

Reborn 1041

Chapter 1041 Is He Dead?

Everyone was holding their breath. The tension was thick as if one could hear a pin drop. Besse finally met Doyle.

Just at the moment they met, Besse yanked Doyle and they fell on the ground together.

Shocked, Doyle was trying to figure out what was going on. Then he heard a loud noise in his ear.

At that very moment, Skye realized that he had been calculated. Never did he expect that Oscar had put a sniper waiting for them. He got shot, but the bullet was in the side, not somewhere important.

Skye was pushed to the breaking point. No, he couldn't throw everything away that he'd been working toward. He took a grenade from himself and threw it directly at Besse and Doyle with the slightest hesitation.

The moment the grenade was thrown out. Skye was shot down by Oscar's people. And the other mercenaries got shot down too.

The grenade thrown out by Skye rolled right in front of Besse and Doyle.

"Get out of the way!" Theodore shouted.

At that moment, a man ran past frantically. As it was about to go off, he picked up the grenade and threw it away.

It exploded in midair with a huge explosion, which was practically deafening.

With one swift turn, Oscar protected Besse who had fallen to the ground by holding her tightly under him. The strong blast wave rolled through over them. Even in Oscar's arms, Besse could still feel the pain inflicted on her body by the bomb blasts. She was in so much pain that she almost passed out. Then she looked at the man in front of her.

"Oscar!" Besse called out to him.

She saw blood trickle down his face and drop on her cheeks. Though they were close, she couldn't make out his face, which was covered by blood.

"Oscar... Oscar!" Besse kept calling him.

At this moment, Oscar's eyes are blurred and he seemed to pass out. Besse's eyes were red with tears.

The inner fear and terror choked her up, making her unable to speak.

Theodore quickly arrived in front of Oscar. Shocked for a little while, he lifted Oscar from the ground and left in no time. Oscar seemed to glance at Besse lying on the ground. She was staying on the ground in a daze. He wanted to speak something to comfort her, but finally, he could only smile at her. Then, he fell into a blackout.

Besse was clenching her fists tightly, suppressing the panic and shock inside of herself.

"Besse..." a weak voice suddenly sounded in her ear.

Besse turned her head and saw Doyle, who had been injured badly by the bomb. He was struggling to climb to her.

"Doyle," Besse tried to stand up. "Doyle?"

Doyle looked closely at her and was relieved to see that she was alive.

He said with difficulty, "It's good that you're okay, Besse..."

And then, he got unconscious.

"Doyle!" Besse called out to him.

Police officers arrived at their side and quickly lifted them onto the helicopter. They were transported directly to the nearest hospital by helicopter.

It took less than ten minutes. Besse and Doyle had been delivered to the hospital. Medical staff had been waiting on the rooftop of the hospital for a long time. Besse and Doyle were carried off the helicopter, and medical personnel quickly rushed them into the emergency room for urgent treatment. Besse was conscious from beginning to end. She had multiple injuries on her body, but they were all external wounds and had not affected any of her vital organs.

But she didn't know how Doyle was doing. He had suffered a lot in the car accident before and now was severely hurt by the blasts.

She thought of Oscar too, who was the closest one to the grenade.

How was he doing?

Besse struggled to suppress her emotions. After undergoing surgery for over two hours, she was transferred out of the emergency room and directly admitted to a VIP ward.

There were two senior nurses taking care of her in the ward.

"Can you help me ask how the person named Doyle, who we brought to the hospital together, is doing now?" Besse spoke to the caregiver.

"Okay, I'll go ask right away."

In a moment, the caregiver returned and said to Besse, "Still in the process of being rescued."

The rims of Besse's eyes got red in an instant.

The caregiver quickly comforted her, "Miss Besse, you're seriously injured now. The doctor said you have multiple fractures, especially in your right leg. After you get a little better, you will need to undergo fracture surgery. You also have many skin injuries on your body that need to be healed first before proceeding with further treatment."

"Please go to wait at his door, when he comes out, tell me everything about him." Besse tried to keep her voice calm. "I just need one of you here."

"Okay, I'll go. Once there is any news, I'll come back and tell you immediately."

"Thank you."

"By the way... Can you ask about Commander's situation?" she added.

The caregiver paused for a moment, then nodded and said, "Okay." But she was not sure if she could find out more about the commander.

Besse had been waiting in the room all along. Due to extreme weakness, under the influence of medication, she fell into a deep sleep.

After some time, she was awakened by a nightmare. She suddenly opened her eyes as if everything in her dream happened again in front of her eyes. It was a scene of her and Doyle getting into the car accident and of Oscar, who had been blown up by the bomb.

"Miss Besse," The caregiver saw her suddenly wake up and intended to inform her about of the news.

Besse took a long time to come back to her senses. She grabbed the caregiver's hand and asked, "How is Doyle doing?"

"Miss Besse, rest assured, Mr George has already left the operating room and the doctor says there is no danger to his life. However, due to severe injuries, he needs to be observed in the intensive care unit for a few days. If his condition remains stable after a few days, he can be transferred to a private room. The private room prepared for Mr George is right next to yours, so you don't have to worry."

Besse felt relieved. Then she asked again, "How's Oscar?"

Did he die?!

Two caregivers looked at each other. It seemed that they were hesitant to say something.

Besse's eyes were slightly red, and she looked at them, asking, "Is he dead?"

Chapter 1042 Oscar Had Missed Her

"No, no, no." the nurse seemed to be startled as she heard Besse's words.

She quickly said, "Commander is heavily guarded and we can't find out his specific condition. All information about Commander has been sealed off, even the floor where he is being treated has been locked down."

Besse listened intently, knowing the nurse wasn't trying to deceive her.

It was only reasonable for Oscar to receive such treatment as a Commander of the country. And news of his injury couldn't be spread because it would cause international turmoil.

"Miss Besse, please eat something when you wake up," the nurse said. "The doctor says you're weak now and you can have something nutritious."

Besse nodded in agreement. Doyle had gotten through his dangerous period and Oscar didn't need her worrying about him right now. She needed to take care of herself at this moment.

With the help of the nurses, Besse ate dinner but found herself unable to sleep due to having slept too long earlier. Just as she was thinking about getting up to check on Doyle, the door of her ward opened with a push from someone outside.

She saw Susan with swollen eyes standing at her bedside saying, "Besse!" Her voice choked with emotion. She was followed by Manuel, who came in behind her.

"Are you okay?!" Susan asked worriedly as she approached Besse's bed.

"I'm fine," Besse replied calmly. "I had some fractures from the car accident but after surgery and rest for a while I'll be fine."

"That's good! You know when you called me today I almost died from fright," Susan said with lingering fear in her voice before continuing, "When you called me, I wanted so badly to come save you but Manuel wouldn't allow me to!"

Fortunately, Manuel hadn't let Susan come to the scene. Or she might have done something reckless. Besides, she was pregnant.

"You've saved me, you informed Oscar, isn't it?" Besse smiled reassuringly before continuing, "Thanks to the well-timed rescue, we were saved. Doyle just got injured more severely than me but he'll recover after resting for some time."

"Is Doyle alright now?" asked Susan.

"He should be fine," replied Besse.

"But what about Oscar...?" Susan suddenly stopped.

After their accident happened, Manuel let her stay home while waiting for news updates regarding their situation. She couldn't resist the urge to go to the scene, but after Manuel told her about the pros and cons, she held back and waited at home, until they finally received news that the kidnappers had been killed and others were sent to the hospital. Until then, Susan couldn't wait any longer and wanted to go to the hospital immediately. Manuel wasn't calm either. So he quickly drove Susan to the hospital. Upon arriving at the hospital, they went straight to see Oscar, who was in surgery for a long time. They waited outside of surgery while listening intermittently as people reported that Besse had finished surgery and was sent to a ward and that Doyle also finished his surgery. After hearing the news, it seemed like their physical condition wasn't within Manuel's or Theodore's concern; all their attention was on Oscar.

Susan felt how tense everything was, so she didn't dare say much. She knew Oscar had been pushed out of surgery into the intensive care unit. Once everything had been arranged properly, Susan asked Manuel if he could accompany her when visiting Besse.

When Besse heard Susan hesitate with her words for a moment, she understood that they must know about his condition.

But then she didn't want to probe into things about that man all of a sudden.

Susan saw how indifferent Besse seemed, so she decided not to tell her at that moment.

Although Oscar came out of surgery, he remained unconscious; if he didn't wake up tonight, no one knew what would happen next.

"I heard it's Doyle's enemies seeking revenge." Susan changed the topic.

"Hmm," nodded Besse.

It was Doyle's grudges causing trouble, which led to them all being hurt.

"I want to see Doyle," said Besse breaking the silence again.

There were some things that Susan wanted to say but she kept quiet instead. She thought maybe it would be good for Besse to visit with Oscar since he got hurt because of them. Maybe showing some human kindness might even help him wake up faster.

But for some reason, she just felt like Besse still resented Oscar somehow-if she cared about him, she would have asked her about Oscar's condition.

"Lyla, Can you please help me get a wheelchair?" Besse asked her orderly.

Besse knew walking on her own two feet would be impossible right now, but if she wanted to visit Doyle then using a wheelchair would be the best option available. Lyla quickly agreed before going off to retrieve one soon enough.

With help from the orderly, Besse sat down in the wheelchair.

She said, "Susan, I'm going to see Doyle. It's not early anymore, and you're pregnant. You and Manuel should go back first."

"We'll go with you," Susan directly refused. "You don't know anyone else in Northfield, let me accompany you more."

Besse seemed unable to refuse. Sometimes, she wasn't as independent as she thought. So she nodded silently.

The orderly wheeled Besse out of the ward. Manuel and Susan followed them together. Manuel looked at Susan when they came. The two of them had discussed letting Besse go see Oscar before coming here. But Susan just couldn't say it out loud. She always felt like it would be difficult for Besse if they said that.

With a heavy heart, Susan followed Besse to the outside of Doyle's intensive care unit. Doyle wasn't sleeping at this moment either. He smiled slightly when he saw Besse appear through the transparent glass window despite all kinds of tubes inserted into his body right now; he still managed to smile about it all though.

Besse's heart hurt a little bit.

Susan looked at Doyle's smile towards Besse and couldn't help feeling even more unsure about letting her meet Oscar. It felt like they would destroy their relationship if they did so.

Besse asked the medical staff to help her put on an anti-bacterial suit, and she got into Doyle's ICU room.

Susan watched as Besse cared for Doyle and could feel the love between them. She felt that now wasn't the time for Besse to make decisions against what was truly in her heart.

"Manuel, forget it," she said finally. "Besse can't possibly fall in love with Oscar again. What's the point of going to see him now?!"

Manuel also looked silently on. Beforehand he had always thought that it was the amnesia that stopped

the two of them from being together again, but now he thought, perhaps, it was just because Oscar had missed her.

Chapter 1043 Well-Intentioned Lies

“Besse, I’m sorry.”

Doyle suddenly apologized.

Besse looked at him and smiled lightly.

“You see my ugliest side,” Doyle said weakly. “What Skye said was all true.”

Besse didn’t know how to respond to him. From a human perspective, she would indeed harbor resentment towards Doyle. But when facing the danger of Doyle, she couldn’t remain rational and watch Doyle pay for his past misdeeds.

“When the doctor said you’ll remain a vegetable state, I broke down. I couldn’t accept it, so I took all my revenge on whoever caused the car accident. If she hadn’t been driving drunk, you wouldn’t have had that accident. I was so angry, I ordered all the hospitals not to treat her, as a way to get revenge. There was no death penalty in Jolencami, and even if she had been responsible, she would have been sentenced to life. And I didn’t want her alive, because she did this to you.”

“I never thought you would wake up, a miracle. I just wanted to do exactly what she did to you. I thought it was only fair to me, but I didn’t expect... you woke up.” Doyle said with some discomfort. There was still guilt inside him. He thought Besse would never wake up so he did that.

In fact, there were not so many miracles in this world. Sometimes, miracles were nothing but a long-planned scheme.

“I understand you,” Besse said, “what’s done is done.”

“If you hate me...” Doyle’s voice choked up a bit, “I won’t blame you.”

“Take care of your health first,” Besse comforted, “Once you’ve recovered, we can talk more.”

“Besse,” Doyle called out to her.

She looked at him.

“Thank you,” Doyle said, his eyes red with tears. “Thank you for still being alive.”

Besse felt a little pain in her heart.

What if she had been dead?

She forced a smile and said, “Take good care of yourself. I’ll leave now.”

“You too. Take good care of yourself.”

Besse nodded and was wheeled out of the ward.

She saw Susan, Manuel and Theodore waiting for her there. Theodore’s wounds had been tended and he had just arrived.

“I don’t care if you agree or not, I’m taking you to see Oscar.” Theodore said bluntly.

It was originally Susan and Manuel’s job to bring Besse along. After waiting for half an hour without seeing the two of them return, it became clear that Besse had refused.

Besse was a cruel woman, and Theodore could see right through her.

Susan and Manuel were soft-hearted people who wouldn’t force Besse into anything she didn’t want to do.

“He wants to see me?”

“I think he does.” Theodore stated plainly.

Besse frowned.

“Didn’t they tell you Oscar’s condition is uncertain?” Theodore asked.

Besse's heart skipped a beat. She looked at Susan.

"I didn't say anything," Susan said. "I thought Oscar's health was his own business, there was no need to involve Besse in it, nor did she need any guilt."

"You're all good people," Theodore spoke coldly. "You can think about others like this but I won't. I only think about Oscar. Even if you disagree with me taking Besse there anyway."

"She isn't a doctor. Just let her see Oscar, it doesn't mean he'll get better."

"At least I won't have any regrets," replied Theodore firmly, "I won't regret missing any chance for Oscar's recovery."

Susan had never seen Theodore so serious before, nor seen him act so unfeelingly towards others. Suddenly, she realized that perhaps the real reason behind his principles lay solely with Oscar. If she hadn't known of his love for women then perhaps she would've suspected him having feelings beyond friendship towards Oscar.

"Let's go," said Theodore without wasting anymore time as he turned towards Besse, "I don't want to use force."

Susan wanted to speak up on behalf of Bess but Manuel held her back.

Frowning deeply in frustration, Susan knew full well where Manuel's loyalties lay. He wanted Besse to see Oscar too.

When Susan felt like exploding, Manuel explained, "We can't fight against Theodore either."

Theodore was at the second highest position in Northfield. If things really got out of hand, it would only end up affecting their relationship with each other more than anything else.

So instead of being stubborn in front of such important matters, Susan realized that maybe things weren't as simple as what they seemed. She hesitated for a moment and chose silence.

"I'll go," Besse agreed.

Susan felt a twinge of guilt as she watched Besse give in so easily.

"But I don't think I can do anything. After all, I have no feelings for Oscar." Besse said plainly.

At that moment, Susan couldn't help but feel sorry for Oscar once again. Sighing to herself, Susan realized that she was just too soft-hearted for her own good.

"You don't need to have feelings," Theodore interjected. "I know you're heartless."

Besse didn't say anything more and Theodore wasted no time in wheeling her towards Oscar's hospital room.

As the nurse had told her earlier, the entire floor was on lockdown with tight security measures in place. If it weren't for Theodore bringing her along, Besse would never have been able to see Oscar at all.

When they arrived at the door, many experts were keeping watch over Oscar, afraid of any mishap occurring during his critical condition. With a simple gesture from Theodore's hand, one of the experts came forward immediately.

"Didn't you say tonight is crucial? If Commander wakes up now there won't be any danger to his life anymore, and the best way to wake him up is by having someone he loves and cares about call out his name. I thought about having his son or daughter come here, but I believe she might be more important than them, since he almost died trying to save her life." Theodore stated coldly.

Besse listened as she began understanding why Theodore had brought her here so forcefully-because they needed someone who could wake him up from this coma by calling out his name.

The expert nodded. Theodore and Besse got inside. Then, Besse was left alone in the ward.

Theodore said to her before he got out, "Even if you don't love him, yet remember how much he risked everything just because of you, tell him some kind lies if necessary."

Chapter 1044 Wake Up

Theodore walked out of the ward, leaving only Besse and Oscar in there. Suddenly, there was a suffocating silence. Besse looked at Oscar's injuries and saw how weak he was as if he might not exist in the next second.

Finally, she spoke: "Theodore asked me to come see you."

She couldn't lie to him. Even if she wanted to be insincere, her emotions wouldn't allow it.

"I'm grateful for your rescue this time. Doyle is fine and I'm fine."

It was as if she were talking to an insignificant person, not even acknowledging him as her saviour.

"I never thought you would die or get hurt so badly trying to save me. I didn't even think about what would happen if you became like this... As a Commander of your country and a father of two children, don't you have any responsibility for your own life? Have you thought about Northfield? If you die, who will manage it? Theodore? Manuel? Or Salem? Or will Northfield fall into someone else's hands again?"

Besse's words were icy-cold. Her demeanour matched them perfectly.

"As a leader and father, Oscar, you don't have the right to just die like this! If you die..."

Besse paused for a second before continuing with hidden restraint that could still be heard through her words. But Theodore outside the room couldn't hear that.

All he saw was a callous woman. Oscar had saved both her and her fiancé. If he were her, he would have submitted to him as his lover, Theodore thought to himself.

This woman was colder than anyone he had ever met before, even more so than Hannah back then.

Theodore clenched his fists tightly while thinking about it all. He could have walked into the ward and given her a beating.

Besse fell silent for a few seconds and finished her words, "If you die, then how could I hate you?"

She hated him.

The room fell into silence again. She was looking at Oscar coldly.

Theodore stood outside the hospital room and did not actively ask Besse to leave. Even if she did nothing, he still wanted her to accompany Oscar. Even if Oscar couldn't make it through tonight. At least, Besse accompanied him as he left. He didn't know if this would comfort Oscar. But he couldn't find any way to ensure Oscar's safety at the moment.

So, the night went on. Besse felt a bit tired. She said, "Oscar, staying with you for so long has already been my limit. If you don't wake up... then let it be."

Oscar remained still, without moving.

"After I've recovered, I will leave Northfield and return to Jolencami with Doyle," Besse said. "We will get married when we go back. I won't appear in Northfield again."

She wouldn't come back anymore.

Although there were things and people she couldn't let go of here, she'd decided to bury those memories or feelings in her heart.

She took another glance at Oscar and wheeled herself to leave.

"When you get married..." A weak, low and hoarse voice suddenly sounded in the hospital room.

Besse's body trembled slightly.

She turned to look at him. Oscar was lying still with his eyes closed. However, the sound did come out of his mouth.

As she was still confirming whether it was true or not, he spoke again and said, "Remember to send me an invitation."

Her eyes turned a bit red. She suppressed all her emotions and hid them away.

“No.” She replied in an extremely rational tone.

Oscar seemed to have chuckled. However, obviously due to his physical condition, even smiling was difficult for him.

“I don’t want to be disturbed.”

The reasons for her rejection were so blatantly obvious.

Oscar said, “Okay.”

Then I wish you a happy wedding. I hope you will be happy forever.

These were his unfinished words.

Besse had left.

She walked towards the door of the intensive care unit. There was no attachment or reluctance when Oscar suddenly woke up.

It was her limit, to accompany him for so long.

Theodore didn’t know that Oscar had woken up since he was lying still in the ward.

When he was about to burst into flames at the sight of her, Besse told him, “Oscar woke up.”

Theodore’s anger soared, but his angry words froze on his lips.

“Oscar woke up,” Besse said again. “So can I leave now?”

Automatically, Theodore made way for her.

Theodore watched her back and then turned to look at Oscar again. Oscar opened his eyes.

Damn it! It worked!

Theodore quickly let the expert doctors waiting outside in to diagnose Oscar. The busy orderly work began again in the intensive care unit.

Besse wheeled herself to leave alone and returned to her room, where Susan and Manuel were waiting for her.

Susan seemed asleep on the bedside chair, while Manuel had been sitting next to her all along. When he saw Besse come back, he just nodded slightly at her while she did likewise with him too.

Manuel carefully released Susan’s hand and settled her down gently so as not to wake her from sleep before walking out of the room with Besse together.

“How’s Oscar?” Manuel asked when they were outside of the room

“He woke up.”

As for whether or not he would die again later on, she didn’t know either.

Chapter 1045 Carol’s Visit

Manuel watched as Besse appeared too cold towards Oscar. If it were anyone else, regardless of their feelings towards Oscar, they would have shown gratitude to their saviour. Besse’s attitude made Manuel doubt her sincerity.

Besse could feel Manuel’s scrutinizing gaze on her. She knew that Manuel was a thoughtful person who tended to overthink things, but she didn’t want to explain herself.

“I’m tired and need some rest.” Said she.

Manuel withdrew his gaze and nodded slightly. “I’ll go check on Oscar. If Susan wakes up and asks for me, please let her know.”

“Okay,” Besse replied as she went back to her room.

Manuel couldn’t help but speak up, “Is there no way to let go of the past?”

Besse sat in silence for a moment before answering, “No.”

Manuel had nothing more to say as Besse closed the door behind her with a slight change in expression

on her face.

Back at her bed, with dimmed lights that should have helped lullaby one into sleep easily, Besse found herself unable to doze off since she had slept too long in the afternoon. Memories from the past kept flooding back relentlessly.

The next day Susan woke up confused about where she was until she saw Besse sitting half upright while eating breakfast beside her bed. She turned over.

"Slow down." Besse reminded her.

"When did you come back last night?" asked Susan

"Probably around 2 or 3 am."

"You're back late." Susan muttered, "No wonder I fell asleep."

"You were sound asleep when I got back. Manuel was by your side."

"And where is he now?"

"He went to be with Oscar."

"Is he dead?"

Besse chuckled lightly at how straightforward yet tactless sometimes Susan could be. If Theodore heard this curse directed at Oscar he would probably jump out of his skin.

"No, he woke up last night."

"Did you wake him up?" Susan had a strong ability to accept things, whether they were good or bad.

"He woke up on his own, I just happened to be here."

"Just happened?" Susan didn't believe it and couldn't help but exclaim, "It seems like Oscar is really..."

"Are you hungry?" Besse interrupted her words.

Susan knew that Besse didn't want to hear about this. After all, she was engaged and naturally didn't want other emotions entangled with her.

Susan nodded. "Yes, I'm hungry."

"I had the caregiver prepare breakfast for you. Go wash up and come out to eat."

"Okay."

"Be careful and don't slip in the bathroom."

"Why do you think I'm so reckless like Manuel?"

But that was true-she had been like that since she was young.

Besse smiled.

After washing up, Susan sat at the small table eating breakfast alone without Manuel by her side.

Somehow, she felt the food tasted bland without him there.

"If you want Manuel to have breakfast with you, call him." Besse reminded her.

Susan was startled. Did she show it so clearly?! Besse wasn't even familiar with her yet somehow she could tell what was going on inside of her.

"But I guess Manuel is sleeping right now since he probably didn't sleep much last night," Besse added.

"Who says I want him here? It's just that I'm not very hungry after waking up." Susan replied defensively while thinking otherwise inside herself.

After they finished eating. There came a knock at the door, which made them both look towards it simultaneously. They saw Queen Carol, the queen of Jolencami, the boss of Karami, and also, Doyle's mother.

Susan's eyes widened as she had only seen Carol on television before this moment. Her elegance and beauty were no less than what one would expect from watching television. Even someone as fearless as Susan felt overwhelmed by such an imposing aura emanating from Queen Carol.

Susan couldn't help but turn towards Besse, who seemed unsurprised by her arrival. Besse remained calm as she sat on the hospital bed. She showed no signs of fear and maintained direct eye contact with her. "Your Highness," Besse politely greeted Carol.

Carol nodded in response, and there was a coolness between the two women. They did not try to please each other or assert dominance over one another; they simply respected each other.

Susan observed them and felt inferior in comparison to their confidence and poise. Whenever she encountered someone too dominant, she would back down.

"Who is this?" Carol asked Besse, referring to Susan.

Susan felt nervous and unsure of how to respond when Besse calmly answered, "She's my friend from Northfield, who helped me during Doyle's accident."

"I see," Carol nodded at Susan. "Thank you for saving Doyle and Besse's lives."

"It wasn't just me. Oscar played a significant role." Susan replied nervously.

"I've heard about him, and I plan on thanking him personally."

"Mrs Johnson, could you give us some privacy?"

Susan didn't dare refuse the request as she stood up to leave but glanced back at Besse before exiting the room. Despite feeling that Besse was just as impressive as Queen Carol, Susan couldn't shake off an uneasy feeling about her presence.

As soon as Susan closed the door, she heard a loud slap sound coming from inside it. She turned around immediately but was stopped by one of Queen Carol's bodyguards stationed outside the door.

Chapter 1046 Confrontation

In the ward, Carol slapped Besse hard across the face. It was a heavy blow, and Besse just stared at her, who had an expression of fury.

"I heard that Doyle almost died for you!" Carol emphasized each word as she spoke. She was entirely different from who she was when Susan was still in the ward moments ago.

"Do you know all about what happened?"

"It doesn't matter," Carol didn't need any explanation. "All I know is that Doyle is now seriously injured in intensive care because of you, Besse. Over these years, I've been good to you, when your parents passed away, it was me who took you in and even taught you design skills. I acknowledged your relationship with Doyle so that you could live the life you have now, surely you should be grateful."

"So your idea of gratitude is for me to put myself between Doyle and danger no matter what?!"

"I can't expect such selflessness from you. But there's one thing I absolutely cannot tolerate, Doyle, getting hurt because of something related to you! Do you understand how much he loves design?!"

Besse didn't quite understand what Carol meant by this statement. All she cared about was whether or not Doyle was still alive. As far as she was concerned, nothing else mattered.

Carol noticed Besse's confusion and said calmly, "So... you don't know yet?"

"What should I know?"

"Doyle's right hand has been rendered useless." Each word came out slowly from Carol's mouth.

Besse felt a sudden pang in her chest upon hearing this news.

She knew well about Doyle's passion for design.

"The doctor said keeping his right hand intact without amputation is already pushing limits. Even if his hand is treated, they can't guarantee his right hand will get back to normal, let alone holding a pen to design again." As she said, anger boiled up inside Carol again.

Doyle's love for design mostly came from being influenced by Carol's artistic genes, which was

something to be proud of by her.

Carol couldn't accept such a result. Nor could Besse.

Besse wondered whether Doyle knew about his situation but she held back her question.

"Besse," Carol looked at her coldly, "I'm so disappointed in you!"

She finished speaking and turned to leave. At this moment, she only came to vent her emotions.

"Your Highness," Besse called out to her.

Carol looked at her coldly.

"Doyle's situation has nothing to do with me." Besse made it clear.

Some grievances could be endured, but she wouldn't take the blame for those things that she had never done.

"If it weren't for you, Doyle wouldn't have returned to Northfield and wouldn't have been retaliated against by Skye. Skye wouldn't dare act so recklessly in Jolencami."

"But the accident wasn't caused by me!" Besse spoke bluntly. "If Doyle hadn't pushed Skye's girlfriend too far back then, he wouldn't have been retaliated against by him like this!"

"Then who is responsible?!" Carol was angry as hell. "Isn't it because of you?! Isn't it because of your situation at that time that led Doyle to push people that far?"

"It's not because of me!" Besse said coldly and firmly.

Carol's eyes narrowed slightly as if she realized something at that moment.

"The slap I just received wasn't due to my guilt towards Doyle or your nurturing over these years or your accusation of sacrificing myself for your son from a moral high ground. It was just because..." Besse spoke calmly and coldly, "You saved my life."

Carol didn't expect everything would come out like this.

Besse knew everything.

Carol began losing confidence in herself. Her contribution towards Besse, in front of her, wasn't as much as what had been said earlier. Neither was it great enough. She shouldn't stand on the pedestal of greatness where one could demand anything.

She even felt somewhat humiliated by herself.

"Take care." Said Besse.

There were many things on Besse's mind, which made her unable to speak more than necessary right now. There were also many contradictions left unresolved within herself that made her unsure about what exactly should be done next.

The door opened. Susan still stood tall outside the door with an air of arrogance.

As she saw Carol's indifferent expression, she knew they didn't get along well.

So, when Carol appeared in front of her as a queen, her noble and elegant demeanour was just for show. It had always been that way-the relationship between a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law could be complicated. She and Justine argued every other day.

Susan quickly walked into the ward and saw that Besse's face was red with a large mark on it. "Did she hit you?" Susan was furious.

"It's okay, she won't hit me again."

"There's always a second time." Susan said seriously, "If you compromise this time, she'll take advantage of you even more in the future. You have to keep resisting her and show more strength than her to have any status in your own home. Don't blindly obey her wishes! I'm telling you, dealing with your mother-in-law is an art form, if you don't learn it well enough, you'll suffer."

Besse couldn't help but laugh lightly at her words.

“Have you learned it well, With Justine?” asked Besse.

“Of course,” Susan replied confidently. “Even though Justine is still mean to me now, I’m not weak either. I won’t easily give in when we argue... wait a minute.” Suddenly realizing something important, she looked at Besse incredulously, “How did you know my mother-in-law is Justine?”

Did she mention her to Besse before?

Besse looked at Susan, who was surprised.

“Doesn’t everyone know? Manuel’s mother is Justine Wells. Therefore your mother-in-law must be Justine too.”

Susan felt like something wasn’t quite right but didn’t know what exactly was wrong.

“Susan, I want to rest for a while.”

Besse just wanted to avoid the conversation altogether.

“Oh, okay, then I’ll go to find Manuel.”

Chapter 1047 Would You Choose Your Dad or Mom?

Carol stayed in Northfield for one day. The next day, she left suddenly after expressing her gratitude to Oscar. Susan was quite unhappy about it, as she didn’t expect her to leave so quickly. She wanted to show Carol who was the boss in Northfield and make her aware of Besse’s admirers so that she would treat Besse well and not mess with her.

Susan’s emotions were written all over her face, and Besse could tell what she was thinking right away. But Besse assured her that Carol wouldn’t bully her or anyone else for that matter.

At that moment, Susan felt a strange sense of trust towards Besse, even though rationally speaking, Carol had more power than them both combined. But the way Besse handled things with composure and wisdom made Susan believe in her abilities.

Besse stayed at the hospital for a week. And Doyle had been sent to a general ward. She heard that Oscar had been in a general ward too. But during that week, she hadn’t seen Oscar yet. But she went to see Doyle frequently. Doyle’s hand was severely hurt, which he intended to hide from her. However, after Besse knew it, Doyle comforted her. He said with a smile that, Karami could only depend on her in the future since she was such an excellent designer, and that only she could fulfil his dream.

Besse didn’t respond to him with any promise.

Then, another week passed.

Besse underwent corrective surgery for the leg fracture. After the surgery, it took three more days to recuperate in the hospital before being discharged, and later on, she would have regular check-ups.

The doctor suggested Doyle spend another month of self-cultivation in the hospital.

Therefore, after the leg surgery last night, Besse stayed with Doyle for a whole month, during which, Susan and Manuel would occasionally come to see her. They came to see Oscar too. And Besse thus learned about Oscar’s condition from them. She knew he was recovering fast. Since the incident, Oscar could already walk himself after 2 weeks. He didn’t lose a leg or arm, nor was he disfigured. She had admitted that Oscar was lucky enough.

One day when she returned from Doyle’s room, she saw Susan waiting for her along with Salem and Una in her ward.

For the past month, Salem and Una had been visiting Oscar at the hospital quite often, and they would also come to see her. She didn’t know if this was Oscar’s intentional arrangement or not. Perhaps it was. But she hadn’t refused them either.

However, now she had become much colder towards Salem after recalling many things. She knew that

she was only afraid of losing control.

The boy could also feel Besse's rejection towards him. He heard that Besse didn't like his father because his father pursued her relentlessly in the past. Of course, it was Susan who told him.

So naturally, Salem understood Besse no longer liked him just because his dad had left a bad impression on her.

Today he mustered up the courage to tell Besse that he wasn't on his dad's side even though he idolized him since childhood.

"Miss Besse," Salem called out to Besse, who was looking at her phone intentionally ignoring his presence.

"I'm on your side," Salem said loudly, her face turning red.

Besse's eyes flickered as she looked at his determined expression mixed with a hint of shyness.

"I know you don't like my dad and you like Prince Doyle instead. I won't let my dad ruin your relationship with Prince Doyle!"

Besse finally put down her phone.

"I'll go tell my dad right away not to bother you."

After finishing speaking, Salem turned around intending to run away but stopped when Besse called out for him, "Sal."

"You don't need to worry about it, your father won't bother me."

She deemed Oscar had made things clear between them since he hadn't come to see her in the past month when they had been staying in the same hospital.

"But Auntie Susan said..."

Besse knew Susan must have conveyed some misleading words in between them both so she explained herself, "Your father didn't bother me."

"Then why...?" Salem asked carefully, "You don't like me anymore?"

A pang of pain hit Besse's chest as she had thought Salem couldn't sense anything. She was not being too obvious. When Salem came to visit her, she didn't give him an attitude but treated him normally, with a bit less passion.

To her surprise, Salem noticed her change.

"It's not because of my dad, did I do something wrong?" the boy looked at Besse with a sad face.

Besse was trying hard to suppress her emotions. Many emotions might erupt in an instant.

"Besse, did Una do something wrong?" Una quickly spoke up too when she saw her brother upset. She was upset too.

Besse pursed her lips and didn't know how to answer them at that moment. She was afraid that if she opened her mouth, she would burst into tears.

"Besse, Sal and I like you a lot. Please don't hate us, okay?" Una looked at her expectantly.

"I don't hate you." Besse tried to answer with the calmest voice possible, "It's just that I'm not feeling well, and that made you misunderstand that I don't like you. I'm sorry"

"Really?" Una asked innocently.

"Uh-huh."

"I knew Besse wouldn't dislike us." Una happily said as she pulled Salem's hand, "Sal, don't be sad anymore. Besse is just unwell."

Salem's clear eyes still stared straight at Besse as if he wanted to get confirmation from her again. Besse took a deep breath.

Oscar had turned Salem into such a sensitive child after all these years.

She said, "Sal, come here."

Salem walked towards her, a bit nervous.

Besse hugged him tightly in her arms, and she was shocked by her move at the moment. She knew she shouldn't be close to him. Or, it'd be hard for her to let go.

She said, "Sal if I give you a choice, would you choose your dad or mom?"

Salem frowned,

"I don't have a mom..."

He didn't have any choices since he didn't have a mother.

"What if there were one?" Besse asked.

Chapter 1048 I Choose Dad

"If you had a mom, would you choose her?" Besse asked Salem, suppressing her emotions and speaking in the calmest voice possible.

"I would choose my dad," Salem replied with a clear voice, without hesitation or much consideration.

Besse felt a pang of discomfort in her heart. Although she had already expected this result, hearing it confirmed still made her feel disappointed. She tried to appear calm and asked again, "Don't you want a mom very much?"

"I do want a mom," Anan answered. He left Besse's embrace and looked at her with innocence and seriousness in his eyes.

"Una also wants a mom. And my dad needs a wife too. But what we need is to be together as one family instead of being separated by leaving with our mom. I hope my mom can come back to me instead of me leaving with her."

Besse smiled lightly but she was trying to hide her sadness.

"I have never met my mother before." Salem continued confidently. "Although I can love her very much, I love my father more because he has been there for me since I was young even though he is busy sometimes."

"He didn't abandon us like our mother did." He concluded firmly.

Besse touched his head gently and said, "I see."

"Miss Besse, did you find my mother?" Salem was smarter than most children his age and noticed something from Besse's words.

Besse shook her head, "No."

She denied it because she didn't want to give him false hope or disappoint him again since his mother wouldn't come back anyway.

"I thought you found her," Salem said with slight disappointment as if finding his mother wasn't such an obsession anymore. Maybe he had gotten used to living without her.

"If you find my mother someday," he added earnestly, "can you tell her that we are waiting for her return? Please ask if she could come home soon."

Besse's eyes turned red suddenly. The surge of emotion overwhelmed her.

"Miss Besse, what's wrong?" Salem saw tears in Besse's eyes and was a little startled. "Are you feeling unwell? Is your wound hurting? Should I call the doctor?"

"No," Besse smiled and came up with an excuse. "I just suddenly remembered my parents."

"I know you're an orphan," Salem said quickly. "Auntie Susan told me about it."

She was grateful for Susan taking care of Salem all these years. She knew Susan treated Salem like her own child, like a friend. It could make up for some of the missing maternal love that Salem lacked.

“Don’t be sad, Miss Besse.” Salem comforted her proactively. “After you marry Prince Doyle and have a baby yourself, you won’t feel lonely anymore as a mother.”

“Who told you that being a mother means not being lonely?”

“Auntie Susan said so.” He honestly replied. “She said when I become a father one day, I won’t look for my mom anymore.”

Besse admired Susan’s way of thinking. Her points on comforting people were always out of the ordinary.

“I am not an orphan, so I’m not alone,” Besse said.

Salem was surprised and wanted to ask her question when suddenly the door opened and a nurse appeared urgently in Besse’s ward.

“Miss Besse, could you please come to Mr George’s ward? He suddenly lost control and we dare not approach him.”

Besse was shocked and asked quickly, “What happened to him?”

“He just lost control all of sudden,” The nurse helped Besse sit on the wheelchair while explaining quickly, “Mr George had breakfast this morning and then lay down on his bed watching TV. There was a fashion show live broadcast on TV, but suddenly he asked us for a pen and paper. We didn’t know what he needed them for but gave them to him anyway. After receiving them though he lost control.”

The more the nurse spoke about it, the more frightened she became.

Besse turned around to say goodbye to both Salem and Una before saying, “You should go ahead into your father’s room, I’ll leave now.”

“Do you want me to accompany you?” Asked Salem worriedly as if sensing danger.

“Nope.”

With those words, Besse left with the nurse.

They arrived at Doyle’s ward together soon after that.

Doyle was recovering fast. The doctor said that it would take at most one more week to complete all the necessary physical examinations, and if there were no abnormalities, he could be discharged from the hospital.

Besse didn’t expect that Doyle had erupted so soon, though, based on her understanding of Doyle, it was only a matter of time before he broke down.

“Doyle!”

Everything was scattered all over the ground at this moment. A nurse was already frightened by Doyle’s sudden brutal appearance, leaning against a corner while trembling.

Doyle heard her voice and stopped the movement on hand. The doctor also quickly rushed over, who was startled by him too. The doctor immediately stepped forward to check on Doyle’s condition.

“Don’t come near me!” Doyle suddenly roared.

The doctor was taken aback.

Doyle was like an angry lion at the moment, very intimidating.

Besse saw his wounded tight hand, where his blood was trickling down on the floor. She wheeled herself over to his side.

“Besse, go back.” Doyle gnashed while containing his fury inside desperately.

He didn’t want her to see his shameful side.

He couldn’t control himself. As he watched the fashion show earlier, he suddenly had that moment of inspiration for his design. So he asked the caregiver to bring him a pen and paper, but his hand was too weak to hold the pen, not to mention do any fine design.

He couldn't accept himself as being so incompetent. And at that very moment, he finally broke down after holding back for so long. He thought that he could still draw. He didn't believe it when the doctor said he couldn't use his right hand. He was determined that he could still do design. But when he couldn't even hold the pen properly, he broke down. Reality forced him to admit that he had become a useless person.

Chapter 1049 Contradictions Inside Her

Besse stared closely at Doyle. She was well aware that Doyle's retaliatory behaviour would continue as soon as she turned her back. And no one could stop him. Her gaze fell upon his right hand. At the time of the car accident, she didn't pay much attention to it. Now she remembered that Doyle protected her desperately in that incident. As a result. He lost his right hand, which had been harmed by the dented seat.

She said, "Doyle, didn't you say that I could help you achieve your dream?"

Doyle's eyes were red, and he said, "I thought I could be so great, accept all my incompetence and have no resentment. After all, we are both alive and have come back from the brink of death. At the moment of the accident, I even thought that as long as you are alive, I can bear any result. Even if I die or become disabled..."

Doyle's words were filled with strong self-deprecation.

"However," Doyle's voice choked, and he struggled to compose himself. "When I picked up the pen and couldn't even hold it, I realized that I wasn't as carefree as I thought. I can't, I can't take it. All that inspiration for design in my mind was so strong, yet I can't do it. From now on, I can no longer express it. Those ideas will wither away in my mind, no one will ever know."

Besse understood his discomfort at the moment. As a designer, even being described as obsessed with design, if he could never do design again in the future, how much pain would he feel inside?

That kind of helplessness and despair would make him suffer more.

She said, "Doyle, I'm sorry."

Doyle looked a little stunned.

He looked at her and asked, "Why do you need to apologize to me?"

"It's not me, your hand won't have any problems."

"This is Skye's retaliation against me, it has nothing to do with you. Instead, I almost implicated you."

"But the truth is, you protected me, and thus, you lost your right hand."

"I've never blamed you."

"But I blame myself."

"Doyle, the way you look now makes me feel even more guilty," Besse said again, trying to calm him down. But it was true that she felt guilty for the pain he was going through. Doyle tried to control himself and said, "Listen, it has NOTHING to do with you."

Besse didn't respond to his words.

Doyle couldn't stand seeing her upset or hurt in any way. He had just been cruel to himself but now swallowed his pride because of how much her pain affected him. He walked towards her and knelt so they were at eye level.

"Besse, I won't hurt myself anymore from now on, please don't be sad."

Doyle's words pierced her heart once again. Even when he was feeling so terrible himself, he still thought about how she felt first. Whenever she wasn't happy, he would put aside his feelings completely just to comfort her.

“Don’t cry,” Doyle panicked as tears suddenly fell from Besse’s eyes. It had been years since they met and since then Doyle had never seen her cry before; she had become such a strong lady over time. He used his left hand to wipe away the tears for her while his right hand remained stiff by his side, unable to move due to panic taking over him completely.

“Besse don’t cry! My heart breaks every time you do...”

Besse bit down on her lip, trying hard not to let out any more sobs but eventually gave up as all those pent-up emotions came flooding out all at once.

She was just at war with herself. Doyle’s consideration and kindness for her started being a burden to her. She was so afraid that her choice would hurt Doyle for good. She knew how deadly being hurt by love was.

“Besse, whatever you say is fine. I won’t be sad anymore. I won’t hurt myself anymore. Don’t cry, okay?”

Doyle wiped her tears in a panic.

He couldn’t bear to see her crying for him.

Besse was just looking at him, looking at the anxiety and sincerity in his eyes.

Bessie nodded and smiled. She had endured many things like this before.

She said, “Let the doctor take care of your wound.”

“Okay,”

That was right. He would listen to whatever she said. Even if he was on the brink of emotional collapse, he would force himself to endure it.

Doyle returned to the bed and allowed the doctor to clean his wound.

“Besse, I want to go back to Jolencami.”

Besse’s heart skipped a beat.

“Can I be discharged?” Doyle asked the doctor.

“Mr George, you recover fast. Before being discharged, we need to do a comprehensive physical examination. If there are no problems found during the examination, you can be discharged.”

“When can we schedule the examination?”

“It’s best for you to decide one day before being discharged.”

“I’ll do it now.”

He wanted to be discharged from the hospital tomorrow.

“Doyle, let’s do it tomorrow,” Besse spoke up and continued, “You can leave two days later after taking an exam and buying plane tickets with me accompanying you back home.”

“Don’t you want to get out of here?” asked he knowingly. He knew Besse could leave at any time but she was waiting for him.

“Nope, I’m afraid your body is too weak.”

Somehow, he felt that something was bothering her in her heart.

“Besse, did you have something unhappy?”

“Nah. The day after tomorrow, I’ll book plane tickets in advance, and we come back to Jolencami.”

Doyle nodded.

“You rest well, I’ll go tell Susan about this.”

“Okay.”

“And don’t hurt yourself again!” Besse reminded him sternly.

“All right.”

Besse smiled slightly and left Doyle’s ward but felt heavy-hearted afterwards.

Chapter 1050 Back to the Villa

In the hallway, Besse paused as she pushed the wheelchair. She saw Oscar. He was one floor up but they had never met during the past month. Unless Oscar brought himself here, she wouldn't have the chance to meet him. Salem was accompanying him. He held Oscar's hand. The sudden encounter left Besse unsure whether to focus her gaze on Oscar or the boy. She felt a myriad of emotions towards Salem and feared losing control of herself. As for Oscar, she just wanted to stay away from him.

"Sal said you might be in danger, so I came down here to check on you." Explained Oscar as he appeared out of nowhere.

"Manuel is accompanying Susan for her prenatal checkup today, and Theodore wasn't here," Oscar continued, "so I came instead."

Oscar glanced at Doyle's ward before turning his attention back to Besse who sat coldly in her wheelchair.

"It seems like everything is fine."

"Hmm... everything is fine." Replied Besse.

Oscar nodded slightly before saying, "Well then, I'll leave now." And with that said, he turned around and walked away without looking back once. Salem turned back to glance at Besse behind them.

"You can stay here if you want," suggested Oscar towards Salem.

"No, you should take care of him yourself, don't pass your duty to someone else."

Oscar pursed his lips tightly together upon hearing this response, which seemed like criticism; however, he just wanted Salem to stay with Besse as long as possible since she was about to leave. But Besse had made it alarmingly clear. On second thought, Besse and Doyle might be disturbed by Salem. Since they had just both survived, they were supposed to cherish the time spent together.

Thus, Oscar nodded and said, "Sorry."

Besse felt a sharp pain in her heart-she saw the frustration in the little boy's eyes. She had just explained to Salem an excuse for her physical cause. Now, her rejection hurt him again.

But, Salem told her that he would choose his father. Well, then, Oscar should take the responsibility of a father.

She suppressed herself and said nothing. Pushing the wheelchair, Besse passed them two.

"I will be discharged from the hospital the day after tomorrow and go back to Jolencami." Said she.

Oscar froze there, and Salem showed a reluctant face.

"Miss Besse, are you leaving the day after tomorrow?" asked Salem.

Even though Besse had just turned him down, he still couldn't bear to see her leave. The news made him heartache.

"Uh-huh." Besse nodded.

"Will you come back here? Will I be able to see you again?" Salem asked excitedly.

Besse bit her lip lightly and said in a flat tone, "No, I won't come back."

But she didn't answer whether they could meet again or not.

"You won't come here anymore?" Salem's eyes turned red.

He didn't understand why he could be so reluctant. He wanted to ask her not to leave.

Besse felt it excruciating to face Salem at this moment. She wanted desperately to reach out and touch his little face, hold him tightly in her arms and never let go. But in the end, she just pushed the wheelchair away because she could only cruelly deal with the things that she could never change.

Oscar was standing still, watching her leave. He just wanted her to be happy, even if she would leave him for good. Besides, he didn't think he earned the right to ask her to stay. This was how he always

comforted himself.

Besse returned to her ward and lay silently on the bed while staring at the ceiling, lost in thought. She didn't know what she was thinking or what could be thought of at all since everything seemed like a mess inside of herself now.

After an unknown amount of time passed, someone abruptly opened the door, which caught Besse off guard.

"Besse, are you leaving?!"

Besse looked at Susan, who was followed by Manuel.

"Yeah, Doyle will do a checkup tomorrow, if everything is OK, we'll leave for Jolencami."

"You're leaving again!" Susan sighed. She had just heard the news in Oscar's ward, and sorrow had overwhelmed her.

"Uh-huh," Besse gave a faint smile, concealing all her feelings. "I've left several times before, hopefully, this time we can leave smoothly."

Every time various reasons kept them from leaving, which made it difficult for them every single time they tried.

Susan laughed at Besse's failed attempts to leave Northfield. "Looks like God wants you to stay here." She teased.

Besse felt a strange flutter in her chest at Susan's words.

"By the way, how was your check-up?" Besse asked Susan, trying not to dwell on her thoughts.

"It went well," Susan replied proudly. "The doctor even praised me for not being too fussy and said I should have no problem with a natural birth."

Besse couldn't help but touch Susan's belly. "You have to keep it up!"

"Of course! I don't want a C-section scar ruining my bikini body." Susan joked.

Manuel rolled his eyes at what Susan said.

"Yeah, those scars would be pretty ugly," Besse agreed before changing the subject. "Oh, speaking of which, I left something at the villa. Can you come with me to get it?"

"What did you leave behind?" Susan frowned. "If your leg is bothering you, let Manuel go get it for you." Before Besse could explain further, Manuel spoke up. "It's better if we go together. I'm afraid we won't be able to find it otherwise."

"It's not difficult to find a thing in that house, it's not that big. What are you trying to pull, Manuel? Can you care a bit more about others except for me? Besse is my friend!" she huffed.

Besse felt a bit embarrassed.

"Never mind, the thing is quite private. It seems unkind to let Manuel help me, I'll go by myself then. Don't worry." Said Besse.

Susan agreed before criticizing Manuel in a few words. Actually, Besse felt like Manuel had known something, and perhaps, he had known everything.