

Reborn 1111

Chapter 1111 The Real Besse

"As long as I take Hannah away from Doyle and bring her back to Northfield, I can protect her and ensure that Doyle never sees her again," Oscar said bluntly.

Carol scrutinized Oscar. She had never expected that the leader of Northfield would go to such lengths for a woman. With his status, he could turn directly to the king of Jolencami and demand Hannah's release. Even if he was afraid of alerting Doyle, he could at least send someone else to rescue Hannah. He should not have gone himself.

"Hannah is important to me," Oscar emphasized each word.

He knew Carol was judging him, so he admitted it outright.

"I'll take Hannah away. Once she's gone, Doyle will forget about her over time and be with Besse again." Oscar continued persuading Carol without pause.

"What do you want me to do?" Carol didn't want any more hesitation. She just wanted Hannah out of sight as soon as possible.

"Find out where Hannah is and distract Doyle while I take her away."

"I might be able to do it before tonight but after tonight, I can't guarantee anything. You saw how much resistance Doyle put up against me earlier. There's no way I can get him here now."

"There is a person who can make him leave Hannah."

"Who?"

"Besse."

Carol narrowed her eyes in thought; this seemed like the only option left now.

"I heard your argument with Doyle earlier. He just doesn't want you around when he talks with Besse but maybe if they talk alone, I think that even though it may not be love anymore between them right now, there must still exist some guilt on his part towards Besse all these years. If she asks something of him tonight, he might agree." Oscar spoke frankly.

"Let's wait until later tonight before we decide anything further. Right now things are too heated between us all because of what happened earlier today with Doyle being injured. And if I told Besse to talk with him, he might suspect it's my idea and reject Besse."

Oscar nodded in agreement. "There's no need for haste."

"Now that you're here at the palace anyway, if you don't mind staying here overnight then let me arrange a room for you."

"Thank you, her majesty. But I came to Jolencami this time just for personal matters. If it weren't for the royal family, I wouldn't have come here, so I don't want to disturb the king"

Carol thought it made sense. She nodded and said, "Then I'll send you away."

"I want to meet the real Besse before leaving, and I want to learn more about the relationship between her and Doyle." Oscar requested.

Carol agreed.

Oscar followed her into the palace. If he had known Carol's objection to the relationship between Hannah and Doyle, he and Theodore wouldn't have wasted so much time and engaged in so many things.

Carol walked with Oscar to the entrance of a room. She knocked on the door, which was opened by a maid.

"Her Majesty." The servant quickly bowed.

"Has Besse slept yet?"

"Princess Besse is not sleeping yet."

"Leave us alone."

"Yes."

Carol walked into Besse's room with Oscar. There were many pieces of medical equipment installed in the room. Besse was half sitting on the bed at the moment, leaning against the bed, looking mentally ill. As far as the face, Besse was the same as Hannah now.

However, Besse was weak and emaciated, and her overall appearance was still very different from Hannah's.

"Besse, are you feeling better?" Carol approached her and asked with concern.

It was completely different from the attitude towards Doyle just now. Carol was much tenderer.

"I feel better now." Bessie smiled, looking very gentle. "Who is he?"

"Commander of the Northfield."

"Commander?" Bessie seemed somewhat surprised.

"More importantly, he is Hannah's ex-husband. Hannah is now Doyle..."

"I know." Bessie smiled bitterly.

The one she loved since childhood suddenly said he had fallen in love with someone else after she woke up. She was inevitably distressful.

"Now he is here to take Hannah away."

"But will Doyle agree?"

"It's because he won't agree, that's why we're going to use my approach," Carol said.

"I'm afraid Doyle will be sad." Bessie lowered her eyes. It seemed that all she was thinking was about Doyle.

"Hannah doesn't like Doyle, Doyle is just wishful thinking," Carol explained.

Besse was still a bit sad. Even though Hannah had no feelings for him, Doyle still liked Hannah and abandoned her.

"Don't be sad. Once Hannah is gone, Doyle will slowly come back to you. You two were lovers before."

Carol comforted Besse.

Besse nodded obediently. She couldn't just give up on Doyle like that. To her, it was just a nap that separated them from their happiest moments together.

"Do you need me to do anything?" Besse asked, knowing they wouldn't have come to her if they didn't need help.

"I talked with Mr Commander earlier and the only person who can get Doyle away from Hannah is you. If you call him out, Mr Commander will bring Hannah away from Jolencami."

"What if Doyle doesn't accept it?" Besse worriedly asked.

"He'll accept eventually," Carol reassured her, believing that Time would change everything.

"Should I call him now then?" Besse asked again.

"Not today; tomorrow would be better."

"Okay."

Besse nodded and couldn't help but glance at Oscar. She seemed to have a slight sense of repulsion to the man standing here.

Oscar could feel it and he said, "Sorry to bother you."

He now knew who Besse was and that was enough for him.

"Mr Commander," Besse stopped him.

Oscar turned to look at her.

"For me, Doyle is my husband. I never expected that he would fall in love with another one. If it's possible, I hope you can bring Hannah away, never appear in Doyle's world." Besse put it.

She looked at him while pleading with him.

Oscar didn't nod, because it was Hannah who had the final say on this matter. If she decided not to see Doyle again, he could let Doyle never see her; but if she refused, he could do nothing.

Chapter 1112 Rescue Preparation

Oscar left the palace. Before leaving, he used Queen Carol's power to get Theodore out of the police station. The two of them checked into a hotel.

As soon as Theodore met up with Oscar, he immediately asked, "So? Did you see Besse?"

"I did," Oscar replied. "But my target for cooperation is not just her."

"What?" Theodore was surprised.

"Queen Carol," Oscar said.

"The queen?"

"I happened to run into her and Doyle arguing at the palace. She's more likely to cooperate with us since she has more power."

"What do we do next?"

"First, we need to find out where Doyle and Hannah are staying. Once Besse calls Doyle away, we can take Hannah with us."

"So now we wait for them to make a move?"

"Yes," Oscar nodded.

Theodore also nodded. Suddenly he thought of something else, "Oscar, do you think Hannah will come with us?"

Oscar had no answer.

"If something is going on between Hannah and Doyle..." Theodore was only guessing.

After all, it was true that Hannah was supposed to marry Doyle before. But it could also be not what they had suspected-Doyle had kidnapped Hannah. Perhaps it was because Queen Carol didn't allow them to be together so he hid her away.

"I'll help her," Oscar said. "Help her be with Doyle for real."

"How?" Theodore asked.

Oscar glanced at him but didn't answer. Theodore didn't ask any further questions either because whatever Oscar said he could do would happen anyway.

Probably that was the worst result for him since he evaded his question.

It was cold at night. Hannah was in a luxurious villa, which was one of the grandiose villas outside the palace owned by Doyle. Many servants and guards are stationed here. Doyle brought Hannah here a week ago and kept her imprisoned ever since then without abusing or hurting her physically, just not letting her leave this place even once.

Tonight, Hannah had just fallen asleep when some noises came from downstairs in the villa.

Hannah got up from bed and stood on the balcony on the 2nd floor. She looked down below and saw someone helping Doyle sit down on the sofa. He was injured.

She turned around and left. Right now she just wanted to leave him. Whether he lived or died was no longer important to her anymore.

As soon as she left, Doyle looked over at where she had been standing earlier.

Didn't she care about him anymore?

He did disappoint her and made her sad.

Hannah returned to bed again, thinking about how to leave. This place was heavily guarded, and she couldn't leave whether Doyle was in the villa or not. Her phone was also confiscated by Doyle, and she couldn't seek external help. Doyle seemed to have cut off all her options.

Hannah turned over but couldn't fall asleep. During this time here, since there was nothing to do and she didn't want anything to do with Doyle, she had been staying in the room all day. Every day, she just lay in bed and forced herself to sleep regardless of whether it was day or night. Today, she slept enough during the day but now at night, she couldn't seem to fall asleep at all.

She didn't even know how long she'd been going around in circles.

The door was suddenly pushed open by someone.

Hannah lay still in bed, pretending to be asleep.

She ignored Doyle. However, Doyle would come to meet her every day, even if she didn't give him any good face. He still took the initiative to get closer to her.

Hannah felt that a dim light had been turned on in the room. Slowly, Doyle sat down beside her bed.

"Hannah," Doyle called her.

It started at an unknown time. The name "Besse" had been changed to "Hannah". But she never responded to him.

"Tonight, my mother called me back to the palace," Doyle spoke up.

He reports his itinerary to her every day. Most of the time, Doyle was in the villa and he would also tell her what he had done today and what work he had dealt with in the house.

"She asked me to stay in the palace, but I refused," Doyle said to himself without expecting a response from Hannah.

She was thinking. If she could get in touch with Queen Carol, maybe she could leave smoothly with her help.

"I hurt myself, shot my leg, so I could come back today." Said he.

"Aren't you gonna ask about me?"

Although she was surprised at what he said, she replied nothing. She didn't expect Doyle to go to such an extreme. She knew he was quite extreme, but because he treated her so well and even catered to her every need, she just overlooked many of his character flaws. She never thought he would be such a person.

Doyle let out a sigh. He said, "Soon, I will divorce Besse and we can finally be together. And you can be my wife as Hannah. Goodnight, Hannah."

With that, he bent and kissed her on the forehead.

Hannah clenched her fists, clearly trying to hold back. Doyle noticed that and smirked slightly. He knew Hannah hadn't slept and had heard everything he said. He wouldn't have to repeat himself tomorrow. Then he stood up and left, ignoring Hannah's rejection of him as if it didn't matter. He closed the door behind him and walked out.

As soon as he was gone, Hannah opened her eyes.

She had to find a way to escape.

The next day, Oscar received a call from Queen Carol.

"Mr Commander,"

"Her Majesty,"

"After investigation, we believe that Hannah is in a villa outside the palace with Doyle. There are guards

there who belong to Jolencami's army for each prince born into their family. So these people won't be under my control. In other words, if you go save Hannah, they'll become your threat."

"How many people are there?" Oscar asked calmly.

"Twenty," Carol replied. "And they all have weapons."

"No problem," Oscar agreed without hesitation.

"Going to rescue Hannah is already very risky business. What if something happens...?" Carol warned him about the consequences of a failure between two friendly nations being destroyed and how the king of Jolencami would hold her accountable for it all

"So what's your plan then?" Oscar asked, smartly knowing that Carol must have some solution in mind since she brought this up.

"I'll be frank with you." Carol spoke now, "I don't want the king to get involved in Doyle's love life. It should be treated as private matters"

"I agree."

"So I don't want Mr Commander to use Northfield's military force either."

"If I needed military force then I wouldn't come here alone."

Oscar gave an affirmative answer.

Chapter 1113 Face to Face

"I believe in you, Mr Commander," Carol affirmed. "To prevent any accidents, I'll provide some help to save Hannah. But ultimately, I hope you will take responsibility for this. To be blunt, I don't want Doyle to hate me."

"Okay," Oscar agreed without hesitation. He didn't even consider ruining Doyle and Carol's relationship.

"I'm planning on having Besse call Doyle tonight and ask him out. You can use that time to go to Doyle's villa and take Hannah away."

"Alright,"

"It's up to you tonight," Carol said again.

After hanging up the phone, Oscar turned to Theodore and said, "We're going in tonight to save Hannah."

"Okay," Theodore replied. "I've arranged a plane at the airport for us once we have Hannah so we can leave right away."

Oscar nodded. He stood up and walked towards the balcony outside. Taking out a cigarette, he lit it up. Theodore joined him after finishing his arrangements and also lit a cigarette.

Tonight, either Oscar was going to save Hannah or completely let go of her, Theodore wasn't sure which one it would be.

Oscar probably didn't know either.

At nightfall, Oscar left the hotel because Doyle had already left as well. He went with Theodore to Queen Carol's designated villa, where guards were stationed outside with weapons in hand. Brute force wouldn't work here. Even though Queen Carol had given Oscar an army of 20 men, he still didn't want things to get too out of hand.

Observing for a while, Oscar said, "I'll jump over from that wall."

Theodore nodded. Before that, Carol had given them a blueprint of the villa so they knew how best not to get caught easily when entering it. Oscar led Theodore around towards another side while other people were hiding around waiting for their signal.

As they reached their destination point, Oscar gave Theodore an eye signal. The latter then crouched

down, with all his might, Oscar stepped onto Theodore's back and used him like a springboard before leaping high into the air and landing on top of one large tree branch nearby. He tightly hugged its trunk while quickly climbing upwards until he was hidden within its branches. The tree concealed him from view by those guards patrolling below.

Only after making sure there weren't any more soldiers passing by did Oscar finally jump down from his perch among leaves. He followed through with their plan and walked stealthily inside the mansion, where some servants were still busy working away.

Oscar had been hiding and evading until he finally arrived at the staircase. He quickly ran up to the second floor, where Hannah was supposed to be. A servant seemed to have heard some noise, as he turned his head towards the stairs but found nothing unusual. Thinking that he might have been overly cautious, he went back to his own business.

Oscar carefully walked along the corridor, checking each room one by one until he finally saw Hannah sitting on a chaise lounge in one of them with a servant attending to her while she drank tea.

As soon as the maid saw Oscar, she was about to scream when suddenly Hannah covered her mouth tightly. The startled servant looked at Oscar approaching her and then felt a sharp pain in her neck before passing out immediately.

Hannah was still trembling with fear when she turned around and saw Oscar standing there looking at her intently. She never expected him to show up here or even care about what happened between her and Doyle, which made its way back to Northfield.

But now here they were face-to-face with so many questions left unanswered that neither of them wanted or dared ask right now. All Hannah wanted was just to leave this place with Oscar without any further delay.

"Are you here to take me away?" She asked calmly without any excitement or rejection in her tone as if talking casually with an ordinary person.

"If you're willing," replied Oscar nodding his head slightly, "I'll take you away."

"Let's go," said Hannah without expressing whether she agreed or not but showed it through action instead.

"We'll jump out of the window."

Hannah didn't object either since jumping off seemed like their best bet right now, given their circumstances. They both quickly made their way outside onto a balcony where they stood ready for action.

"I'll go first!" said Oscar pointing towards a spot below. "You jump after me, I'll catch you!"

"Okay." Replied Hannah nodding eagerly.

Just then someone called out from outside, "Your Highness!"

Hannah's heart skipped a beat upon hearing the voice. Oscar heard it too. How could Doyle return so soon?

"You go ahead!" Hannah said urgently before dashing back into her room. If she was not in the room, Doyle would ask the servants to find her. In that case, Oscar would be caught too.

She could only stall time with Doyle at this point.

Hannah returned to her room and quickly dragged the unconscious maid into the bathroom. After doing so, she quickly undressed and rinsed herself with cold water before putting on a bathrobe. As she opened the bathroom door, Doyle appeared in the room.

Doyle stared at her closely, noticing that she had just finished showering. At that moment, he felt slightly relieved. He had originally planned to meet up with Besse tonight to explain things between

them and minimize any hurt feelings he might have caused her. However, after leaving the villa, he couldn't shake off his unease as if something was going to happen.

He quickly made his way back here but didn't notice anything unusual upon returning or seeing Hannah acting differently than usual. But she still didn't even spare him a glance when he appeared in front of her.

Hannah ignored him and walked straight to her bed.

Doyle thought about leaving but then noticed that one of the floor-to-ceiling windows was open.

"Why is the window open?" He felt a slight breeze coming through it.

With that said, Doyle walked to the balcony.

Hannah worried that Oscar might still be around somewhere nearby. So she tried to stop him, "Doyle, isn't your leg injured?"

He stopped in his tracks and looked down at his right leg. Despite this pain though, Doyle got up from his wheelchair once he arrived back at the villa because he was nervous about something and strode to Hannah's room directly. Only then did it dawn on him how much pain there was present within himself all along.

"I'll go close the window," Hannah said as she got off her bed and walked towards the balcony area.

Chapter 1114 Doyle's Alert

Hannah took a step forward and walked towards the French windows. Doyle's eyes were fixed on her, as she hadn't shown any interest in him for quite some time. This week, she treated him like a stranger, as if he didn't exist. His heart was touched but he dared not act recklessly. He could only watch Hannah quietly as she approached the window and closed it.

She had been in such a hurry earlier that she didn't pay attention to any details outside the window. But now that she was closing it, she saw Oscar standing outside hiding behind the curtains. Hannah couldn't make any unnecessary movements and tried to appear calm as possible while pulling down both the window and curtain.

After everything was settled, Hannah returned to bed saying, "It's late. I'm going to sleep." It was clear that she wanted Doyle gone. Doyle looked at her wet hair and said, "Let me dry your hair for you."

He got up again heading towards the bathroom, where one of their maids who had been knocked out by Oscar still lay unconscious inside.

"Doyle," said Hannah in an icy tone. "I won't accept anything you're doing right now so why bother?"

Doyle stopped mid-step when he heard this from Hannah's mouth.

"You can leave. I can take care of myself better than you think." Continued Hannah coldly with rejection written all over her face.

"Do you hate me?" asked Doyle sarcastically

"Don't you think what you're doing right now is enough reason for me to hate you?" replied she without hesitation.

Doyle couldn't say anything else because it was true-he forced himself onto her, who didn't love him back.

Suddenly, step by step, Doyle approached Hannah's bed while being met with resistance from her side.

"Do you know why I went out tonight?" asked Doyle

"I don't want to know."

"Besse invited me out." continued Doyle, "but then I realized it might be a trap"

Hannah pursed her lips but also couldn't help admiring his sensitivity and rigour. Now hearing what he

had just said made everything clear-Besse invited him out tonight just so Oscar could sneak into their villa unnoticed and take away Hannah without anyone noticing. But they never expected that they would get caught by Doyle. Or perhaps, even if he hadn't seen through it, he had already raised his guard. Doyle was not easily tempted.

"Hannah, will you try to escape if you have the chance?" Doyle asked Hannah.

"If I have the chance, I will leave."

She was telling Doyle how much she detested him and how much she wanted to stay away from him.

"If that's the case, I think I'll get revenge on you!" Doyle threatened with each word emphasized.

Hannah saw the cruelty in Doyle's eyes. He was no longer the man who used to act like a child but still treated her like a queen. Hannah shifted her gaze and said coldly, "Doyle, you've erased all my good feelings for you. Regardless of whether or not I can leave your side in this lifetime or not, I won't feel anything for you anymore."

"No, as long as you don't leave me again, you'll fall back in love with me." Doyle insisted confidently.

"I never loved you!"

"You will love me." He persisted firmly.

At that moment he suddenly got up from bed and grabbed his ringing phone before walking towards the balcony door.

Hannah's eyes narrowed when he approached the balcony.

"Is that Besse?" she asked Doyle.

He paused before turning around and answering, "Yes."

"Since this concerns all three of us why are avoiding me? What do you want to say to Besse? How are you going hurt the two of us?" Hannah spoke coldly.

"All right," nodded Doyle before pressing speakerphone while facing Hannah directly. A soft female voice came over from the other end of the line asking, "Doyle where are you?"

"At home."

"I've been waiting for half an hour."

"Sorry."

"Why didn't you come out?"

"I had some things come up."

"Is it because of Hannah?" The voice on the other end sneered.

Doyle glanced at Hannah and then replied, "Yes."

"She has become so important to you now?"

"Sorry."

"Do think an apology is enough for hurting me like this? Have you ever considered my feelings at all? It was a car accident, but for me, it was just sleeping one night and then waking up and finding everything changed about... cough cough..."

Over there, she started coughing continuously due to excitement. Doyle's eyes were a little red. He felt immense guilt in his heart, but he didn't say anything about it to Besse. It took a while for things over there to stabilize.

She said, "Doyle, I'll wait for you tonight no matter how long it takes. If you don't come here..."

There was a pause. Doyle's expression also changed slightly.

"Maybe then, you won't see me again. Just like the last car accident that almost took my life."

The phone was hung up.

Doyle stood frozen in place and slowly put down his phone with teary eyes as he looked at Hannah with

an indifferent expression on his face.

“Aren’t you going?” Hannah asked him.

“Do you want me to go?”

“If you’re a man, then you should take responsibility,” Hannah said.

“Hannah, don’t you think what you said tonight was too much?” Doyle scrutinized her with his gaze and suspicion evident in his voice.

Hannah remained silent and her expression remained calm.

“Are you hiding something from me, like a plan?” asked he.

“I just want you to regret at last. If Besse moves you, you can set me free.”

“You know what? Even though she threatened me like this. I won’t go to find her. Even though I felt super guilty about it, I won’t go. I’m afraid if I go, I’ll be played by all of you.”

“Whatever you decide is fine.” Said Hannah. And she lay on the bed to end the conversation between them.

Looking at Hannah lying on the bed beside him, Doyle suddenly spoke up, “Hannah, let’s sleep together tonight.”

Her body visibly trembled as she glared coldly at him saying, “Is this what your promise meant? As long as I didn’t leave your side, you wouldn’t force me into anything?”

“I just had this feeling that maybe tonight would be the night when we part ways.”

“You are truly despicable!” She exclaimed angrily

“In front of you now I can no longer stand tall.” He walked over towards her bed and lifted her blanket saying, “So, break all barriers between us then.”

Chapter 1115 Hannah’s Allure

Doyle lay on Hannah’s bed, under the same blanket, but he didn’t touch her. The lights in the room were dim, and there was no communication between the two. Hannah was unable to sleep peacefully on this occasion since Oscar was still on the balcony outside, and she was worried that the servant in the bathroom might wake up any time. Once the maid woke up, everything would be exposed. And if she wanted to escape next time, it would be just a matter of fantasy.

Oscar couldn’t use the power of a country for her sake, and he alone couldn’t compete in a foreign country.

She rolled over and faced Doyle, whose eyes moved slightly. He had been looking at Hannah all the time. He saw her indifferent back. As Hannah turned around, the two of them looked at each other.

“Doyle, can you leave?”

Doyle chose to remain silent.

“I can’t sleep.” She told him clearly that as he was next to her, she couldn’t fall asleep.

“You have to get used to it.”

“I won’t get used to it.”

“Try to. We still have time.”

“It’s not today.”

“There will always be many ‘today’...”

“If you talk with Besse and made it clear between the two of you, at least, I won’t harbour guilt towards her. It should be something you have to bear instead of me.” Hannah paused before continuing, “This is my bottom line.”

There was determination in her eyes, and even rejection and disgust in them.

"After tonight, I won't sleep in the same bed as you. But tonight, I need to make that happen." He said in a tough tone.

So, he wouldn't let her go tonight.

"What if I resist?"

"You can't..."

Hannah lifted the blanket and was about to stand up, But Doyle yanked on her arm. Hannah tried to pull her arm back, while Doyle's grip on her became even tighter. He pressed Hannah fiercely under his body, making her unable to move.

"Let go of me!"

"I won't let go."

"Doyle!"

"Men are easily teased." Doyle threatened. "If you resist like this again, I can't guarantee that I won't do anything to you, and I've been thinking about this for a long time."

She glared at him, her eyes filled with hate.

"If you understand, don't resist. Men's endurance is limited..."

"How many times?" Hannah interrupted his words.

Doyle was looking at her closely.

"I said, how many times do I need to sleep with you before you leave? I don't want to see you!"

Though angry, Hannah said asked him in a calm tone. Her words silenced him.

"Get off me!"

Doyle didn't lose his grip a bit.

"Let go of me, and I'll give you what you want." Said she.

Doyle was incensed by what she said and he said, "Hannah, even if you're unwilling to, I'll take it seriously."

"So, if I sleep with you, you'll leave, right?"

He didn't answer her but let go of her arms in acquiescence.

Even if he had to obtain Hannah in such a despicable way, he didn't care. Hannah gained her freedom and began to untie her bathrobe, under which, she was wearing tight-fitting clothes. Doyle just looked at Hannah as she revealed her fair skin.

Under the dim lighting, it felt as if she was shrouded in an unusual glow, carrying a seductive allure all over. He had been eager for her for a long, but he didn't want to force her. Now she compromised, and Doyle couldn't help but approach her in the end.

He said, "Hannah, don't hate me."

Hannah didn't speak.

"It sounded like something pointless." Doyle mocked himself, and then he leaned in and kissed her.

As his lips got close to hers, Hannah turned her head away and said coldly, "Just get started."

Doyle paused for a moment.

The room fell into silence, except for some subtle sounds on the bed.

Hannah didn't know whether Oscar was still there or not, or whether he had seen everything happening right now.

Of course, that wasn't something she cared about. She didn't need to be responsible for Oscar anyway. She didn't need to be accountable to anyone.

But when Doyle touched her, she was in tears. Reborn in a new life, she thought it was her luck since she could seek revenge and protect her family. She thought everything could start anew, but now as she

walked this path, she never expected it to be so difficult. It was so hard to live for her.

Hannah's eyes flickered slightly.

She saw Oscar.

He came into the room from the balcony, standing in front of her, without making any sound.

Doyle was currently pressing down on her. He didn't notice Oscar behind him. Nor did he find the change in Hannah's expression. He knew Hannah was unwilling to be intimate with him, but everything he did could not be undone.

Hannah's hands crept around Doyle's back. She then gestured for Oscar to leave. Oscar's footsteps froze in the room as he watched helplessly when Hannah entwined with another man. His fists clenched tightly in an attempt to suppress his anger, but he couldn't bring himself to approach them. He was afraid of Hannah; he was afraid that every action he took would disappoint her and lead her to hate him even more.

The room fell silent until a piercing phone rang out suddenly. Doyle flinched at the sound while Hannah held onto him tightly, not wanting him to answer it because she knew that if he stood up, he would see Oscar. Doyle hesitated, on the verge of leaving but holding back once again.

He knew Hannah hated him but didn't want her hatred for him to deepen any further than it already had. Just as the phone rang out again, Doyle managed to calm himself down enough before deciding that this was enough. Getting Hannah wasn't just about having her body. However, despite everything that had happened between them so far, seeing how reluctant she was now made it difficult for Doyle too. Even if this was all just a ploy Hannah meant only for revenge against him.

Doyle moved slightly on her.

Suddenly, someone knocked urgently on their door from outside while Oscar had already left at this point.

Just as Oscar left, with one forceful push from her hands, she pushed Doyle away. Nothing had happened between them yet.

Doyle just looked at Hannah, who grabbed the blanket to cover herself. He knew she didn't want to continue. The knocking grew increasingly urgent inside their room until someone finally shouted out, "Prince Doyle! Princess Besse has committed suicide!"

Chapter 1116 Escape

Doyle's body was stiff. Due to Besse's suicide, there was still a trace of panic on his face. He didn't think about seeing Besse tonight. However, he never expected that Besse would resort to using this method to threaten him. His fingers were trembling involuntarily.

Hannah was also surprised when she heard the news of Besse's suicide. Would she end her life like this as she woke up after being in a coma for such a long time? Or, was it acting? Everything was just a play that made Doyle have to leave here.

Hannah remained calm.

Doyle did not respond, and the phone rang again. This time, he answered the phone without hesitation.

It was Queen Carol calling.

"Doyle, I'm taking Besse to the hospital now. If anything happens to her again... our mother-son relationship will be completely over!"

After saying that, the phone was suddenly hung up. Doyle's hand holding the phone was also trembling all the time. Meanwhile, a message popped up on the screen of the mobile phone.

Doyle saw a picture of Besse, who was lying in a pool of blood. At that moment, it reminded him of the time when Besse had a car accident several years ago. She was also lying in the blood back then. Though he was trying to conceal his emotions, he couldn't stop shivering all over. The rims of his eyes turned red as he turned his head to look at Hannah on the bed.

Hannah wrapped herself tightly in the quilt and looked at him with such indifference.

"If it is your plan..." said he.

Hannah was still a little nervous. Doyle seemed to have discovered something.

"I will never let you go!" Doyle left with these cruel words. In the end, he couldn't bear to see Besse being hurt by himself like this, so he hastily left with some people.

In a moment, Hannah heard the sound of a car engine downstairs. It was obvious to hear the urgency of leaving them.

Doyle left, and the room had become quiet again. It finally quieted down. Hannah let out a sigh of relief. Regardless of whether Doyle discovered anything or not, she managed to bluff her way through. She turned her head and looked out onto the balcony. Oscar walked into the room from the balcony. So, he had been there, witnessing what had happened between her and Doyle. There was no need to explain anything to him, so there was no guilt in her.

"Shall we go?" Oscar asked.

He was asking her if she had changed her mind to leave after engaging in an intimate relationship with Doyle.

For Oscar, it could have happened earlier. It was just that he caught them tonight. And when he saw them together, he felt agony in his heart. He always thought he could accept any identity of Hannah; he could accept everything of her. However, when he truly saw Hannah and another man... he wanted to kill Doyle, even though it would be a heavy cost.

But he was afraid that Hannah would hate him more. He had no idea about what Hannah's feelings towards Doyle were.

If there were no feelings for Doyle in her, she wouldn't have made love with him, Oscar thought.

Oscar waited for her response. If she wanted to leave, he would take her away; if not, he would leave her alone. This was not the first time he parted from her. Even if it hurt every time, he managed to endure it and get through it. All he wanted was to make her happy. As for him, he was not important at all. Being alive, he had been already numb.

Hannah glanced at him and replied, "Let's go."

Hannah still had to leave. She had never been a person who was willing to be controlled by anyone in her life. She needed freedom. It was the same for him back then. And now it was Doyle's turn. Doyle

was wrong because he thought he could break Hannah's wings and imprison her. Maybe there would be different results if he had kept her differently.

"Turn around," Hannah spoke up.

She needed to put on clothes now. She was almost naked under the quilt. Oscar stared at the blanket clasped tight by her and thought that they did. He secretly laughed at himself with self-deprecation, since he had no right to restrain Hannah from having any relationship with anyone.

He then turned around. Hannah quickly put on a set of clothes and walked over to him.

"Let's go." Said she.

So they walked towards the outdoor balcony.

It was on the second floor. Oscar could easily jump down. After landing, he only rolled once on the lawn. There were not many sounds. Then he gestured for Hannah to jump down as well. Though it was very high from there. She was quite unwilling to jump into Oscar's arms.

Though reluctant, Hannah leapt into Oscar's arms in the end.

She wasn't heavy, but not light either. Oscar held her tightly without even flinching. He held her steady as they suddenly found themselves very close. Hannah wriggled out of Oscar's embrace and he let go of her too. And in that split second, Oscar grabbed her hand and swiftly pulled her into the nearby foliage to hide as a guard walked by.

They both held their breaths as Oscar prepared to act if necessary. Thankfully, the guard checked briefly but didn't notice them before turning around and walking away. Both of them breathed a sigh of relief at once. It was then that they realized their hands were tightly clasped together. Hannah moved hers slightly while Oscar slowly released his grip on hers. The warmth between their palms dissipated just like that. Oscar showed no emotion as he stood up to survey their surroundings before gesturing for Hannah to follow him from behind. They made sure to stay hidden until they reached the large tree where Oscar started earlier on.

"Hannah, climb up first."

Hannah looked at the straight trunk sceptically; she couldn't climb it alone.

"Step on my shoulders, there are branches above you can use to climb further up, Theodore was waiting outside."

Oscar crouched down while Hannah stepped onto his shoulders, after which he carefully stood upright again so she could reach for a branch. With all her might, she finally climbed higher up.

Just when it seemed like everything would go smoothly, someone shouted out abruptly.

"Who goes there?!"

They were discovered!

Chapter 1117 Departure

Oscar was still under the tree at this moment.

“Go quickly!” Oscar said and left directly to divert the guards’ attention.

Hannah watched as he was chased by two guards, and then suddenly an alarm sounded. The whole villa was alarmed. She was so hesitant.

Would she just go like this and leave Oscar behind?

Given Oscar’s identity, he wouldn’t be in danger even though he would be caught by Doyle in the end. If Doyle had even a shred of reason, he wouldn’t dare.

However, Doyle... He was being unpredictable. Hannah had no idea whether he would choose to retaliate because of her departure, regardless of the friendship between the two countries, and go down with Oscar.

Finally, Hannah jumped down from the branch. She left the villa.

Theodore suddenly felt that there was someone on the trunk of the tree. So at the moment when Hannah jumped down, he caught Hannah. But he became unstable and fell on the floor. And so did Hannah.

“Hannah?!” Theodore recognized her and exclaimed in surprise, “Where is Oscar, what’s with the alarm going off inside?!”

“Oscar has been found.”

Theodore was about to dash into the villa upon hearing that. He had been waiting outside for a long time and he couldn’t bear it anymore. He wanted to rush in directly in minutes. However, since they did not receive instructions from Oscar, they were hesitant to take any action.

Just now, he discovered someone on the tree trunk, and he thought it was Oscar coming out, but didn’t expect it to be only Hannah.

Just as he was about to give the order, he thought of something and said, “Hannah, you go first.”

This time, Oscar was determined to ensure that Hannah left Jolencami safely. So they needed to ensure Hannah’s safety first and send her away.

Hannah didn’t hesitate and said, “Okay.”

Theodore felt a lump in his heart at the fact that she answered so easily.

“Hannah, can’t you show a little bit of concern and reluctance for Oscar?” Theodore complained, but he had already started arranging for Hannah to get in the car and leave.

Hannah did not answer him. If she was caught and taken back by Doyle this time, there would be no chance for her to escape forever. Therefore, she must leave immediately.

Despite Theodore’s complaints, he quickly escorted Hannah to the car. As he was reminding the person to take her to the airport, a gunshot was heard.

It had started unexpectedly.

Theodore quickly stuffed Hannah into the car and turned around to leave. The next second, he saw someone running out of the villa in the dark.

Oscar quickly ran back to Theodore's side and said, "Let's go!"

His urgent voice made them jump into the car immediately. Theodore also quickly got into the passenger seat and instructed the driver to leave. The car sped away from the villa with a heavy foot on the gas pedal.

After a while, they heard a car chasing after them, but they kept their distance and remained safe for now. Oscar took a deep breath as he tried to calm down.

Theodore turned his head towards Oscar and asked, "Did you get shot?"

Oscar held his arm in pain but didn't say anything.

"You got shot?" asked Theodore again.

"No vital organs."

"Damn it!" Theodore cursed under his breath before asking again, "Where did it hit you?"

"On my shoulder," Oscar answered truthfully. "Let's head back to Northfield first."

Theodore nodded in agreement since there was no time to waste. He couldn't help but glance over at Hannah, who looked back at him calmly despite everything that had happened. Theodore felt angry but didn't say anything.

Oscar lowered his head and pulled out his phone from his pocket, which had been on silent mode all this while. There was an incoming call from Carol. He picked up immediately.

"Her Majesty."

"Did you take Hannah with you?"

"Yes, we're on our way."

"I'm holding Doyle off for half an hour max."

"That should be enough time."

"I can't send you off, Mr Commander."

"Never mind. How is Princess Besse?"

"She lost too much blood but is stable now thankfully. Your suggestion may have been extreme but it worked wonders."

"Well then... farewell."

"Farewell."

Oscar put down his phone feeling exhausted. His injured arm made him feel uneasy. He leaned back against the rear seat to rest but still kept a watchful eye behind their car.

Gradually, they left them behind and then they boarded a private plane.

The plane took off.

Hannah looked at Jolencami down there with indifference. She left the place where she had lived for five years. She would probably never come back again. Her eyes twitched slightly. She saw a familiar black sedan down there at the airport. A man got off the car. Though she couldn't recognize the man's face, she knew that was Doyle.

Doyle arrived at the airport so soon.

But, they wouldn't see each other again. Hannah immediately averted her gaze. She turned her head and saw Theodore take out s medical kit and start to remove the bullets from Oscar's arm.

The longer the bullet stayed inside his body, the greater the damage.

Theodore cut Oscar's cuff, revealing the area where he got shot. The wound was quite ghastly covered in blood.

Hannah glanced at it and then shifted her gaze away.

"I'll take care of it for you first, there are still over 6 hours before returning to Northfield," Theodore said.

Oscar nodded.

Theodore started to work on it.

"Hannah," Theodore suddenly called out her name.

Hannah answered with a sound.

"Can you help me?"

Hannah stayed silent for a moment. When Oscar was about to say "No need", she suddenly spoke again, "How can I help you?"

The words that Oscar was about to say were swallowed back down.

"Help me support his arm so I can retrieve the bullet more easily?" Theodore said.

Hannah unbuckled her seat belt and walked over to Oscar's side. At this moment, the plane was flying steadily over Jolencami. Hannah squatted beside Oscar, holding onto his arm to provide support and enable Theodore to work more effectively.

Up close, Oscar's wound looked more horrible.

"If you're scared, just turn your head." Oscar didn't even look at Hannah's expression, as if he could sense what she was thinking inside.

Hannah's eyes flickered slightly, "I'm not afraid, it's not like it hurts me."

Theodore was about to start, but he burst out laughing at Hannah's words.

Hannah frowned.

Theodore explained, "Your indifference and rejection during this period made me feel like you were not Hannah anymore. But hearing you speak like this makes me feel relieved."

"..."

Chapter 1118 Hannah's Help

Hannah was quite speechless about what Theodore said.

Theodore didn't make any more jokes and started to focus on the bullet.

It was a bit tense. Hannah didn't want to watch it originally. Although she couldn't feel the pain before such a bloody scene, she still felt scared when she looked at it. She was just a common human. But Theodore asked her to help him hold Oscar's arm, and she was afraid of Oscar moving, so she had to constantly observe Oscar. And, she didn't avert her eyes during the entire process of Theodore picking up the bullet.

Oscar's bloody flesh was propped open by Theodore. Then they saw a bullet deep inside his arm. Oscar suffered severe pain in the process. He involuntarily clenched his fists, causing the veins clear on his arms.

"Hannah, don't let him move," Theodore instructed.

"Mhm." Hannah used both hands to hug Oscar's arm tightly.

And she moved closer to him. Oscar felt the warmth of her body at that moment, as well as her inherent smell. All those emotions were raging inside of him.

But he dared not move recklessly, not only because Theodore was helping him remove the bullet now, but also because he feared that any slight reaction might cause Hannah to leave. He endured the pain in his body and suppressed the turmoil in his heart.

Time ticked away second by second. Theodore finally extracted the bullet. He couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. Hannah seemed to have also breathed a sigh of relief, just feeling like they had accomplished something. It had nothing to do with Oscar.

Theodore started disinfecting Oscar's wound and began to stitch it up. Oscar endured without making a sound from beginning to end. Hannah was still by his side, close to him, with her hands firmly grasping his arm.

"I have good skills, don't I?" Theodore asked Hannah.

She admired his confidence and nerve to joke at this point when Oscar was about to faint from the pain.

"I trained for it. Oscar often gets injured, so I am frequently exercised." Theodore said casually.

Hannah pursed her lips. She knew immediately from Theodore's intention. It was just to make her feel some sympathy for Oscar. But she wouldn't be persuaded. She told herself that she couldn't be.

"No response?" Theodore glanced at her.

At the thought of how many times Oscar had hurt Hannah all these years and her aloof attitude, Theodore felt disgruntled. When he was sewing, he accidentally tightened it a little bit.

“Mm.” Oscar groaned softly.

It was not a sudden pain. It was always painful. And it made him numb. He made the sound just to remind Theodore to focus his attention on the task at hand. That he was silent from the beginning didn't mean he felt no pain or he didn't care Theodore took his time. He just did it for Hannah's sake and didn't want her to see his embarrassing side.

“Sorry sorry.” Theodore quickly said and put the needle back in place.

Hannah also looked horrified by what she saw and heard from Oscar's reaction towards the pain inflicted by Theodore. With Theodore around, it wasn't easy for Oscar to survive all these years. In the end, Hannah couldn't bear watching anymore She turned her head away from them.

Theodore saw her turn her head and smiled triumphantly

“See? She feels sorry for Oscar anyway.” Theodore thought to himself. He felt that there was still hope between Oscar and Hannah as long as they could untie their knots and overcome their barriers, they could be together again without any problems.

Oscar was so painful that he did not want to see Theodore's deliberately teasing eyes.

Theodore hurriedly accelerated his movements on his arms wrapping process until finished.

“Is everything okay now?”

“You can support him like this too. He'll be more comfortable.” Theodore said smilingly. Hannah simply let go of Oscar's arm without touching him further, which made Oscar feel suddenly empty inside without her touch. His heart felt somewhat lost.

Hannah returned to her seat looking at the night sky. Before recovering her memory, she never missed Northfield this much before. But now, she missed home even more. She calmed down her inner turmoil and leaned back against the comfortable chair wanting to sleep awhile.

But before sleeping, she suddenly heard snoring sounds coming from beside them loudly one after another making quite a racket. She turned around and looked at two people who were making those noises. In her memory, she almost didn't remember Oscar snoring, but at this moment he and Theodore were like a duet, deafeningly loud.

Hannah also knew that they were tired. Since arriving at Jolencami, they hadn't had a chance to rest. Now that everything was back to normal, the two of them quickly fell asleep with peace of mind. Oscar was also injured and weaker than usual, so he slept quickly. With such loud snoring, she couldn't sleep anymore because it was too disturbing.

Hannah called out to the staff, “Help them cover the blankets please.”

The two of them leaned on the chairs and fell asleep carelessly. The cabin was warm, but falling asleep like this might lead to catching a cold.

“Yes.”

Soon, the staff brought over two blankets.

Theodore felt someone covering him with a blanket. He murmured something unintelligible, shifted his body, and fell back asleep. The staff went to cover Oscar as well. He gently laid the blanket on Oscar. Oscar suddenly woke up. The hostility in his eyes was conspicuous. He grabbed the staff member’s arm suddenly and strangled his neck. He moved fast. The staff was so frightened that he didn’t dare to breathe, his face pale, and he looked at Oscar with fear because his neck was strangled and he couldn’t speak.

Oscar’s strength was increasing. He was holding onto his neck, tighter and tighter.

“Oscar!” Hannah hurried over and called out to him, exerting force to pry open his hand.

Oscar was clearly out of his mind, just like instinctively making some self-defence actions.

Hannah had been treated like this by Oscar before. She thought Oscar was now in the highest position and wouldn’t be as alert as he used to be in the bloody old days, but she didn’t expect him to be even more terrifying.

Chapter 1119 Snoring

Hannah’s voice successfully brought Oscar back to his senses. At that moment, his eyes seemed to focus and he saw Hannah clearly in front of him. He watched as she became so excited that her face turned red, and the next second he immediately let go of the staff. The staff fell heavily on the ground as if he had just survived a disaster.

“Commander, I was just helping you cover the blanket. This young lady is afraid that you might catch a cold.”

The staff’s eyes were red and he tried his best to speak clearly.

“Sorry,” Oscar regained his composure, “I just had a bad dream. Excuse me.”

He received an apology from Oscar, finding it hard to believe.

The bloody and cruel man just now and the gentle and handsome man now were simply not the same person. Being treated like this by Commander at this moment made him almost forget the fear he had just experienced.

“Go take a rest,” Oscar said.

The staff said “thank you” and then got up respectfully and left.

Hannah turned around and returned to her spot. She supposed Oscar had fully regained consciousness now.

“Did I scare you?” Oscar suddenly spoke up.

Hannah paused and shook her head, “No.” She knew Oscar was only defending himself and not actively attacking anyone. Oscar chuckled self-deprecatingly. Because everything about him was no longer

important to her, she didn't care about what he did. Hannah didn't pay attention to Oscar's emotions. When she returned to her position, she paused for a moment and said, "Your arm is bleeding."

Oscar didn't notice yet. He turned his head and glanced at his wounded arm.

He said, "It's ok."

"Let Theodore help you rewrap it," Hannah said.

At that moment, Theodore was sleeping like a log. When Hannah shouted Oscar's name so loudly earlier, he was startled awake. Upon hearing Hannah's voice, he thought Oscar was going to die. However, after realizing the situation, he didn't get up and went back to sleep. He thought he should leave some space for them to get along.

Or, how could old feelings reignite?

Upon hearing Hannah's words, Theodore immediately covered his head with the blanket. "I'm so tired right now, my head is spinning and I can't see clearly. I really can't get up. Hannah, please help Oscar bandage his wound."

Hannah glared at Theodore.

Theodore wrapped himself tightly, making it hard to breathe.

"It's ok, it will stop bleeding a little while later." Said Oscar.

Hannah turned around and glanced at him. Seeing him close his eyes again, she realized that if they both fell asleep, they would snore loudly and keep her awake. So she decided to grab the medicine box next to her.

Oscar's heart skipped a beat as he watched Hannah's movements. He lowered his head and avoided looking at her, feeling afraid to offend her.

Hannah sat next to Oscar and started removing his bandages. The cloth was stained with blood, but luckily the stitches were still intact, although some blood had seeped out. She used iodine to stop the bleeding while touching his wound gently. Oscar's arm muscles twitched involuntarily due to pain.

"Does it hurt?" asked she.

"No," Oscar replied stubbornly.

Hannah rolled her eyes but didn't expose him. She continued wrapping up his wound more gently this time until she heard Theodore snoring like thunder in the background.

Oscar looked at Theodore disdainfully before explaining to Hannah, "He didn't have time for proper rest since we arrived in Jolencami. Don't mind Theodore."

Hannah laughed genuinely this time and said, "You don't snore any less than Theodore."

Oscar blushed as he realized that he had been snoring too.

"It's okay. I understand."

Soon, she finished dressing his arm. As Hannah walked away from him, all they could hear was Theodore's loud snores echoing through the cabin. Oscar felt too embarrassed and agitated to fall asleep. He then stared at the lamp above his head, trying to stay awake.

Hannah had been facing Oscar with the back of her head. As she had not heard Oscar's snoring, she couldn't help but laugh a bit. But soon she became expressionless again. She tightened her lips and focused her attention on the night sky outside.

Six hours of flying had brought them to the Capital International Airport. Theodore stretched his body lazily, satisfied with his sleep. He turned to Oscar and Hannah and asked, "Did you guys sleep?"

Hannah rolled her eyes at his question, leaving him confused.

Did they fight again while he was sleeping?

He then turned to Oscar, who didn't bother answering him. After all, who could feel good after listening to Theodore snore for six hours straight? And it was true that he hadn't slept since forcing himself not to fall asleep.

The three of them got off the plane and a private car had been waiting for them at the airport. They got in and drove through the streets of the Capital under bright sunshine.

Hannah looked out of the window with a blank expression on her face as she watched familiar streets turn into unfamiliar ones.

"Go back to my place." Oscar suddenly spoke up.

Hannah turned around and looked at him. She indeed was thinking about where she should go next since she had no money or identification documents that would allow her access to hotels or other accommodations.

"I don't know if Doyle will come looking for you in Northfield." Oscar continued explaining himself while avoiding eye contact with Hannah. "I can't guarantee your safety if you're not by my side."

Hannah kept staring at him until he finally added, "I'm not invincible."

In other words, without her being by his side, there was no way he could ensure her absolute safety.

Chapter 1120 Under One Roof

In the quiet car, Hannah was hesitant. She didn't want to live under the same roof as Oscar. But, he was right. Doyle could come to Northfield for revenge, and there were many ways he could do it given his status and connections. With her understanding of Doyle's character and his anger towards her leaving, she felt that he could do anything extreme.

She thought about it for a moment before asking, "How long?"

"I can't guarantee," Oscar replied honestly. "I'll try to keep it within a month."

A month would be enough time to reach an agreement with Jolencami. As long as they could control Doyle on their end, there shouldn't be any problems.

“Okay,” Hannah agreed. The moment she said yes made Oscar’s heart race. He never expected her to agree so easily. Knowing her personality, he thought she would rather endure uncertainty than compromise herself by staying with him. Now that Hannah had agreed so readily, he felt somewhat flustered and unsure of what to say next.

“What I mean is we’ll be living under one roof but not in the guesthouse you stayed at last time.” Oscar clarified himself after taking a deep breath.

“I know.”

The safest place would be Oscar’s mansion, where heavy security measures were in place. Even if Doyle came to Northfield, there was no way he could get close enough to see her face-to-face without being detected first.

“Mhm,” Oscar responded calmly, while his heart was beating fast.

Theodore sat in the passenger seat listening intently. Glancing at Oscar through the rearview mirror, he couldn’t help but chuckle. He thought only around Hannah did Oscar seem like an actual human being instead of an emotionless robot who wasn’t afraid of pain or death itself.

The car arrived at its destination and both men got out first before waiting for Hannah outside.

Honestly speaking, it still felt strange for Hannah to come back here after all those experiences from before. Memories flooded back into her mind when Lillian used to live here too.

But then again, what else could she do?

She came here now as someone completely different from who she used to be alongside Lillian. It was just temporary accommodation anyway. Oscar stood outside waiting for her while watching over Hannah’s hesitation once more. Would she change her mind when she was here? Could she bear living under one roof with him?

Hannah stepped out of the sedan.

“Let’s go,” she said.

Oscar looked at her cold face. The hesitation she felt just a second ago disappeared when she faced him.

“I’m not going in,” Theodore said suddenly, standing to the side.

“Okay, get some rest when you get back.” Oscar nodded.

“I slept well on the plane,” Theodore laughed and stretched lazily. He seemed very comfortable and relaxed.

Oscar’s face darkened visibly at the thought of Theodore snoring on the plane.

“Well then, I’ll be off.” Theodore didn’t pay any attention to Oscar’s gaze. He knew Oscar would change completely once he saw Hannah. It was nothing new to him. He then got into the car again and had the driver take him away.

At the entrance of the courtyard, only Oscar and Hannah were left, along with many guards who were responsible for guarding but could be ignored for now.

“Let’s get inside,” Oscar spoke up before walking ahead slowly, deliberately waiting for her even though she didn’t need it as her legs weren’t short or anything like that.

They entered the hall where everyone else was absent except for the servants.

“Sal and Una are still at kindergarten at this time of day,” Oscar explained after seeing through what was on Hannah’s mind from her expression. But that made Hannah frown as she sometimes found living under one roof with someone like him scary because he could read others’ thoughts so easily.

“Go back to your room, take a shower and get some rest.” Suggested Oscar as they walked into a room together.

“This is my room.” He added.

Hannah’s expression changed noticeably.

“Don’t get me wrong. I’m not living in this room. Everything is new here, I just asked the servants to change them.” Oscar explained, nervous.

Hannah frowned while looking at him.

“Though the house looked spacious, there are only four rooms besides servant quarters here, Sal, Una and I take up three of them, and another one previously occupied by Lillian, which I thought you might not want so I asked them clear mine instead.” His flow wasn’t natural since he was afraid that Hannah would turn and leave here.

“Since it’s just temporary accommodation anyway, any room will do for me.”

“I’m trying not to remind you of too many unhappy memories.” Said he.

“So you think sleeping in your room will bring back a lot of happy memories?” Hannah asked, her tone light and slightly ironic.

After a pause, he continued, “I just thought it might be better.”

Hannah chuckled lightly. She didn’t care about these things.

“If you don’t like it, I can have Sal switch with me so you can stay in his room...”

“No need for that trouble,” Hannah said. “It doesn’t matter where I stay. It doesn’t matter.”

Nothing mattered to her now.

Oscar clearly understood what she meant and nodded his head. “Then take a shower and get some rest. When you wake up, we’ll have dinner.”

“Mhm.” Hannah nodded before walking into the room.

Oscar helped her close the door before turning around to leave when he suddenly remembered something. He turned back around and opened the door again.

Inside the room, Hannah had already taken off her clothes and was only wearing a bra on top since she felt dirty from last night's encounter with Doyle. Although nothing happened between them, there was still some discomfort due to their intimate contact, which made her want to wash away everything from Jolencami as soon as possible.

But she never expected Oscar would come in suddenly without knocking since she didn't lock the door either.

And Oscar never expected that Hannah would move so fast or forget to lock the door because he forgot to knock first too. So they both saw each other unexpectedly at that moment.

Oscar saw Hannah's body, her fair skin with some bruises on it left by other men's kisses. And because of those marks, he couldn't turn away immediately. His eyes were fixed on them instead.