle or vague they might be misunderstood. Therefore it is better if everyone knows exactly where they stand from the start."

"Okay." Susan nodded silently as she saw Besse's determination. "I'll let Oscar know."

"Thank you," Besse smiled gratefully. "I'm going to check on Doyle and see how he's doing with packing."

It was obvious that she was avoiding the topic of Oscar.

"Besse," Susan called out to her.

"Yes?"

"Are we friends?" Susan asked her.

"Of course, you've helped me a lot. You're my only friend in Northfield."

"When you get married, when you marry Doyle, remember to invite me to your wedding. As long as I'm not in labour, I'll attend your wedding."

"Sure." Besse felt touched but she wasn't one for overly sentimental moments.

Susan didn't like goodbyes either; it had always been her biggest fear growing up. She rubbed her slightly sore nose and said, "I won't accompany you to the airport at this hour. I'm already feeling tired."

"Yeah, don't bother." Besse didn't want to make her feel sad.

"I'll head back now then, wishing you..." Susan's voice choked up and tears welled up in her eyes before she continued speaking softly, "All the best."

"You too." Replied Besse calmly.

As soon as Susan left the room, even though she appeared strong on the outside, just like Susan did earlier, tears were starting to form in Besse's eyes too. She wasn't any stronger than anyone else. It was just that she didn't want people to see how vulnerable or emotional she could be sometimes.

After stabilizing herself for a while longer, Besse went over to Doyle's room.

"Are you done with packing?"

"I am," replied Doyle happily while adding, "I thought this lawsuit would drag on forever so I brought way too much luggage!"

Besse also thought things went smoothly beyond expectations.

"Just checked online news during my break earlier, there isn't any more hostility towards you anymore. Many people have even apologized online. On top of 'Phantom', who accused you is now blacklisted all over social media networks. She probably won't be able to find work within design circles anymore."

Said Doyle, delighted.

Besse smiled at this piece of good news before saying, "Let's leave once everything is packed."

"Do we need to say goodbye Manuel and Susan or tell them anything?"

"Why do you ask? Don't you have disdainful feelings toward him?" retorted Besse, who found his question quite childish.

Compared to Doyle, Manuel always behaved with impressive forbearance. That he targeted Doyle surprised Besse. Perhaps Manuel behaved so due to jealousy issues over him because of Susan.

"Yes, but seeing how he helped you win this lawsuit, I don't care anymore," Doyle said airily. "Besides, he's only targeting me because I was too handsome and caught his wife's attention. Am I the kind of person who would be petty about that?!"

"Ah, you are right. You're the most handsome and magnanimous. But we don't need to say goodbye to them again. We already did it earlier and I don't want to bother them anymore. Susan came with me early this morning for the hearing and she's pregnant and needs more rest."

"Okay," Doyle nodded. "Let's go."

"Let's go."

The two of them carried their luggage out of the villa together. As they left, Besse couldn't help but glance back once. But in the end, she followed Doyle out without looking back again.

When they reached the entrance, a black car was already waiting there. Besse had prepared herself to take a taxi to the airport so as not to trouble anyone else. But at that moment, the driver respectfully opened their car door and said politely, "Mr George and Miss Besse, I'll take you both to the airport."

The two didn't refuse and got in the car.

The driver returned to his seat in front of the wheel before driving away from there.

Manuel stood by a floor-to-ceiling window watching as their car drove off into the distance. He took out his phone and called Oscar.

"Besse has left."

"Mhm," Oscar replied.

"It is easy enough for us to verify whether or not she is Hannah," Manuel continued speaking "Her DNA compared with Salem's DNA..."

"I know," Oscar interrupted him.

Manuel knew very well that anything he could think of must have already been considered by his cousin.

"I asked Doyle about it," Manuel changed topic suddenly saying, "he probably doesn't know Besse's true identity yet so if you're worried about her hating you then maybe start by talking with him first? There must be some secrets hidden between all these people."

Chapter 1032 Parting

In Manuel and Doyle's conversation, it became clear that Doyle didn't know a lot of things. If Doyle didn't know, and Besse didn't know, then who did? What happened between Hannah and Besse? He had a feeling that there was a secret hidden in between.

As long as he could figure out what happened, it wouldn't be difficult to bring back Hannah-no, to bring back Besse as Hannah. As long as Oscar was willing to do it.

On the other end of the phone line came Oscar's voice.

"No need," he said.

Manuel sighed. Anything could be verified but what he feared most was someone giving up already.

"She's happy now," Oscar continued. "I don't want to disturb her life."

"It's not about disturbing her! You're just giving her the chance to choose whether she wants to go back to being Hannah or continue being Besse..." Manuel argued.

"If she wanted to be Hannah again, she probably wouldn't have lost her memory," Oscar stated bluntly. Manuel fell silent.

"I've read many reports on amnesia and over 60% believe that aside from physiological reasons, most cases are due to psychological reasons," Oscar explained further. "Experts say that most people forget because they don't want to remember something, so under great influence of an accident they force themselves to forget their past."

"Everyone is different," Manuel said. "How can you be sure that Hannah belongs in the 60%?"

"I can't guarantee anything but I don't want to take away her happiness," Oscar replied softly. "For a long time, she always looked strained when smiling, but now she's doing well. Not just now either. I've investigated the past 4 years on how well she's been living since then. Doyle treats her well too so I don't want to disturb them both unnecessarily."

"Even if you're willing to help make this happen for 'Hannah' even if she has truly given up on you, have you thought about Salem? What about him? Salem and 'Hannah', have you decided to let them pass each other by like this? Is it fair for Salem? Or is it fair for 'Hannah'?" Manuel pressed on with his argument.

"It's unfair," Oscar said bluntly. "There are many things in this world that are unfair, and there is no way to balance them out. I will try my best to make up for what I owe Salem. As for Hannah... she will have her child again, and she will have her own happy family."

"Even so, Hannah is just a substitute for someone else. Didn't I just say that? Doyle doesn't know that Besse is Hannah, so he always thought Besse was just Besse, his childhood sweetheart. The person Doyle likes isn't Hannah but the Besse he thinks she is. What if one day Doyle finds out the truth? Will their relationship still be good?"

"I can see very clearly whether or not Doyle truly likes Hannah as a person," Oscar said confidently. "I don't have the right to doubt his feelings towards Besse because they're genuine."

So, in the end, Oscar had given up completely. He had given up and decided to help make sure that Hannah was happy.

"Besides," Oscar restrained himself and spoke calmly, "if one day their relationship were not to work out, it would not be too late for me to bring Hannah back into my life."

In other words, Oscar planned on being an eternal backup plan.

If Hannah lived well, he would silently bless her; if things didn't go well with her life, as long as she turned back around, he would bring her back into his life. Everything depended on what Hannah wanted. The highest level of love probably looked like this-love was all about restraining oneself,

blessing and waiting.

Manuel understood well that there was nothing he could do about his cousin's decision. He only felt some regret. If it weren't for Hannah's "death", she should have been reunited with Oscar again after everything they went through together, because they were in love with each other. But they ended up forgetting each other due to circumstances beyond their control.

This kind of regret would linger on forever.

Putting down his phone, Manuel walked into the room where Susan was crying inconsolably on the bed. She couldn't bear letting go of Besse at all. Manuel felt somewhat helpless since Susan had never looked so sad when she parted from him.

He went over and gently hugged her tightly in his arms.

The greatest happiness in life wasn't the moment of confession of love from two persons. But it was being able to face all kinds of joys and sorrows together.

Oscar sat in his office and put down his phone on the table heavily.

He was indeed swayed by Manuel. Whenever there was a hint of impulse, he would go crazy to restrain himself. The image of Besse smiling sweetly at Doyle would appear in his mind. He shouldn't have gone to disturb her life.

He stood up from his seat and walked towards the floor-to-ceiling window.

Outside the window, the cityscape of the Capital city was visible. His eyes moved slightly and his face lifted slightly as well. Oscar was staring at the clear sky above him, not letting the tears in his eyes fall from his eye.

Theodore opened Oscar's office door and saw Oscar standing with his head raised towards the sky outside the window. The words on his lips were swallowed back down again.

There was an unspoken understanding between the two of them-when one of them made a move, they knew what each other wanted to do or what they were doing.

Theodore silently closed the door. At this moment, it was more suitable for Oscar to be alone for a while. Time should be the best medicine but its effect on Oscar was too slow.

A black car was heading for the airport on the bustling streets of the Capital.

Along the way, Besse seemed distracted. Doyle could see that something wasn't right with her mood. "What's wrong?"

Besse shook her head. She felt so confused too, not knowing why she had so many fond memories of this city. Images of Susan flashed through her mind along with Salem's face; even Michelle and Miguel whom she had only met once before appeared vividly before her eyes along with Una, Manuel, Theodore, and even Oscar.

Everything kept replaying over and over again in her mind without any sign of stopping.

Chapter 1033 A Car Chase

"Don't think too much," Doyle said as he held Besse's hand and let her lean on his shoulder. "I know you've been through a lot here, and I've never seen you so upset before. But don't worry, it won't happen again."

Doyle thought she was just feeling down about her experiences in Northfield. Little did he know that she was struggling with something else entirely.

Besse took a deep breath and looked into his caring eyes before giving a small smile.

"Okay."

She needed to let go of many things that she felt should be left behind.

As the car drove through the busy streets, Besse tried to forget everything about this place little by little. When the car was running on the highway, Besse closed her eyes to take a nap.

Suddenly, there was a jolt that startled them. They turned around to see a black car speeding towards them. That was a black car that had been rebuilt.

The driver also realized that someone was aiming at them, so he quickly stepped on the gas pedal to avoid another collision.

Besse gripped the handle tightly as fear consumed her thoughts while Doyle held onto her even tighter. "Call Commander!" The driver yelled anxiously as he drove recklessly.

It took both of them some time to react properly but eventually, Besse grabbed her phone out of habit and dialed Susan instead of Oscar directly.

Susan answered quickly while enjoying some ice cream with Manuel beside her, who suspected that Susan was only crying for attention so she could eat ice cream without being judged.

"Hi, Besse, have you arrived at the..."

"Susan, I'm being chased..."

"What?" Susan almost got choked on the ice cream.

"I'll give you my location now, please figure out a way to save me..." Besse said in a stuttering voice, revealing her fear and nervousness.

"I'm coming to save you right away. Don't be afraid. In Northfield, nothing will happen to you! I won't let anyone harm you, Besse!" Susan said urgently.

At that moment, Manuel was already dialling his phone.

"Oscar, something happened to Besse." Manuel tried to keep his tone calm.

"She just called Susan and said they're being chased by someone. Based on their route and time frame, their car should have just entered the inner loop."

"I see." Oscar hung up the phone abruptly and turned directly towards the door.

"Theodore!"

Theodore was holding coffee while chatting leisurely with one of Oscar's female secretaries about how to pursue women and what they liked when he was suddenly startled by Oscar's voice.

He quickly put down his coffee cup.

"Yes, Commander."

On formal occasions, he would address him like this.

"Follow me!" Oscar left without another word at lightning speed.

Theodore hurriedly caught up with him as they both got into a car together.

Oscar gave orders quickly but clearly, "Besse and Doyle are being chased on the inner loop right now, make sure all traffic departments monitor their location, deploy all police forces ahead of them. Under no circumstances should anyone else be harmed while ensuring Besse and Doyle are rescued safely. Also, deploy air rescue teams at any time."

"Yes sir." Theodore didn't even have time to ask what had happened yet since rescuing people was critical at this point.

He immediately made arrangements according to Oscar's instructions over the phone.

Their car also sped up towards its destination.

In the meantime, Besse and Doyle were nervously watching as the car behind them approached closer.

Their driver drove as fast as possible. Luckily, he had excellent driving skills, so despite the one in the car following them had several attempts of a collision from behind, they were not hit.

Two cars raced madly through the streets.

Suddenly Besse saw a helicopter in the sky above them. They could feel that there seemed fewer cars around them too.

The cars surrounding them seemed like they heard an order; the cars all pulled over aside. From afar it looked like police vehicles were deployed too. It must be their rescuers coming for them.

Besse told herself calmly inside her mind, "There shouldn't be any trouble in Oscar's territory."

Suddenly, a sudden and intense gunshot rang out on the street. The tires of their car were instantly punctured. With a sudden and wild jolting, their car flipped over on the road due to imbalance. It flew far away due to the high speed.

Besse and Doyle were violently hit inside the car. Doyle did his best to press Besse under him, desperately protecting her in his arms to minimize her injuries. The sedan slid far away and finally came to a stop after colliding with the roadside guardrail.

Besse felt dizzy and disoriented, aching all over. Blood was streaming down her face. She almost fell into a blackout. At that moment, several figures suddenly appeared in front of them, wearing black face masks and carrying heavy weapons. Their thick Martin boots made them look ruthless.

They didn't even stop for a second. Then they were forcefully trying to open the locked car door, intending to drag them out.

She could only watch their madness and ferocity, unable to do anything to help themselves. At the same time, she seemed to hear the sound of the helicopter and the alarms from far away.

The people who were coming to rescue were getting closer.

Those guys were moving faster than before. A man wearing a helmet broke the car windows with a weapon in his hand. The shattered glass flew everywhere.

Then they were trying to drag them out rudely through the window.

Doyle had been unconscious. But he still maintained the position to protect Besse under him. The man spent quite a while pulling him out of the car. Just as they were about to continue dragging Besse out, the police officers were approaching. So the three men made a quick decision to withdraw. So, they got Doyle and drove off.

Chapter 1034 Explosion

Besse watched helplessly as Doyle was taken away. She wanted to cry out for help, but she was struck dumb and couldn't say a word. Her eyes had turned red.

The next moment, in her blurry vision, she saw Oscar and Theodore appear. Oscar's tension was visible to the naked eye. Even, it seemed to be accompanied by some fear.

Besse looked at this familiar yet unfamiliar scene...

At that moment, she heard Oscar's voice, calm yet still trembling, saying, "Don't be afraid, I'll get you out of here. Don't be afraid!"

She had been numb at this point. But she saw Oscar's trembling hands, while he was trying to pull open the car door. But the door was locked. After a few tries, Oscar stopped, but he got himself in through the broken car window to pull Besse out of the car.

Besse was now stuck in the deformed car. Oscar dared not to drag her vigorously, afraid of hurting her.

Theodore suddenly exclaimed in a hurried and urgent tone, "There's a leak!"

As he looked at the street, a puddle of oil spilt out from the car.

The car was leaking oil, and on top of that, the body temperature was already too high due to the recent friction caused by a tire blowout. This could easily lead to spontaneous combustion.

He reminded Oscar in no time, "Hurry up!"

Oscar gritted his teeth and stuck half of his body into the car while being scratched by shards of glass on the edge of the car window. Despite the pain, Besse took all his attention.

Besse flickered her eyes. She looked at Oscar, whose body leaned very close to her. She could feel he was right there; she could feel all of his nervousness. Even breathing felt tense.

Oscar was trying hard to keep himself calm. He released the safety airbag on her and examine her body to see what was blocking her.

Then, he found Besse's legs were stuck entirely.

Oscar exerted all his strength to push open the car seat. The car was severely deformed and the seats were crushed, making it difficult to push open. Oscar's veins were bulging and his face was turning red from exertion.

"Oscar, hurry up!" Theodore urged beside him, "Hurry up!"

It was getting dangerous. There was an unusual level of heat. Just at the moment when Theodore was worried, it ignited.

"Oscar, the gasoline is kindled!" Theodore sounded more nervous.

Oscar's eyes didn't even flicker while using all his strength to help Besse escape.

Theodore couldn't wait any longer, since the car had all been kindled, and he went forward to pull Besse, "Drag her out, quickly!"

"She's stuck in the legs!" Oscar said fiercely.

"Ah, here goes nothing, hurry up!" Theodore pulled Besse's body and wanted to drag her out in the rudest way possible.

If she was still stuck in there, Oscar would die too if the car exploded.

Theodore spared no effort to pull her out, thinking that it would be luckier to survive than lose legs. The sudden sharp pull made Besse feel pain and she frowned to endure. But she remained silent. Oscar noticed Theodore's sudden move too. That would only worsen Besse's injuries, but the urgency of the situation left no room for a more thorough rescue.

He made a quick decision and said, "Theodore."

Oscar took a deep breath.

Theodore quickly responded while breathing heavily.

"I'll count to three, and then you pull Besse out with all your strength."

Theodore nodded.

Oscar's body was already in the car. The surroundings had been on fire. And the fire had flared into life. Besse noticed that.

Oscar, however, seemed to not see the fire and paid all his attention to Besse. He reached into the compressed area of Besse's legs.

Oscar counted, "One, two, three!"

He exerted all his strength and lifted the compressed car seat slightly. There were slight gaps between the car seats, and Theodore suddenly pulled Besse.

Oscar had been holding up the compressed car seat all along. If he exerted a little less force, Besse would get stuck again. Theodore finally managed to drag Besse off the car.

In no time, Oscar loudly ordered, "Take her away, now!"

"What about you?!" Theodore asked nervously.

"I'll be right behind you."

Theodore was hesitant.

"Hurry up!" Oscar's voice was loud and urgent.

Gritting his teeth, Theodore held Besse and quickly moved away to the side. He would come back to find Oscar as he put down Besse.

Just as he had carried Besse out a few steps, he heard a sound of an explosion.

It was loud.

Besse was startled, staring in the direction of the car, where Oscar was still there.

Theodore was scared too. He walked faster.

After placing Besse on the far side of the road, he turned around to head towards Oscar's direction.

When he was dragging Besse out of the car, he saw Oscar's arms were stuck under the seat. For Besse, Oscar was willing to give up his own life.

Theodore ran towards the car with big strides.

Just as he approached, another explosion sound was heard. The explosion directly caused the fire in the sedan to become even bigger.

They couldn't see Oscar at that moment, who had been swallowed by the flame.

Theodore rushed in.

Besse tightly bites her lip while trembling with fear. The surroundings were so familiar to her.

She didn't know why Oscar and Theodore had appeared right here or where the rest of the people had gone. It should have been more people, but now only the two of them were left.

If Theodore failed to save Oscar...

Tears welled up in her eyes. She couldn't even imagine a worse outcome.

"Boom!"

Suddenly, there was a loud noise, violent and fierce, which was completely different from the slight explosion sounds just now.

Besse was already far away, but at that moment she felt the explosive shock wave carrying a wave of heat, shaking her body painfully.

And at that moment, she saw two men getting out of the car and being pulled a few meters away from the car. They were lying there, immobile.

Chapter 1035 You've Never Made Me Feel Safe.

The sound of an explosion echoed in the air.

Besse looked at the two lies a few yards away from her on the ground.

She didn't move, but instead, she was frozen in place like a puppet, watching them.

Suddenly, one of them seemed to move a bit. He twisted his body slightly. It was pain that made him quickly come to a stop. Without staying still for a few seconds, he sat up from the ground.

"Oscar!" he called out to the person behind him.

When the car exploded, Oscar pushed him away. Theodore just watched him lying motionless on the ground like that. Oscar's back was too horrible to look at. Scorched flesh was all over him. His face was covered in blood, barely recognizable.

"Oscar!" Theodore called out nervously again.

He couldn't die!

After going through everything, he couldn't die like this.

Besse heard Theodore's urgent voice, from which she could even feel his fear.

She tightly bites her lip, looking at Oscar without making any sound.

"Oscar, Oscar wake up!" Theodore's frightened voice echoed once again.

There was no response received from Oscar.

Theodore quickly grabbed his arm and tried to help him up, then rushed him to the hospital. "Theodore," Oscar suddenly spoke up in a very low voice. But it was not as weak as he imagined. It seemed that after a long break and adjustment, he finally spoke. He didn't reveal his true physical state.

He said, "Don't touch me, I'm fine."

"You're covered in blood, don't tell me you're fine!"

"I'm not dead."

"I'll take you to the hospital!" Theodore said as he helped Oscar up.

"I'll get up myself." Oscar opened his eyes.

As he opened his eyes, blood streamed down his face from his forehead. His eyes filled with blood.

"Forget about your dignity!" Theodore was a little speechless.

Oscar was more seriously injured than him. Not only being impacted by the explosion just now but Oscar had also been hit by another blast earlier before he was stuck in the car and had even been burned and gotten choked by the thick smoke.

Theodore could see how bad his physical condition was at the moment. Oscar, however, couldn't sense Theodore's emotions at all. Slowly, he stood up from the ground.

As he rose to his feet, there was more blood oozing out from the severely wounded flesh on his back. He seemed not to feel the pain at all. His tall and towering figure looked as if it could never be knocked down.

His eyes flickered slightly. Oscar watched Besse shivering in front of him. She was sitting on the ground, hugging herself, with traces of scratches from the car accident on her body. Her face was pale and even her lips had no trace of color.

She saw him stand up and walk over to her. Besse looked up at his face. Though there were blood stains all over him and his clothes were ragged, he looked intense.

He crouched down and said, "It's okay, I'll take you to the hospital."

Then he reached out his bloody hand, intending to pick her up from the floor.

"Doyle..." Besse spoke up.

The first thing she said when she opened her mouth was to call out another man's name.

Oscar pursed his lips, which was just a slight expression.

"We've already sent people to rescue him. Don't worry, he'll be fine." Said he.

When Oscar and Theodore arrived, the unconscious Doyle was dragged into that car. He was well aware that Besse would be more concerned about Doyle's safety, so he mobilized all manpower to chase the car and rescue Doyle. Only he and Theodore stayed behind to save Besse.

"I don't believe you," Besse said coldly. "You can't save anyone and you've never made me feel safe."

Oscar remained silent, still stung by Besse's words.

Besse tried hard to stand up from the ground by herself.

Due to severe pain in one of her legs, she almost lost her balance and fell. Oscar quickly supported her, who instinctively grabbed his arm tightly.

Her hands were stained with his blood. And she loosed her grip the next second as if she had touched something dirty. Oscar saw all her rejection directed at him, every single bit of it. He watched as Besse steadied herself and silently let go of his hands.

Then he pulled out his phone, fingers stained with blood and grime. Thankfully, the phone still worked. He dialed a number.

"What's the situation?"

Oscar's voice was cold and firm, not indicating his weakened state.

"Commander, we have surrounded them and are preparing to rescue them. Any updates will be reported to you immediately."

"Use caution and don't make any rash moves with hostages involved. I'll be there soon."

"Roger that."

Oscar hung up the phone and turned to Theodore. "Go to the scene now."

"But your condition..." Theodore hesitated.

When their eyes met, Theodore relented.

"Do you want to come too?" Oscar asked Besse.

Besse nodded without hesitation; it was already a foregone conclusion that she would go along with whatever happened next.

"Theodore, carry her into the car."

"Thanks for your help, Mr Wold," Besse said quietly as she realized that her leg injury made walking impossible without assistance from someone else.

Though confused, Theodore bent down quickly and lifted her into his arms, while Oscar opened the passenger door on his side before getting in himself.

Besse saw Oscar's nasty wounds on his back from behind, but she said nothing.

Chapter 1036 Rescue Doyle

The modified black car had arrived at the blocked road section. It was surrounded with no way out. However, no one dared to approach. The standoff between both sides continued until Oscar's arrival. Oscar and Theodore got off the car first, leaving Besse temporarily in the car.

Besse watched their backs. Both of them were injured. Theodore looked much better, at least his back didn't look as bloody and messy as Oscar's.

When Oscar got off the car, he asked Theodore to take off his coat and give it to him. So he hid the ghastly wounds on him. He walked forwards steadily. People didn't know the bloody body under his guise.

But still, the blood stains on his face and clothes surprised everyone there, yet no one dared to ask a question, and everyone behaved with the utmost respect.

"What's the situation now?!" Oscar walked up to a police officer in charge of the on-site command, Vincent Ramos, and asked coldly.

"The preliminary result is that they're mercenaries." Vincent reported, "Now they want a helicopter, or they'll kill the hostage."

"How're the hostages now?"

"I don't know," Vincent shook his head and continued, "We haven't seen any hostages yet, and the only person we've negotiated with is only one of them."

Oscar nodded. He knew they had been waiting for his order to move while buying themselves more time.

He took the megaphone from Vincent's hand.

Vincent closed his mouth again just as the words were about to come out. He wanted to ask how Commander's body was. However, from Oscar's appearance, it seemed that he didn't care much about his own body. It was pointless for him to ask now.

"Oscar Wells here, Commander in Chief of Northfield. I've just heard about your request, and we'll give you a helicopter, but only if the hostage is safe. I need to see him!"

The black sedan in front seemed to be making some noise.

Sitting in the car, Besse could hear Oscar's words. And she got nervous at that moment. Doyle had been unconscious since the car accident and she didn't know his current condition. She was so worried. After a few minutes, the door of that black car opened. Two men wearing black hoods got out of the car, carrying heavy weapons.

And later, another man shackling Doyle got out of the car too.

Doyle was covered in blood, obviously wounded badly. But fortunately, he was still alive. He was relatively calm. Even when being held at gunpoint, there was not too much panic in him.

"Give me a helicopter!" the man negotiated.

"Okay." Oscar glanced at Doyle and readily agreed.

As he spoke, a helicopter was directed and came to a stop.

"Here is the helicopter you want. I can guarantee you safe until you left Northfield, but you need to release him first." Said Oscar.

"If I let him go, we'll be shot in a blink, you have so many people here." The mercenaries had delicate powers of detection.

"As Commander of Northfield, I won't lie to you. As long as you give him back to me, I guarantee you can leave this country safe."

They did not immediately agree.

Oscar continued, "Within the boundaries of Northfield if you don't follow my arrangements, you will not be able to leave here!"

"If we can't leave here, we'll die with him!"

"If I leave him to you, he will die. If that were the case, I would fail to save the hostage and let you go, that's not fair. I won't do that business!" Oscar said plainly.

The mercenary glared fiercely at Oscar.

"Once again, I'll say it. If you release the hostages, I guarantee your safe departure from Northfield!"

Oscar gave a positive response once more.

The mercenaries exchanged glances, seemingly discussing whether or not to follow Oscar's orders. At this moment, they faced a dilemma-if they took the hostage and broke out of there, Oscar would not let them go; if they gave them back the hostage, they could be bombed when they aboard the helicopter. At this crucial moment, one of the mercenaries received a sudden call.

Oscar watched them closely and felt a bit nervous because of the phone call. This phone call must be made by their employer. He was afraid that the one behind them would give the order to kill the hostage no matter what happened.

Oscar scrutinized the mercenaries while thinking about how he could safely rescue Doyle from their hands as soon as possible.

In such a stalemate, the mercenary finally put down his phone.

He said, "Someone is coming to negotiate with you. I WANT ASSURANCES, LET HIM IN!"

Oscar was caught off guard. But At present, even if the other side had a huge conspiracy and trickery, they could only agree.

"Okay."

"He'll be here with the chopper. If you take action against him, we'll kill him immediately." The mercenary said and glanced at Doyle.

"Don't worry! As long as you don't harm the hostage, we will not use force."

The mercenary made a call back to his boss.

After half an hour, the helicopter was hovering in the sky. Everyone on the scene watched warily as it descended and landed.

A man in a suit wearing a pair of sunglasses got off the chopper, There were also two guys following behind him. He walked over in an imposing manner, arrived at Doyle's side, and stopped his steps. Then he took off his sunglasses and glanced at Doyle, a wicked and even slightly crazy smile spreading across his lips. Oscar stared tightly at the stranger in front of him. He was sure that he didn't know this man. However, judging from Doyle's appearance, he should be an acquaintance.

Oscar furrowed his brow. It seemed that Doyle was kidnapped just because of personal grudges. Oscar remained calm and composed. He did not speak up or initiate the conversation.

The man glanced at Doyle and said to Oscar, "I never expected that simply kidnapping a foreigner in Northfield's territory would prompt the Commander of Northfield to launch a rescue mission. The scale of this operation has caught me off guard!"

Oscar appeared calm and composed. "If anything happens within my territory, I am responsible. If you have any needs, I can fulfil them."

The man chuckled, his bloodthirsty grin turning cold as he said, "I have only one demand, I want to see Besse!"

Chapter 1037 Entanglement

Oscar's eyes narrowed.

What was this man's relationship with Besse?

Before Oscar spoke a word, Doyle shouted, "That's never gonna happen! Even if I die here, I won't let you see her!"

"Huh!" The man sneered, "I didn't expect you to still be so infatuated with Besse after all these years!"

"Skye, that's enough!" Doyle called out his name loudly. "Why involve other people in our grudges? Come at me directly!"

"How can I be satisfied just coming at you?! If I don't let you experience the feeling of losing your most beloved, then what was the point of enduring and suppressing my grievances all these years?!"

Doyle glared at him fiercely with bloodshot eyes.

Skye looked at Oscar and said, "You have Besse come talk to me, or I won't negotiate with anyone else!"

Oscar clenched his fists. He made an excuse, "Besse just had a car accident and has been sent to the hospital in a coma!"

"It's okay," Skye said indifferently, "even if she's unconscious, it doesn't matter as long as I can see Besse. I'll give you twenty minutes to bring her from the hospital!"

"Don't listen to him!" Doyle shouted. "We cannot let Besse appear in this place! He's a madman, even if he sees her, he won't spare me, he will only make his conspiracy succeed... Ah!"

Doyle let out an uncontrollable scream. He got kicked in the stomach. Doyle was already seriously injured due to a car accident. That kick almost made Doyle pass out from the pain. He was vomiting blood. Skye laughed coldly and cruelly.

"Shut his mouth!"

One of his men stuck Doyle's mouth with a plastic bag. Doyle stared fiercely at Skye, with the remnants of despair in his eyes.

Oscar also kept a close eye on them, observing and not daring to make any rash moves at the moment.

The man named Skye was radical.

Skye began again, "I want to see Besse!"

“Okay,” Oscar agreed.

Doyle looked at Oscar, incredulous, not believing him. His eyes turned bloodshot with excitement while he couldn't speak.

Oscar noticed Doyle's reaction and he stared at Skye again, saying, “But, I want to know the things that happened between you, what's your relationship with Doyle and Besse? And why did you kidnap them?”

Skye asked in a cold tone, “Are you stalling for time?!”

“Since you are familiar with Doyle, you should be well aware of his true identity. As the prince of Jolencami, if anything happens to him within the territory of Northfield, I won't be able to explain it to the king of Jolencami!” Oscar explained clearly.

Skye laughed and accepted Oscar's words. “That's true! At this point, there's no harm in telling you about the grievances between me and them.”

Oscar kept a vigilant eye on him.

“Doyle, and his childhood sweetheart and fiancée Besse, had a deep and loving relationship. As an ordinary merchant in Jolencami, I had no connection with them. Like other citizens of Jolencami, I gave them my blessings when they announced their wedding date. However, a car accident changed everything for me. It changed my admiration and awe for the royal family. I hate power now, I hate Doyle!”

Car accident?!

Was it the one where Besse had a serious car accident five years ago?

Skye seemed to calm down his excitement and spoke again, “Five years ago, there was a car accident involving my girlfriend. We were even planning to get married! The accident not only caused serious injuries to Besse but also to my girlfriend. However, Besse received the best treatment while my girlfriend was rejected by all hospitals!”

“Ugh...” Doyle was resisting frantically, seeming unwilling to hear Skye continue speaking.

Skye's eyes were red, probably remembering what happened back then.

“Doyle used his power to retaliate against my girlfriend and forbid all hospitals from treating her. I used all my connections, but no one dared to go against the royal family. With no other options left, I went to the hospital and begged Doyle to spare my girlfriend. I offered myself as a substitute for her punishment and even knelt to him, but he...”

As he said, the lingering resentment on Skye's face became increasingly apparent.

“But he kicked me and said he would never let my girlfriend survive!” Skye's voice was extremely cold. If he could, he would kill Doyle right there right now.

Oscar couldn't help but glance at Doyle, whose face was flushed with great anger.

“My girlfriend died.” Skye continued, trying hard to suppress the fury flaring up inside, but he was still agitated. “Because she did not get treated in time. She's gone. Doyle killed her! Do you know why I went on living for these years? I should take my revenge on him! He should pay for what he deserved!”

“Uh, uh...” Doyle struggled frantically in excitement.

Being tightly shackled by the mercenary, he couldn't move at all, while his body was already soaked in blood.

“I planned to play with Doyle a little more,” Skye gave an eerie laugh. “I had Minerva enlarge the Besse plagiarism case secretly, and I supported her behind the scenes. Who knew she would be so useless and also plagiarize herself? It's a waste of my time! I have to say that Doyle has always been lucky since he was young. Not only does he come from a good background but also his fiancée who was declared as a

vegetable woke up miraculously. I wanted to suppress your brand and tarnish your image but didn't expect you to easily resolve it!"

Skye glared at Doyle. "You forced me. I can only choose this way!"

Doyle glared back at him with bloodshot eyes.

Skye seemed quite satisfied with Doyle's performance. He laughed wildly for a while before stabilizing his emotions and saying directly to Oscar, "I'll give you 20 minutes. Otherwise, we will die together if I don't see Besse!"

Oscar took a look at Doyle, who met his gaze as he tried to stop him all along.

"What are you hesitating about?" Skye said. "Isn't it obvious whose life is more important between Doyle and Besse?!"

Chapter 1038 Threat

"Doyle is the prince of Jolencami, while Besse is an adopted daughter of Queen Carol. Doyle's life is more important to Jolencami. For the friendship of both countries, you should choose Doyle's life." Skye says coldly, "Don't worry, just bring Besse here. I won't kill Doyle. I was just giving him a taste of what I've been going through all these years! Doyle has to experience the loss of a loved one and face her death!"

Skye made it clear-he wanted Besse's life to be revenged on Doyle. Oscar would not risk Besse's life. But, Skye would kill Doyle if he didn't see Besse. At this point, Skye would have given up surviving. However, Oscar was clear that if he failed to save Doyle, Besse would hate him forever.

With all these in mind, Oscar looked stern, and he was currently trying hard to keep himself calm. He'd already got a sniper in place, who could shoot them down from a distance. But there was no information coming back from the sniper saying that they got prepared yet. A sniper needed time to ensure that there was no room for error when taking a shot at someone.

20 minutes might not be enough.

Oscar spoke up, "Okay, I'll try to bring Besse here, but I can't guarantee that she will come back for Doyle."

Skye snorted and replied, "If she refused, I'll kill Doyle here."

Oscar stared at him tightly.

"And as the Commander of Northfield, isn't it easy for you to bring someone here?" Skye didn't listen to any excuses from Oscar at all.

Oscar's eyes flickered and he whispered a few words to Theodore, who later nodded and left.

Doyle thought Oscar was going to ask Theodore to bring Besse over, and at that moment he was struggling harder.

Theodore walked towards the black sedan behind them, opened the door and got in.

Besse looked at him.

"The kidnapers must see you." Said Theodore.

"I heard it," Besse said, "I'll go."

"Oscar told me he'll stall for some time. Stay right here. We've arranged snipers, when the time is right, they'll shoot them down, so we can save Doyle. Oscar let me tell you not to worry. Just believe in him."

Besse sneered. She looked at Theodore and said, "Do you trust him 100%?!"

"He can't." Besse said bluntly, "He's not that strong."

"But he will do his best."

"Is it still useful to try your best when someone has died?"

Theodore frowned, "Besse, you should know that we can completely ignore you and Doyle now. Even if Doyle is the prince of Jolencami, what does it matter? Even if he gets into trouble within Northfield's borders, at most we will only suffer some attacks on humanism. It won't have any impact on us! Don't you think your attitude is a bit too much? Just because Oscar likes you, you act like you're invincible?"

"So, you don't have to save Doyle," Besse said. "I'll go and switch him myself!"

As she spoke, Besse intended to open the car door.

Theodore suddenly grabbed Besse to stop her.

"If Oscar hasn't asked me to watch you, I wouldn't have stooped you to throw away your life!" he said in a huff.

That was what Oscar told him earlier. Oscar had expected that Besse would choose to exchange herself for Doyle.

Now, Theodore wanted to give up and hand Besse over. At least, they saved the prince of Jolencami. However, he had to obey Oscar's orders. He started to imagine what Oscar would become if another woman he loved died in front of him again, although Oscar had not succeeded to take her hand.

In this lifetime, Oscar had never had an easy time in matters of the heart.

Being restrained by him, Besse turned livid. She suddenly understood something and yelled at Theodore, "So you're not here to discuss with me, you're here to control me!"

Oscar's current objective was to prevent her from rescuing Doyle. So if Oscar failed to save Doyle, wouldn't he let her show her face?

Oscar's selfishness had never changed.

"I don't care what you think, but I can't let you go until I receive Oscar's new orders!"

"Theodore!"

"It's no use calling me, I only listen to Oscar!"

Besse certainly knew Theodore's loyalty to Oscar. Her eyes were red and she looked at Theodore fiercely.

Oscar was still confronting Skye. Skye glanced at the time and said, "Commander, there are still 5 minutes left."

"Yes," Oscar said coldly.

"Anyway, I'll kill Doyle if she didn't show up in 5 minutes."

Oscar tightened his lips. There was still no response from the snipers.

Oscar turned around and suddenly left. Skye looked at him. Doyle also kept a close eye on Oscar. He hoped Oscar would not bring Besse to the scene.

Oscar's sudden departure surprised both of them. He left without saying a word, and no one knew what he was planning to do.

But Skye didn't sway at all. After all, Doyle's life was in his hands.

Oscar returned to the car. The atmosphere inside the car was tense and oppressive. It was obvious that Besse and Theodore were not getting along well. And now, Besse's hands were shackled by Theodore and they got red. Besse must have resisted quite fiercely, otherwise, Theodore wouldn't have used so much force.

"Theodore, get off," Oscar ordered.

Theodore glanced at Besse and released her wrists. Due to Besse's resistance, he had to use force. But he hadn't explained it to Oscar. He thought Oscar had noticed that. Then, Theodore got off the car with a huff.

Oscar sat in the car. Besse looked coldly at him. His gaze fell on her wrists, which were swollen. He asked, "Does it hurt?"

Chapter 1039 Besse's Love for Doyle

"I want to see Doyle!"

She ignored his concern.

Oscar nodded, "I came to discuss this matter with you."

"No need to negotiate, I'm going to see Doyle!"

"Okay," Oscar agreed readily.

He knew that she would go to save Doyle. She could not stand by, even if it meant she would sacrifice her life.

But he couldn't let this woman die again. Therefore, it was necessary to discuss with her and come up with the best solution.

"Skye insisted on seeing you, and he aimed to kill you to take his revenge on Doyle. So if you go out there, you will die. But if you don't..."

"Doyle will die!" Besse interrupted him.

Oscar nodded.

He crouched down and pulled out a bulletproof vest from under the seat of the car.

Besse was a little surprised, while she seemed to have a sense of relief.

I was not surprised to find these things in Oscar's car.

"Put it on," said he.

Besse looked at him, finding his agreement unexpected. She thought he would have shackled her here in the car and gone to save Doyle in his way. She didn't doubt that Oscar would do his best, but she didn't think he would succeed in the end.

Besse didn't say anything. As she was about to put on the bulletproof vest, Oscar reminded her, "Wear it inside."

Besse met his firm gaze. She did not hesitate more and took off her jacket and the t-shirt underneath in front of Oscar.

Oscar did not turn away but stared at her body. He saw the bruises and wounds on her.

Suddenly, he reached out to help her.

Besse looked at him with obvious aversion.

"I'll help you adjust the size," Oscar explained.

Besse pursed her lips and nodded in agreement.

After helping her fasten the bulletproof vest, Oscar got his hands off her. While he was staring at her skin exposed in the air, there wasn't any lustful emotion in his gaze.

Besse quickly put on her T-shirt, then put on the coat and buttoned it up.

Oscar had also taken out another bulletproof vest. He took off Theodore's coat and then removed the white shirt inside which had been soaked with his blood.

He faced Besse. She could see those wounds on his chest. Though she couldn't see his back, she knew there were ghastlier wounds and scorched flesh on his back.

However, he was able to put on the heavy bulletproof vest without changing his expression.

Besse didn't know why Oscar was wearing a bulletproof vest too. But she thought the protection was useful anyway.

Then, Oscar put back on his tattered shirt and Theodore's suit jacket.

Despite the bloodstains on his face, at that moment, Besse felt that was full of fighting power. She averted her eyes, stopping herself to scrutinize and speculate about him.

Oscar opened the car door and asked, "Do you need me to help you or should I ask Theodore?" He knew she had a rejection towards him.

"I'll go by myself."

Oscar nodded.

No matter when she always excluded him, distrusted him and didn't rely on him.

Oscar got off the car first.

Besse got off the car while enduring the pain in her leg. She only had a broken leg due to compression, and the injuries on other parts of her body were not serious. During the car accident, she was protected in Doyle's arms.

Oscar stood next to her, keeping a distance, not too far away from her.

"We should buy ourselves more time as much as possible. Once the snipers get prepared, we start to swap you for him. And that's the best timing for shooting them down. But if we missed it, one between you and Doyle would die."

Besse nodded. She would listen to Oscar's arrangements since the only one who could save her and Doyle was him.

There was not much communication between the two of them while they were walking to the scene. And then, they appeared in front of Doyle and Skye.

Skye's sinister smile became even more apparent when she saw Besse. He didn't see any vehicles approaching. Thus, he realized that Besse had always been there.

Since she loved Doyle so much, Skye felt much more excited about his revenge on Doyle right now. He laughed wildly.

Doyle widened his eyes as he saw Besse appear. He kept giving Besse a look, asking her to leave. Besse's gaze naturally fell upon Doyle at the first moment. She had no impression of Skye at all because she should have been in a coma after the car accident years ago. After she woke up later, it was said that the person who collided with her had already died despite rescue efforts. Never had she imagined that Doyle would resort to such cruel means for revenge. Although she was somewhat repulsed by what he did, she couldn't blame him. Moreover, the car accident was indeed the other party's fault.

Besse suppressed her emotions and spoke up, "Doyle, calm down."

Though he couldn't speak a word, Besse could feel his nervousness.

"I know how you feel, but you need to understand me, I can't watch you die!" Besse said firmly.

Tears welled up in Doyle's eyes.

"Four years ago, when I opened my eyes and faced everything unfamiliar, it was you who made me feel warm, less scared, and quickly adapt to all aspects of life. If you were to die, I won't lead an easy life."

Doyle's vision was blurred by tears. He wouldn't allow Besse to die for him.

"What a lovely pair of young lovers!" Skye sneered beside them, "Isn't that right, Commander?"

Oscar responded with a deep voice, "Hmm."

Besse loved Doyle, a lot.

"Let him speak!" Skye said to his men. "Let them make a death wish."

Doyle finally had the duct tape ripped off.

"Besse! It's my fault, I don't need you to pay for me!" Doyle spoke up, "A life for a life, it's fair! I don't need you to suffer the consequences for me!"

"But you did that because of me."

"It has nothing to do with you! I'm twisted inside, I'm cold-blooded. You got to go! Leave here! I would rather die with Skye..."

Chapter 1040 Swap

"Doyle, calm down a bit!" Besse's voice was a little loud. She could feel that Doyle almost forgot to keep his wits about him now. Doyle's eyes were red and he stared tightly at her.

Because of her words, he was trying to calm himself down.

"Doyle, I know all your thoughts, and I'm willing to trade places with you just because you're worth it!"

"I'm not worth it! It's something I did, you shouldn't pay for me!" Doyle exclaimed loudly.

He could accept any results now, except for Besse dying for him.

"Listen to me," Besse stopped him. There were many things she couldn't say too clearly, but she believed that Doyle could understand the hidden meaning behind her words if he calmed down to listen.

"As the prince of Jolencami, if something happens to you in Northfield, it will affect the friendly relations between the two countries and harm Northfield as well."

"I can't care about so many things!" Doyle said fiercely. "The only person I care about is you."

"Me too! If you die, do you think I will survive?!"

Tears filled Doyle's eyes.

Now, as long as they could keep Besse alive, he could do whatever Skye wanted.

"Doyle, if you die, I'll die with you."

"I can't live without you!" as he said, tears streamed down his face.

"What a lovey-dovey young couple! Performing a touching scene of life and death separation, huh?"

Skye suddenly said in a sarcastic tone.

Besse turned to him, who met her eyes.

"Will you keep your word?" asked Besse.

"Like what?"

"As long as I come over, you release Doyle."

"Sure," Skye said frankly, "I've said that I just wanted him to experience what I went through, to feel like life is worse than death. I never thought about killing him. You know, sometimes being alive can be a hundred times more painful than death. Just like how I'm living now, every day live like a zombie!

Seeking revenge on Doyle is the only belief that keeps me going!"

"Okay, I'll swap Doyle."

"No way!" exclaimed Doyle with great excitement.

"Doyle, calm down."

"No!"

"Between us, one of us is destined to die, either you or me. And if you die, I won't live either. I know that even if I die, you won't survive. But!" Besse was agitated and her voice grew louder. "Put aside our life and death, it had nothing to do with the Commander of Northfield. We cannot involve Northfield in our grudges. If you die within the boundaries of Northfield, how can Oscar explain it to your family? We cannot be so selfish!"

Doyle was scolded by Besse to the point where he couldn't speak.

"I didn't expect Besse to be such a righteous woman," Skye exclaimed, with a hint of sarcasm in his tone.

"Doyle, as a prince, you are not even as good as a woman!"

"Skye, that's enough. Enough!" Doyle broke down completely.

"Doyle!" Besse called out loudly to him, "If you don't want me to hate you, do as I say."

Doyle suppressed his inner emotions and endured immense pain in silence.

Besse said to Skye, "Release Doyle and I'll come over."

Skye nodded while laughing evilly. He said, "Okay, but if you dare play tricks, my people will shoot him down in no time."

"I don't need your reminder!" Besse gritted her teeth.

"Prince Doyle, the same to you. If you try anything stupid, you'll die, Bess will die too."

Doyle glared at him with anger in his eyes.

"I'll count to three," Skye said, "then I'll let go of Doyle and Besse can come straight over."

Besse agreed readily.

"Wait a minute," Oscar suddenly called out to them.

"Mr Commander, do you have any further orders?" Skye appeared alert.

"I want to have a few words with Besse."

"If you're up to..."

"Don't worry, Doyle's life is more important to me. I just want to make sure that Doyle is safe and sound."

"So you're afraid that Besse will suddenly change her mind? Are you gonna help her prepare for anything?"

Oscar walked up to Besse's side. She knew Oscar was stalling for time, for the snipers.

Oscar stood in front of her with his back to Skye, intentionally blocking Skye's line of sight.

"They've got ready. When you passed Doyle, they'll hit them, so when you passed Doyle, pull him to get down on the floor immediately, and do it fast!"

Besse nodded her head.

"I'll protect you from the side, don't be afraid," Oscar reassured her.

Besse looked at Oscar, looking at his familiar face. Still, she didn't say anything. Oscar seemed to expect that Besse wouldn't give him any response. Her rejection of him was obvious. And today's accident seemed to make her rejection even more apparent.

After finishing his instructions, Oscar left Besse's side. Skye didn't know what they said, but in his eyes, Doyle's life was more important than Besse's. Therefore, he bet Oscar would prioritize Doyle's life and not act recklessly.

"Okay," Besse said. "I can come over now."

Skye narrowed his eyes and counted down, "Three... two... one!"

The mercenaries who had been holding onto Doyle let go of their guns.

"Doyle!" Besse was afraid Doyle might do something reckless that would ruin their plan if he panicked or acted impulsively.

Doyle gritted his teeth and chose to compromise.

Besse couldn't relax for a second; she kept staring at Doyle with a look that told him to come over.

Doyle understood the desire in Besse's eyes as he slowly moved towards her step by step. Luckily, Doyle would always listen to Besse. Or, he would have chosen to suicide instead of risking her life. Besse was walking nervously too. Before the two of them passed each other, it was tense. Oscar's eyes were fixed on them.

Finally, they met.