

## Reborn 1087

### Chapter 1087 Theodore's Invitation

When the drama ended, it was already late at night in Northfield.

Little Bunny had been watching the video, watching Caroline being attacked by the entire internet, and watching Caroline's miserable state. She put down her phone. This was just a result of Caroline's actions. Little Bunny felt no sympathy for her. It wasn't that she didn't want to fight with Caroline before; she just knew she couldn't win. Little Bunny had never been one to seek revenge for wrongs done to her. Afterwards, Little Bunny was cleared of any wrongdoing and even made headlines. The incident brought her fame and attention as they returned to the Capital for filming.

At the airport in the Capital, countless fans came out spontaneously to welcome Little Bunny back home. Everywhere she went her fans were calling out her name.

Even reporters were there waiting for Little Bunny's arrival.

"Miss Little Bunny, do you have anything you'd like to say about your relationship with Caroline?"

"Caroline has always claimed that you two are good friends but you never spoke up before, did you not want to confront her?"

"Caroline accused you of so much, do you have anything to say in response?"

The questions kept coming until it seemed like Little Bunny would be swallowed up by the crowd. She replied calmly, "My relationship with Caroline is private and should not be discussed publicly. As for what happened between us, the truth is pretty much what everyone saw online."

When asked if she had anything else she wanted to say about Caroline directly, all she said was, "Those who live by the sword die by it."

With that final statement hanging in the air, Little Bunny left under heavy escort from staff members while reporters continued their coverage outside of The Capital airport, where they found out that Caroline had returned home secretly while being detained abroad on suspicion of illegally obtaining information related an award ceremony through unofficial means.

Wearing a black hat and sunglasses which covered most of her face, she was surrounded by journalists upon arrival back at Northfield city limits. Despite trying hard not to draw attention, she had still been caught by the journalists there.

"Caroline, do you have anything to say to everyone about you and Little Bunny?"

"Little Bunny had just left the airport, and she left a message to you, 'those who live by the sword die by it'. Have you regretted what you have done to her?"

"What kind of punishment will you face if you are suspected of seeking confidential information? Will you be sentenced to imprisonment?"

Countless people blocked Caroline, and she did not reply a word.

She had just seen Little Bunny shining brightly and being surrounded by countless admirers, while she was treated like garbage. When Caroline was still abroad these days, she also paid attention to the entertainment news. Little Bunny had gained all the attention and appeared frequently on the hot search. That made her envy so much.

"Shame on you! You should have died abroad!" Someone cursed her at the airport.

Following that, a rotten egg was thrown directly at her. Caroline screamed in fear. The smell of rotten eggs made her feel nauseous. She no longer looked like a superstar. The unprecedented embarrassment made Caroline completely collapse.

Little Bunny's car drove past Caroline, and she looked at Caroline's miserable appearance with cold

indifference, without any pity.

"She has been oppressing us for so long, and finally she got what she deserved! Let's see how she can still be arrogant in the future!" Tanya said in a huff.

Little Bunny lowered her head and looked at her phone as a message came through.

As soon as she saw the message, the smile on her face gradually receded. Theodore sent her an address. She didn't even know how they knew she had returned to the Capital. But on second thought, it would be hard for him to know her location since she had just been surrounded by so many cameras.

She leaned against the seat, while Tanya had been chattering non-stop.

"Aren't you feeling well?" Tanya asked.

"No, just a little tired."

"But there is still a play to be filmed tonight. Should I ask for a leave for the crew and move the filming to tomorrow?"

"No, I'm fine. I just need a few minutes to get rest." Little Bunny then said to the driver, "Sir, send me to the location I sent to your phone."

"Okay, Miss Little Bunny."

"Do you have anything else to do?" asked Tanya.

"Uh-huh." Little Bunny didn't want to explain more.

Tanya didn't ask further.

The car soon arrived at its destination. Little Bunny didn't let Tanya follow her and went directly to Theodore's residence. She stood at the doorstep and pressed the doorbell.

The door was rudely pushed open, "Six ones."

"What?"

"I said the password is six ones."

"Oh, okay."

"Come in."

Little Bunny walked into Theodore's house, which was spacious and luxurious, not messy but not exactly tidy either.

Little Bunny didn't see anyone else, feeling somewhat surprised.

Didn't he have a servant?

"Do you know how to cook?" asked Theodore.

"Sure."

"I'm hungry."

"I'm going out to buy groceries." She noticed that there was a supermarket nearby.

"They're inside the refrigerator." Theodore said, "The butler here regularly delivers fresh ingredients to stock the fridge."

"Are you not helping with cooking?" Little Bunny asked him as she walked towards the kitchen.

"Don't you know how to do it?" he asked back.

"..."

She resignedly took out the vegetables from the refrigerator and began to cook.

"Little Bunny, you'll live here from now on," Theodore said while watching TV on the sofa. That sounded like an order.

Little Bunny's hand, which was cutting meat, suddenly stopped for a moment. The knife cut her finger accidentally.

Though she had prepared for it, she was still startled by his words at this moment.

She put the bleeding finger into her mouth and turned on the faucet to rinse the blood. When it stopped bleeding, she picked up the knife again.

"Can I live somewhere else?" asked she.

Theodore looked sullen. He thought she had agreed as she was silent.

Little Bunny noticed his mood and gathered the courage to say, "When you need me, just let me know and I'll come over. I don't live here, is that okay?"

### **Chapter 1088 Wedding News**

"Little Bunny, I'm not negotiating with you." Theodore's impatient voice echoed in the living room. He was getting angry. Little Bunny bit her lip and said, "My filming schedule is very unstable. Sometimes it's in the morning, at night, and sometimes even overnight. And I often have to follow the crew to other places for filming. It could be ten days or half a month before I come back. I don't want to disturb your routine."

Theodore's face remained cold and he shook with anger as he held the remote control.

She had refused him so blatantly.

"And tonight, I have a scene at 8 pm. If we finish late, it will probably be three or four in the morning when I get back. That would disturb your sleep since my place here in Beijing isn't far from yours anyway. If you ever want me to come over, just let me know." Little Bunny continued speaking despite feeling nervous about Theodore's proximity.

She forced herself to say everything she had planned on saying earlier but made sure that cohabitation wasn't an option for her anymore. She didn't want to live under one roof with Theodore. She could occasionally visit him twice or fulfil his requests whenever possible though.

Theodore put down the remote control and walked towards the open kitchen where Little Bunny was cutting meat seriously while keeping her head low.

Although she couldn't see him yet felt his presence nearby which made her nervous.

She tried hard not to tremble physically as she remembered how Theodore got violent when he hit Louie earlier. This fear of him still lingered within her but she kept quiet nonetheless.

Theodore approached her. For some reason, after returning home from their trip abroad, he always felt like having a real family with Little Bunny.

His desire for Little Bunny to cook food for him also stemmed from watching many TV dramas featuring her lately, where she cooked meals while wearing an apron tied around her waistband for another man. Although he knew it was just acting, there were times when he felt jealous enough wanting to smash his TV set into pieces.

Knowing full well that he was not suited to watching Little Bunny's TV drama, every time he saw her being intimate with the male lead on screen, he couldn't help but become irritable. Yet, like a masochist, he continued to stare at the drama and refused to look away. Theodore felt that he had become very strange.

He suddenly hugged Little Bunny tightly from behind. Little Bunny was tightly embraced in his arms. She was startled for a second, but she didn't budge.

"Okay,"

With that said Theodore buried his head in her neck, with scorching breaths patting her on the skin.

As she heard his answer, she was somewhat flattered. Never did she expect that he could agree to her request so readily. She had even prepared herself to get beat by him.

"Thank you," she said gratefully.

Theodore was not happy with that at all. Though he had promised, he felt agitated inside. Even though Little Bunny's reasons were valid, he still felt uneasy in his heart.

But he didn't want to turn her down to make her unhappy. He just got a sense of feeling that he wanted to protect her and fulfil what she asked him.

He had changed into someone he was afraid of.

"Call me husband," Theodore's face didn't leave her neck.

He had just clung to her in the first place, but now he started kissing her neck. He was hoping to have her all to himself.

Little Bunny felt a bit uncomfortable. She was resisting, but forcing herself to accept it.

After some hesitation, she said, "Husband."

That seemed to suddenly stimulate Theodore's soul. He suddenly picked her up in one swift motion.

Little Bunny was frightened by him. Before she could even react, Theodore had placed her on the kitchen counter. Last time it was the same in the toilet.

Little Bunny was still holding a kitchen knife in her hand. She was really afraid that she might accidentally kill Theodore with a knife. But in the end, she let go of the kitchen knife.

When she left Theodore's bed, it was already 7 p. m. After Theodore was fully satisfied, he slept soundly.

Little Bunny got up carefully and called Tanya to pick her up for filming at 7:40 PM.

There were 40 minutes left. She got no time to prepare an abundant meal for him. So she could only make him some staple food and put it on the table before she left. Of course, it wasn't because he was afraid that Theodore would go hungry, but rather because he was afraid that she would leave without saying goodbye and he would seek revenge.

After putting the food down, Little Bunny left a note on the table, reading, "I have to go now since I'm in a hurry to shoot my movie. I can only make you this. If it's burnt, don't eat it and let the housekeeper cook for you."

When Theodore woke up later, he didn't know what time it was. He felt around next to him and then suddenly jumped out of bed.

"Damn! Where's Little Bunny?!"

Theodore didn't even bother checking if he had clothes on or not as he ran naked out of his room into the living room. After searching around for a bit, he saw something on the table with a note next to it reminding him that Little Bunny had gone off to shoot her movie tonight.

Theodore looked at the food and felt slightly relieved. He started eating even though they were cold by now.

He thought about just having a few bites but ended up finishing all of them instead while feeling warm inside.

After finishing his meal, Theodore sent Little Bunny a message saying, "Remember to wake me up before leaving next time."

She replied quickly with an affirmative response which made Theodore smile foolishly at their conversation thread without knowing why exactly.

And so their relationship continued like this. Little Bunny had been busy due to her newfound fame from movies, TV shows, events etc., leaving little time for them together each month. They met 4 times per month. Although Theodore wasn't happy about this situation at all, seeing how much passion she had towards her career made him refrain from asking her quit showbiz altogether.

He thought maybe if she got pregnant again, perhaps things might change. But half a year passed by

already without any luck in making another baby happen between them yet. Meanwhile, Susan's belly kept growing bigger every day as she approached closer towards giving birth within less than a one-month time frame.

It was also during this period when news broke out about Jolencami's royal prince, Doyle, getting married soon alongside Besse in an upcoming grand wedding ceremony event.

### **Chapter 1089 Paternity Test Report**

The news caused a global sensation. Jolencami's royal family received blessings from all over the world, except for Northfield. Theodore sat in Oscar's office, staring at him as he silently read through the congratulatory messages that had been placed in front of him by his assistant. Theodore was growing impatient and asked, "How much longer do you need to look at those?" There were only a few words left to read.

Oscar shifted his gaze away from the messages and said, "Theodore, give me a cigarette." Theodore handed Oscar a cigarette and lit it for him while complaining about how full the ashtray was becoming. "Besse and Doyle have gone back in Jolencami for almost half a year now." Theodore continued. "If they were going to come back, they would have already done so by now. They're probably getting married soon anyway."

Oscar took another drag of his cigarette. He watched Besse leave with Doyle months ago but he always thought she might come back someday, perhaps when she found back her memory or she couldn't let go of the familiarity with Northfield.

Theodore interrupted his thoughts and said, "If you don't send out congratulations, soon it could affect relations between the two countries." He walked straight to Oscar's desk and took away that invitation card. He said, "I'll let them send the congratulations. It's done."

Oscar reluctantly agreed as he knew deep down that he couldn't force her to come back even though it hurt so much not having her there anymore.

Just then Oscar's phone rang interrupting their conversation.

"Have you received the invitation?" asked Susan, excited.

There wasn't a response from Oscar.

Susan continued, "I received one. And I've booked the flight tickets to go there this Saturday, are you going?"

There were three days left.

"You're not going, right? You didn't receive the invitation, did you?" Susan said with a smug face.

"No, I didn't get that." Finally, Oscar uttered words.

"As I expected. Do you have anything you want me to pass on to Besse? I can take it for you," Susan asked intentionally.

Oscar pursed his lips and pretended not to hear her. "Aren't you due soon?" he asked instead.

"I haven't given birth yet," Susan replied nonchalantly.

"Manuel allows you to go?"

"If he says no, he'll lose the two of us." Susan was firm in her decision.

Oscar could imagine the scene of Susan forcing Manuel into submission.

"So do you have anything for me to give Besse?"

"No."

"Really nothing?"

"Nothing."

“Boring,” Susan said. “I thought maybe you’d try and steal the bride or something.”

Oscar had hung up the phone already.

He sat in his office chair, leaning back with no energy left in him.

Steal the bride?

He laughed at himself bitterly. He couldn’t even think about that now.

Suddenly, his phone rang again. Oscar picked it up without looking at who was calling.

“Manuel,” came Manuel’s voice from the other end of the line. “Did Susan call you?”

“Yeah, she said you’re going to a wedding tomorrow morning.”

“Okay.”

“What I mean is... do you want to come with us?”

“No thanks, I didn’t receive an invitation.”

“You’re just going to watch her get married again... to someone else?”

“What else can I do?”

“Maybe she’s waiting for you.”

“She won’t be waiting for me.”

“You have Salem.”

Oscar fell silent at this point. Indeed, Salem was their only connection but he wasn’t sure if it worked for her. Besides, he didn’t want to force her into anything anymore.

“I had someone send something over to you.” Manuel continued speaking on the phone. “Take a look at it when it arrives. I’ll go with Susan tomorrow, wait for your good news.”

After the call, Oscar put his phone aside.

Theodore walked back into his office holding some documents in hand.

“Looks like something from Manuel arrived here personally addressed just for your eyes.” Theodore handed him over those papers and curiously asked, “What’s this? Why be so cryptic?”

As Oscar took hold of those papers and began tearing off its confidentiality seal strip open, Theodore leaned forward trying hard enough so as not to miss out on any details. But Oscar stopped when he saw Theodore glance towards him. He glanced at him.

Theodore was speechless. What was in there so private that they couldn’t be shared with him? What were Oscar and Manuel, these two old foxes, calculating again?!

He turned his head and looked to the side, indicating that he was not interested.

Oscar took out the documents, on which it was written in bold letters, “Parentage Testing Certificate. Appraisers: Besse and Salem.”

Oscar’s heart was beating involuntarily.

Although he had an answer, he was still afraid to find out the result. He tightly pursed his lips and hesitated to look at the appraisal conclusion.

Susan heard Manuel on the phone and curiously asked, “What did you take to Oscar? Why didn’t I know about it?”

“Good stuff,” Manuel laughed.

“What exactly is it?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Why?”

“Didn’t you promise me that you would listen to me as long as I let you attend the wedding? Now, do I have to tell you everything? Are you going back on your word? If so, I will cancel tomorrow’s flight immediately.”

She had never won a fight against Manuel. Susan took a deep breath and adjusted her emotions before asking, "Do you think Oscar will go to the wedding?"

"He will go," Manuel said firmly.

Susan was a bit sceptical and asked, "Really?"

"We'll know when the time comes." Manuel laughed.

This was also why he ultimately compromised and allowed Susan to attend the wedding. He didn't want to miss some of the scenes.

"Go to bed early tonight and no more staying up late. We are taking a flight tomorrow and we will be accompanied by a private doctor. You must stay by my side at all times when you're in Jolencami. If you have any problems adjusting to the environment, the doctor advises that we return home immediately regardless of whether the wedding takes place or not."

"Manuel, you're not afraid that I die with the baby in front of you, are you?"

"If so, it would be three lives lost."

### **Chapter 1090 Wedding (1) Arrive at Jolencami**

Manuel and Susan arrived at Jolencami first. Besse never thought they would come. When she sent the invitation to Susan, she wrote a handwritten note that said, "You don't have to come along to the wedding, your thoughts matter more than your actions." She was worried about her being pregnant and getting tired from travelling.

But if she didn't send an invitation to her, Besse knew Susan's personality too well. If she didn't receive one, she would still show up with all sorts of trouble.

As it turned out, whether or not an invitation was sent out, Susan still came. And she was very excited about it too. It was her first time in Jolencami and she declared that she wanted to try all the delicious food there.

Besse felt sorry for Manuel sometimes. Having such a troublesome wife must be quite an experience for him. But looking at Manuel's indulgent smile on his face made Besse think that maybe it wasn't so bad after all.

Besse arranged for them to stay at the best hotel in Jolencami and accompanied them to eat dinner together at a restaurant with Doyle joining them as well.

Even though both of them were busy two days before the wedding day itself, they still took time out of their schedules just for their guests' sake. This made Susan feel embarrassed but also somehow expectedly special while making Besse feel relaxed around her as well.

It felt different compared to when they were together in Northfield. Something had changed within Besse herself, perhaps she had become more cheerful.

"Your steak is prepared using high-tech sterilization methods with tomato sauce instead, so you won't get indigestion." Explained Besse while pointing towards Susan's plate.

"I don't want that! I want black pepper sauce!" protested Susan stubbornly.

"The doctor said you're going into labour soon so you need to watch what you eat especially since we're abroad." Said Manuel.

"Manuel!" Susan tried to protest.

"Did you forget what you promised me?"

"..."

Besse couldn't help but laugh seeing how much joy this lively woman brought into their lives despite being such a handful sometimes.

Besse cut the steak into small pieces and put them in front of Doyle. Susan couldn't help but be jealous of Doyle.

"My right hand is not convenient," Doyle explained, also seeing Susan's eager eyes. "I have no feeling and it's hard to hold a knife, so I can't cut my steak. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a bad husband."

Susan suddenly realized this and quickly shook her head. "I don't think you're a bad husband. I just think your wife is too good to you."

Besse wasn't accustomed to the "husband and wife" addresses between Doyle and her, but didn't say anything in the end.

Doyle laughed heartily as he was obviously in a good mood after dinner. Manuel and Susan were both tired by now so Besse and Doyle left the hotel without disturbing them any further. They sat in the back seat of their luxury car as they drove away.

"I never thought you would agree to marry me," Doyle said with surprise. "I always thought you wouldn't agree so quickly. I felt like many things had changed about you since we came back from Northfield that I didn't recognize."

"Doyle, do you like me?" Besse suddenly asked him seriously.

Doyle was taken aback before answering very affirmatively, "Yes."

Besse just smiled though.

"Don't you like me anymore?" Doyle couldn't help asking again.

Besse shook her head saying, "I like you."

Besse liked Doyle.

"It's enough if you like me. I'm afraid that one day suddenly won't anymore," said Doyle as he took Besse's hand proactively. "You don't know when we first met how much desire arose within me to marry you, now after all these years finally getting what I wanted makes me feel like the happiest man on earth."

Besse looked at him tightly then.

Did he love her since childhood?

Doyle also looked at Besse somewhat lost in thought. Everything seemed unreal for him right now. When they returned to Jolencami, there seemed some rejection from Besse towards him, which made him feel maybe she had no feelings for him anymore. He proposed with the worst-case scenario, thinking that even if he failed at least he gave himself another chance but unexpectedly succeeded. But even during his proposal, Besse didn't immediately say yes, instead saying she needed time to consider before answering the next day.

Besse said that after thinking about it all night, she decided to marry him. The joy at that moment was overwhelming and he could still feel it now. Just the thought of it made his heart race.

Doyle couldn't resist and leaned in closer to her. Besse's eyes flickered as she looked at Doyle up close, his face magnified before her. At the moment when Doyle was about to kiss her lips, Besse turned her face and his kiss landed on her cheek instead. Doyle felt a bit embarrassed because it seemed like she always rejected him whenever he tried to get close to her.

But other times, she was attentive and caring towards him in every way possible. He didn't know what kind of feelings Besse had for him.

"Let's wait until our wedding day." Besse smiled beautifully, noticing the disappointment in his eyes. Since returning from Northfield, she had rejected Doyle countless times but seeing how hurt he was each time only made herself more indifferent towards him.

"I'll surprise you on that night." She said.



Doyle's dim eyes lit up again because of those words from Besse. Sometimes she felt like Doyle was just a big boy with no ulterior motives, simple-minded yet stubbornly determined. She didn't want to hurt him.

"What surprise?" asked he.

"If I tell you then it won't be a surprise anymore."

Doyle didn't push her. He would know what it was within two days anyway, though he was desperately expectant.

Inside a luxurious hotel room, Susan had changed into comfortable pyjamas while lying on the bed after Manuel helped her take a shower and dry her hair. She was chatting on her phone.

"Who are you chatting with?" Manuel asked.

"Who else besides Oscar?" Susan laughed wickedly with an evil grin on her face.