

Reborn 581

Chapter 581 Anger

Edward agreed with Manuel.

He said, "Indeed, according to my knowledge about those big banks around the globe, Sway Bank was quite influential. But people in Northfield prefer local banks. A foreign bank might not be their first choice. Of course, this might not be the same story for Sway. After all, they have so much clout. People might sway under the impact of a successful campaign, which would surely bring Sway a good chance to steal our market shares."

"Yes, so here are three ideas I want to share with you. First, it's the need for growth, a kind of normal expansion in business. They move in because of their development strategy, a consequence of regular competition in the market. The other one is that it's their intentional conspiracy. I mean someone induces Sway in on purpose."

"On purpose?" Edward repeated and questioned surprisingly.

"In our point of view, this is not good timing for Sway to enter Northfield. But it did, so suddenly and queerly. We have to doubt if this is a plot or not."

Edward nodded.

"Now I am trying to investigate what happens inside Sway, to see which one is the cause. If the first one works, we can just treat it as a normal market competitor. Given the years Phillips Bank has dedicated to Northfield, the new competitor cannot win over us easily. But to the second one, I think we must pay enough attention, for it can bring us real challenges." Manuel explained, "If Sway's entry is on purpose, they must gain some advantages. In other words, they find our vulnerability, which brings it with confidence to snatch our market."

Edward grew sombre at Manuel's analysis.

Susan stood aside, puzzled by the dialogue.

The terms they used sounded like riddles to her.

What were they talking about on earth?

Staying still, she listened to their discussion about the schedule coming after.

After a long while, they reached some agreements at length, while Susan nearly nodded off.

Before the talk, Edward looked irritable although he tried hard to calm himself down. But now he became confident and composed again.

Susan got confused about the stark contrast between Manuel's business talent and his nerdy appearance.

"Susan," Edward stopped them suddenly.

Susan looked back at her father's call.

“Manuel is good at business, you should learn from him as much as possible,” Edward suggested.

Susan was left speechless.

“How about?” Seemingly unsatisfied with his simple suggestion above, Edward determined to make a more practical one.

Susan had a presentiment that her father would say something unpleasant.

“You are Manuel’s assistant since today. Leave alone the finance. I cannot see any progress from you after a half-year study. Why not just turn to something practical.”

“No, I refuse!” Susan turned down his proposal without hesitation.

Edward turned dull.

“I will quit if you keep forcing me.” Susan threatened.

“Fine, as you like,” Edward was annoyed.

He had thought indulgence for his daughter in her childhood could be a foundation for her happy growth.

But out of his expectation, now it made her indolence.

The more he thought, the angrier he became.

“You can quit if you can feed yourself.”

Susan flushed in anger.

Edward’s threat worked.

Given her monthly cost, if her father cut off his financial support, he could send her to hell.

She gazed at him viciously.

Neither of them seemed to compromise.

Finally, gnashing her teeth, Susan surrendered, “Well, OK. But don’t count on me for any surprise progress.”

“I dare not,” Edward said coldly, “I am just clutching at straws anyway!”

Damn.

Was she so disappointing?

Susan left with a bang.

Edward seemed helpless a bit and he said to Manuel, “I’m sorry for my spoiled daughter.”

“Never mind,” Manuel said, “Phillips Bank must turn back to her. Sometimes extreme action is must-have.”

Edward nodded and sighed, "She turns a blind eye to whatever you did for her. What a pity!"

"Nothing for pity. I am just doing what I should do," Manuel said carelessly.

This was an unpleasant topic, so Edward said nothing more.

Manuel went back into his own office.

As soon as he sat down, he heard a door knocking.

Looking at Tia standing in front, Manuel asked in surprise, "Why do you come here?"

"I come for sending you lunch," Tia said smiling, "Ms Knight asked me to send lunch to you before, but you rejected it. But considering your injury, I think you might need more nutrition to recover. So I try again without informing you ahead. Meanwhile, I can practice my driving skills in passing."

Turning down kindness was not Manuel's style. It was a difficult task for him to reject someone who was kind to him.

He said with a nod, "Just put it on the tea table there."

"Yes," Tia followed his instruction and headed to the door for leaving.

"Oh, wait," Manuel stopped her, "Can you take a look at my wound?"

Tia was surprised by his request.

"The medical box is under the cabinet beside."

"Yes," Tia responded quickly.

Carrying the medical box, she walked to him.

Manuel took off his suit, loosened the tie and stripped off the white shirt at last.

At the sight of the white bandage, Tia said with horror, "Mr Johnson, your bandage is stained by blood."

"Mm-mm, can you do me a favour to open it and see where it cracks?"

The wounds easily tore during some careless motion.

Then Tia, a suitable helper hand, appeared. And a timely treatment could avoid infection.

"Yes." Tia carefully opened the bandage with elaborate care, in case of touching the wound.

The office was so quiet that only breaths could be heard.

"Where is my seat?..."

Susan's voice came from the door.

With quick action, Manuel held Tia in his arms.

And meanwhile, he turned around, faced the door, and rested his back against the chair, concealing his bloody wound behind.

When striding in angrily, she saw Tia lying on Manuel's bare chest intimately.

The sight left her spellbound for seconds.

And she dashed out as soon as her reason came back, yelling, "I didn't see anything."

The office door was shut with a bang.

Manuel clenched his teeth because of the sharp rubbing hurt.

Tia was frightened at that moment.

"Lock the door," Manuel asked her.

With her face flushed and her heart racing, Tia rushed herself out of Manuel's hug and went to lock the door.

Susan, who had left and now returned, heard the door lock quickly.

Chapter 582 Be His Secretary

It cost Tia more than half an hour to dress the wound again. After that, she was going to leave.

When opening the door, she saw Susan right there.

The flush on Tia's face had not yet vanished. The unexpected intimate hug brought her red cheeks which lasted when she was taking care of Manuel's wound.

Susan watched her, peacefully. She should not have seen what had happened in Manuel's office, Susan thought. She dashed out in a huff a minute ago but she came back to wait at the door in peace since she realized her role as Manuel's assistant. She must keep her nerves steady on any occasion, she told herself.

She waited so long.

"Miss Phillip," Tia called Susan enthusiastically at the sight of her.

Susan nodded slightly, with a touch of coldness.

Her dislike was significant. So Tia kept her pace forward smartly in silence.

"Why do you come here?" Susan couldn't help but ask.

Though she pretended to be calm, her question sounded somewhat jealous.

"I brought Mr Johnson's lunch here," Tia answered hurriedly.

"What a diligent maid." Susan teased.

She almost failed to cover her feelings.

"If only it could help Mr Johnson," Tia responded with a huge smile.

This was a woman in love, Susan deemed.

Susan found herself boring because she was caring about others' relationships.

Thanks to the days in which Tia served Susan, she read Susan and received the message on her poker face that she was unwilling to talk with her. So she left respectfully after greeting her.

Staring at Tia's back, Susan wondered why Manuel was attracted by this girl.

Although Tia was young and she had a good body, nothing made her one of a kind.

Maybe men like girls of the pure kind.

Susan was lost in her analysis.

After a while, she was a bit disappointed with herself.

She shouldn't care about the type of girl that attracted Manuel. Now she was nobody but his assistant.

Gnashing, Susan turned around and watched the door in front.

She warned herself that she must knock before entering Manuel's office in any case in the future.

Then she knocked at the door.

"Come in." Manuel's low voice came through from inside.

Manuel was enjoying his lunch.

His voice sounded somewhat different from always. So Susan thought he lowered his voice a little bit because he must have done something with Tia. It was a way of calming himself down, Susan thought.

The man's substantial lunch awakened her appetite. She remembered that she had not yet had lunch.

"You will sit outside and share a room with Lucy," Manuel answered emotionlessly when having his meal.

"Get it," Susan responded.

The office fell to quietness again.

Susan just kept still watching Manuel enjoying his dishes.

"Do you have anything to ask or report?" asked Manuel.

Susan shook her head and said, "Nothing else."

A flush appeared on her face.

Susan had to admit that this man did have a charming shell.

"Then I will move to my new office." Susan turned around and said.

Manuel nodded and buried his head again for his lunch.

Susan left.

She could feel the surprising coldness in Manuel's attitude to her.

Manuel looked in the direction of the door.

Since Tia helped him dress the wound, he had been enduring hard the pain in his back. So he pretended to enjoy his lunch to distract Susan from anything different about him.

That was the best way to make her leave there.

He was not sure if being his assistant could be helpful for Susan.

But this was the only thing he could do for her.

Henry got furious in his office room.

The notice of Susan becoming Manuel's assistant lit up the anger which he had been repressing long.

It seemed that Edward was pushing the two of them together. But what made him angry the most was that Susan had agreed with the arrangement and she even did not inform him about her job rotation.

Gritting his teeth, he could feel Susan's estranging from him. Although she might not do it on purpose, if things went on like this, he would lose everything.

No way.

He should stop Susan from going back to Manuel.

And Phillips Bank must be his in the end, as well as Susan.

Gritting his teeth, he took out his phone and pressed a number.

"Kick off our plan."

"Now?"

"Now," Henry gnashed.

"OK."

Henry put on a spiteful smile.

He just waited to see how Manuel could turn the tide.

It was 4 pm.

Manuel was briefing the relative teams about the plan for an emergency solution in a meeting room.

When he finished half of his presentation, the door was pushed open without knocking.

"Mr Johnson, Mr Chairman wants a talk with you now."

Edward's secretary appeared at the door, with a significantly anxious face.

Manuel was sure that there was something wrong, so he passed his notebook to Susan right beside him, and said, "Continue the briefing."

"Me?" Susan asked in shock, with her eyes popping.

Was Manuel kidding her?

She had been absent-minded all the way and now she was asked to hold the meeting.

Manuel did not leave a chance for her to reject. As soon as he finished his instruction, he strode out, following Edward's secretary.

Embarrassed, everyone was looking at Susan.

Chapter 583 Go for the Site

Manuel hurried into Edward's office. Along the way with Edward's secretary, he had learned what was happening.

Outside the largest branch of Phillips Bank in Kensbury, a crowd of depositors held up a banner and protested the bank, accusing it of obtaining illegal benefits out of their deposit but refusing to give them the bonus accordingly. They succeeded to draw the press's attention. And before Manuel went there, news of this had been spreading quickly.

Edward was so furious on hearing that. The incident undoubtedly worsened the Phillip Bank's situation.

If they lost the domestic depositors' trust, they were making a way for Sway's entry to Northfield. Just in the meeting before, Edward had shown his determination to defeat Sway at the very first trial in combat, which could curdle their following expansion in Northfield. However, they were ruining themselves.

Manuel browsed the news on the phone, keeping in the loop about the incident.

If it was in a state of ferment, Phillips bank would be put in a more difficult position.

"Who was in charge of this project before?" Manuel asked.

The best solution must root in the source.

"It's impossible for me to take care of every project. For those unnecessary, I would leave it to the staff if everything goes right." Edward said.

So now they had no idea who took charge of this project, leaving alone the accuracy of the accusation against them.

Manuel seemed much calmer than Edward. He said, "Just take some inquiries. We have to put an end to this stuff as soon as possible, or it must ruin the bank's reputation. If Sway makes use of it, it could give us a fatal blow."

That was why Edward grew so furious and anxious.

He asked his secretary to carry out a quick investigation and soon they found the one in charge was Terrance Wood in the marketing department.

Terrance was soon summoned to the office.

He seemed deeply frightened. And he took out all relative documents right away and checked them term by term.

After checking round after round, they didn't find any problem. The accusation of their illegal benefits was fictitious.

Frowning, Manuel was curious about the motive for this, wondering why a project which had been done two years ago would have taken advantage of at this point.

"What's wrong with them?" Edward questioned with an angry face, "Haven't we fulfilled our contract? How could this have happened?"

"They are used," Manuel concluded.

Edward stared at him.

"Especially at this stage, the worse our reputation grows, the easier Sway moves in."

"But it was made up."

"Even if we get things solved and break through the rumour, the public might stay doubtful of us. The impact of public opinion sometimes is beyond our imagination, which was what our competitor wants."

"That's crazy! An international bank. How can I expect it will use such disgusting tricks?" Edward swore.

"We don't know that they did it," Manuel said meaningfully.

Edward shifted his sight back at Manuel.

Manuel explained, "It's less possible that Sway can know so many details about our operation. A small deposit project, how could they know? And how could they find out our depositors, given our protection measures for the client's privacy? Moreover, how could they find out the bug in our project so shortly and provoke our clients' anger? So the problem must be in our bank. We have a betrayer."

Edward was getting more furious.

With a heavy slap on the desk, he shouted, "Who the hell is the betrayer? I must peel him off when I figure out who that is."

Manuel had no response for he would not wrong anyone without proof.

"What can we do now? Can we find out the betrayer?" Edward inquired.

"Remember our dialogue this morning? I mentioned 2 possible causes impelling Sway's landing in Northfield, marketing competition, or an intentional plot. Now it's more likely that the second one prevails."

"So do you mean there is someone in our bank seducing Swell to steal our market?" Edward asked, remaining little composure.

"This is possible."

"Damn it!" Edward cursed suddenly.

Looking at him, Manuel realized the reason Susan swore frequently.

"Who the hell is that?" Edward asked.

“Just dig it out and the answer must come out sooner or later,” with steadier nerves than Edward, Manuel added, “Now the first thing we have to do is to quiet down the existing chaos.”

“Didn’t you say that it makes no difference even if we break through the rumour?”

“It will do more harm to our reputation if we just sit aside and do nothing.” Manuel answered after a quick consideration, “Let me go to the site.”

“All right.”

Then Manuel left Edward’s office at once and called his secretary to arrange a car for him.

As soon as he strode back to his office for the computer, he realized that his computer should be in the meeting room. So he turned around and happened to see Susan appear at the door with his computer in her arms.

The sight of Manuel angered Susan since he left her in the meeting room and put her in a shitty position. She didn’t remember how she had delivered Manuel’s arrangement in front of all those people. She just felt so embarrassed there.

But Manuel had no time for her venting out the fury.

He ordered coldly, “Follow me with my laptop.”

Then he strode outside, leaving his back to her and not asking if she agreed or not.

Susan was lost for her words.

Damn it.

How could Manuel be so disrespectful?

Was it hard to ask for her permission before ordering?

Clenching her teeth, Susan hurriedly followed him.

But Manuel was too fast to catch up.

Finally, when she got into Manuel’s special car owned by the group, she was panting heavily. And she had cursed Manuel a lot all the way.

“Next time take the seat of co-pilot at your duty,” Manuel instructed coldly.

Chapter 584 Threaded

Annoyed, Susan was glaring at him. She was irritated by his attitude of ordering her around.

Anyway, Susan thought Manuel was working for her. She would be his boss someday.

But blanking Susan’s fury, Manuel took out his laptop from Susan’s arms and plunged to work, with his agile finger playing smoothly on the keyboard.

Susan was so mad again at the effect of Manuel’s neglect that she turned her head to the window.

But in the car window, she could see the side of his face. He was focusing on the screen conscientiously as if anything happening around him could not disturb him.

All of a sudden, Susan was aware that she had paid too much attention to this guy these days, so she tried to distract herself away.

Manuel was not aware of Susan's tiny moves since he was completely focusing on his job.

His guess was right.

He did not find any clue showing the inner network of Phillips Bank had been ever hacked. There was no means for Sway to snatch any of Phillips Bank's confidential information. So the trouble was impossibly made by them.

Now Manuel had a suspicion-Henry Parker.

Henry wanted to chase him off the company by using this occasion. Without Manuel who restrained his development, Henry must be able to regain Edward's trust and at length snatch the chairman seat.

So the answer went clear Henry's target was him, Manuel.

And the best way to get rid of Manuel was to make him fail to fulfil the promise he had made before the board.

Making people think it was a result of a competitive market, that was Henry's ruse.

Manuel pondered in silence.

Soon the car arrived at the site, the largest branch of Phillips Bank in Kensbury.

Security guards of the bank were in place to maintain order, and the police officers were also doing their best to cool down the crowd. However, the noisy crowd still kept yelling for Phillips Bank to do the 'right' thing, otherwise, they would not leave.

The sight of the jostling and swearing crowd startled Susan since she wasn't informed ahead.

Without a chance to ask, Susan found Manuel had left the car and headed to the chaotic crowd. After hesitating for a while, she rushed out and followed the man before.

The appearance of Manuel muted the crowd for minutes.

"I am Manuel Johnson, the General Manager of Phillips Bank," Manuel introduced himself.

As soon as the sentence completed, the crowd was exploded.

"Well, the big boss shows up finally. Then you must fulfil the promise that your bank made to us. And explain the reason why our bonus was so low since we've joined you for 2 years." Someone said.

"Compared to the colossal profit you had, what we gained is just a small bite of cake. According to the contract we signed with you, we put money into your bank account, and we can share 50% of the profits you earned out of our deposit. But now, what we have is only 20% at most." The other added.

"Explain it, and compensate for our loss." Another required.

Watching so many people, yelling and shouting, Manuel was serious.

They were significant trouble makers which were listed at the top of Susan's dislikes.

"Quiet, please. I have the answer you need." Manuel started, as calm and cautious as always, without losing his cool head before the fussy crowd, and continued, "This financial project originated from Phillips Bank's sincerity in benefiting our customers to express our gratefulness. And that's the reason the product has been on sale as shortly as only one week, and the number of the customer was rather limited."

"True. We waited in a long queue for a whole night to get the ticket. But now it turns out to be a lie," someone interrupted, yelling furiously as a victim after being deceived.

Then more people echoed and followed.

Manuel had to raise his voice to say, "What I meant is that financial product is indeed the most beneficial one in the recent decade. And the bonus that Phillips Bank shares with you is also unprecedentedly considerable, compared to similar ones in every other bank. Based on the deposit and the bonus you gained at last, please do the math yourself, see the sum you've gained, and compare with the interest you can have under the regular interest rate..."

"This is not the answer we want!" A head of the crowd disturbed, "What we gained is what we deserved. A relatively remarkable benefit should not be the reason for you to fail your promise."

"We have given what we promised," Manuel retorted, taking out a contract, "the contract said, the customers could share 50% of the net profit which equals the number income minus operational cost, other than the actual income. If this is the actual income, this must be a project in the red for our bank!"

"Who knows how much is the net profit? Did you show us the financial statement every time before you allotted the bonus? You didn't. Why? That's because you were deceiving us time after time." Someone pointed it out.

A slight change appeared on Manuel's face.

They should have not been so professional without being briefed, or even trained before, he thought.

"I can show you the financial statement now, at once." Said Manuel composedly.

He had spent much time working out the financial statement in the car.

"It's hard for us to understand! How can we know if the one you show us is correct?"

The group of people were making trouble, other than searching for solutions.

"So why did you ask for the financial statement, if you cannot understand?"

"You!" the man was beaten over, with a flush in anger.

Standing beside him, Susan was amazed by her discovery that Manuel was a good debater.

"I have prepared both the statement and the solution you need. Please come to our VIP lounge. I will give you a clear reply." Manuel said it loud.

He must quiet down the incident as soon as possible, because the longer it lasted, the poorer the bank's reputation became.

"No way!" Sensing an air of compromise from the others, the head grew anxious and shouted, "Don't trust him. If you follow him now, he will threaten us and stop us to fight for the benefit we deserve. Just give the solution here, in front of all these cameras. Don't fall into his trap again!"

Manuel's face darkened.

The one who led the crowd certainly wanted to make a fuss.

"According to the law of Northfield, rumour-mongering, rabble-rousing, and intentional defamation are listed as crimes. Given the negative effect you created for Phillips Bank, you will face a charge that could bring you a decade in jail!"

Chapter 585 Manuel's ability

Manuel's imposing words startled the leader of the troublemakers for a few seconds.

He did not expect to be so threatened by the man in front of him.

Manuel did not give him more time to think and said frostily, "All the welfare activities launched by Phillips Group are carried out in accordance with the rules and regulations, and there is no self-seeking behavior. If you have any doubts, you can sue us through the formal procedures of the law. However, if you choose this extreme method, we can pursue legal accountability for the negative impact on our bank."

"You threaten us!" exclaimed the brave leader.

"It's not threatening. I'm trying to resolve the matter in a sincere manner." Manuel was young, but he did not show any fear among the group of people, "I am now inviting you to come to the VIP room so I can give you a straight answer. I want to clear up the misunderstanding. If you choose to be so tough, we will also protect the bank's rights through the law."

Everyone was staring at Manuel in a daze.

The man, taking the lead to make trouble, thought things might get thorny. He became a little unsure.

When he received the notice, he was ordered to make trouble at the Phillips Bank business point to alert the media.

At this moment, it was clear that he was in a dilemma.

The others also looked at each other.

"I'll give everyone time to think." Manuel made compromises, "I'll go to the VIP reception room to wait for you. If you're willing to settle this calmly, please move to the room within half an hour. If you're reluctant, we will see you in court."

After that, Manuel turned away without any hesitation.

He walked into the room, outwardly composed, and seemed to get it all under control.

Susan began to think highly of him.

She was usually spirited, but she became cowardly when confronting something significant. However, Manuel was just the opposite, who became impressive when dealing with critical problems.

Susan was thinking in silence, following Manuel.

In the VIP reception room, Manuel asked the chauffeur to bring his laptop in. Then he sat in the middle seat and continued to deal with his own matters. He was completely unaffected by the outside world.

Susan admired his ability to keep cool long enough in this condition. And now she felt he was so strange and unattainable.

She hurriedly shook her head to wake herself up, for she could in no way become a fan of his.

In the silent room, Manuel's phone rang suddenly.

He walked away and picked up his phone.

Frowning, Susan was a little bit upset that Manuel seemed to be habitually avoiding her now.

She wondered if it was Tia who called him. Soon, she shifted her focus.

"Hannah," Manuel answered the phone.

"I heard that there is something wrong with Phillips Bank." Said Hannah.

"Uh-huh."

"Who's behind this?"

"Henry Parker." Manuel did not want to keep the truth from Hannah. And that was why he shunned Susan to answer the phone. There were many things he didn't want Susan to know.

Hannah had expected that. She nodded and said, "He is taking the road to ruin."

"It can force him to take out the shares." Manuel spoke lightly, as if the current difficulties seemed not to have much effect on him.

"Can I help you?"

"No," Manuel said, "you just need to take care of Oscar."

"I heard you made a resolution, but it's a bit tricky to get it done now."

"It's not troublesome." Manuel denied, "We encountered some emergencies. Hence the delay."

"..."

"When there is a demand, I will turn to you." Manuel suddenly changed his words, offering her a way out.

Hannah smiled, "I am thinking about what I have provoked. Big Shot!"

From Oscar to Manuel, and even to Theodore, none of them seemed simple or pure.

“Don’t worry. We are not bad.” Manuel also smiled, and he had always been very calm when interacting with Hannah.

Susan noticed his smile from far away, thinking that this guy’s smile would not be directed at her in the future.

“Also not good.” Hannah blurted out.

After speaking out, she abruptly realized what she had said, which was exactly the same as what Oscar told her the night before her wedding in her last life.

Manuel was startled and said with a smile, “Are we good or bad? Let Oscar give you the answer.”

Hannah did not delve into it. Up until now, She felt relieved about many things since she had walked there with Oscar.

Manuel was startled and said with a smile, “Are we good or bad? Let Oscar give you the answer.” Charles Sawyer and his family received a bitter retaliation. She had accomplished what she needed. That was it. There was no need to limit herself to what she has previously experienced.

“I look forward to it.” She said.

She was looking forward to the day when they unraveled the truth.

“That’s all.” Manuel turned to look at someone who had entered the VIP reception room.

He knew well that they would come in.

They were just ordinary people who had been instigated by someone to seek for benefits. Never had they expected to end up in prison.

“I’m going to handle something. I’ll talk to you later.”

“OK, bye.”

After hanging up the phone, Hannah came in from the balcony.

Oscar had been lying in bed after his operation these days. He relied on nutrition and fluids to maintain his life. And he became even thinner in these two days than his release from prison.

She really wanted to give him some of her own flesh.

“What did Manuel say?” asked Oscar.

“No, he said he could handle it.”

“Well.” Oscar nodded.

Oscar did not bother her with questions.

Hannah walked to his side, intimately leaning on him.

She didn’t dare to throw herself completely into him, for fear of crushing him to death.

She murmured, “Shall we inform your parents and siblings?”

"No." Oscar said, "It's just a minor operation. I can leave the hospital in a few days."

"A minor surgery? You're so skinny!"

"..." Oscar looked at her.

Hannah licked her tongue and hurriedly fawned on him, "You're also handsome now."

"I don't want them to worry about me." Oscar explained.

"Oscar, I always feel that the relationship between you and your family..." Hannah could not find words to describe her feelings.

Distant intimacy.

There seemed to be a family secret in the Wells family. But if Oscar were not Mr and Mrs Wells' blood, they were surprisingly good to him.

Chapter 586 Trust

Oscar did not explain.

Some things like sensitive topics were not mentioned because they appeared to have an unspoken understanding.

The phone rang suddenly at this moment.

Hannah glanced at the incoming call and turned into a serious face. Oscar noticed something too.

"It's Melvin Balderston," said Hannah.

"Answer it."

Hannah took a deep breath. She had no contact with Melvin since Oscar was admitted to the hospital because of stomach perforation after he was acquitted.

After all the agreements they had reached, Hannah owed him words of thanks. And now, Melvin came to her.

"Hello, Mr Balderston."

"Oscar Wells' trial was set to begin after a week," said Melvin pointedly.

He did not like having his time wasted, and that made him look indifferent and aloof in front of people.

"Thank you." Hannah thanked.

The quick trial of Charles must be fueled by Melvin, she thought.

"You owe me nothing. It came from your efforts."

"Anyway, I should thank you."

"You're most welcome. You just need to remember what you promised."

“Don’t worry, Mr Balderston. I won’t go back on my word. But now, Oscar’s still in the hospital after the surgery. That’s why we didn’t take the initiative to talk with you.” Hannah explained.

“I see.”

Slightly stunned, she knew what he meant.

Melvin hung up the phone soon.

Then Hannah looked at Oscar, with an intense vibe.

Staring at her, Oscar was just waiting for her to speak, silently and patiently.

“Oscar, there is something I haven’t told you.” Said Hannah.

“As long as you don’t divorce me, anything will be reasonable.”

‘Could this guy be more serious?’ she thought while frowning.

Oscar seemed to read her mind and he said with a smile, “Say it. I’ll listen attentively.”

Hannah pressed her lips, realizing that she did not need to worry about his feelings at this time.

“I’ve promised Melvin one thing, cause I sought to get the Balderston family involved in it to avoid the Collins family’s schemes. ”

“Go ahead.”

“I said once you are acquitted, you will be loyal to the Balderston,” Hannah said while observing Oscar’s expression.

There was no answer for her that which side Oscar belonged to in her last life.

She only knew that Charles was undoubtedly a member of the Collins family, but Oscar seemed to belong to no side. However, he was a powerful, unconquerable rival to Charles.

Hannah had suspected that Oscar and the Balderston family were secretly related. But no matter how Hannah and Charles investigated, they did not find any clues.

Nevertheless, in this life, she let him compromise and stay in the Balderston family so easily.

She thought a lot, and confusion somewhat was written on her face, while Oscar remained calm.

“OK.” Said he.

Without any questions or complaints, Oscar agreed.

Hannah thought he should have a second thought since it was a big deal in his life and that meant he would have more formidable enemies.

She felt somehow guilty and nervous at the moment since she put him in a dangerous situation now-in her previous life, although Charles had always felt that Oscar was a threat. However, both aristocratic families did not know which side Oscar belonged to, so they gave him no trouble, for fear of disturbing the ‘peaceful’ relationship between the two families. On the other hand, they thought that Oscar would

not be able to make a big impact. After all, Northfield was still under the control of the two influential families, Collins and Balderston. Hence Oscar would have been safe for so long.

But in this life, history had been rewritten.

“Sooner or later.” Oscar was comforting her, “If it’s not now, there will be another day when I have to make a choice, as long as I want to pursue my career. We discussed it at the very beginning. If I need help, I’ll choose Balderston.”

Hannah listened silently.

She was afraid to make it an uneasy decision for Oscar, although seeking help from Melvin Balderston was done after her heedful consideration. Never would she do anything harmful to Oscar.

“Don’t think too much.” Oscar clutched Hannah to him and said, “We are just going to deal with it. You should believe your husband’s ability.”

Hannah nodded.

She believed in him.

Oscar was the one who gave her the courage to trust people again after her rebirth, after all, she used to be hurt a lot by Charles and his family in her previous life.

Putting her head against his chest, she murmured, “Oscar, let’s stay away from the ‘battlefield’ someday in the future.”

Suddenly, she felt like taking a rest and living a peaceful life, which was something selfish to her.

After the Sawyers were knocked down and she retaliated against her enemies, she wanted to return to a plain life.

“Well.” Oscar hugged her tightly.

There was no hesitation; He just said yes.

Although Hannah was not sure if Oscar was giving her the runaround, since Oscar’s ambitions should be greater than she imagined, she believed he wouldn’t lie to her.

With midday turning into evening, Manuel finally finished dealing with the people who got rowdy and stirred things up.

Susan had seen it all, seen how he began in charge in an imposing manner and how he resolved problems.

No matter how those people waffled, Manuel could handle everything with ease, and finally, prove the innocence of the bank in this event.

When they send off those people, it was 9 PM.

Manuel and Susan were both hungry, for they did not eat anything, while people stirring things up had been offered a luxury feast.

Susan's stomach was growling, pretty loud.

Manuel glanced at her.

Susan was embarrassed and said, "An empty sack cannot stand upright."

"What do you want to eat?" Manuel asked in a flat tone while sorting through his computer files. He seemed not to be emotional as he was treating everyone at work well.

"Heroic."

That was her favourite restaurant.

Manuel nodded his head slightly.

Susan was a little surprised that Manuel would agree to dine out with her.

Chapter 587 Susan Realizes the Change in Her

Susan would never be in contact with Manuel except at work.

So she deemed that must be the way he handles his colleague relations, which had a sense of distance but courteous. Never did she think Manuel would accompany her to eat at Heroic, a restaurant famous for its spicy food.

If she had known he would have said yes, she might not have chosen this restaurant.

Manuel didn't like spicy food.

Soon she realized that she started to care about Manuel. Probably, it was because of his good performance on the task, she thought.

Indeed, Manuel impressed her today and he was highly rated by her this time.

"What do you eat?" Susan ordered her dish and asked Manuel, who was sitting opposite her.

"Whatever."

"You still don't eat chilli?" she asked.

"You don't need to worry about me." Manuel sounded very indifferent.

Susan rolled her eyes.

It was just a polite question for her.

In the end, Susan ordered two dishes without any chilli. And after the order, she let the waiter take some beer.

"Do you drink?" Susan asked.

"NO."

So she drank herself.

Looking at her, Manuel wanted to say something but bit the words back.

A few minutes later, the dishes ordered began to be served on the table one after another.

Susan start devouring the food

Manuel didn't eat much, for he was allergic to chillies-the dishes served at first had chillies in them.

Susan ignored him.

They both keep silent during the meal.

Suddenly, Susan's phone rang. Feeling somewhat annoyed, She frowned, took off her disposable gloves reluctantly and put down the spicy shrimp. Finally, the phone got through.

Susan glanced at Manuel and answered the phone, "Hi, Henry."

Manuel still kept a poker face. To Susan's surprise, he picked up a pair of gloves on the table and peeled the shrimp.

There were heavy chillies in the dish with shrimp.

Somehow, she went absentminded, since she saw Manuel peeling the shrimp with his clean and slender hands elegantly and the shrimp he peeled was very beautiful, not as messy as those she peeled.

"Susan?" Henry found she was not listening.

Susan quickly took her eyes off Manuel and said, "What did you just say?"

Henry furrowed his eyebrows, for he felt that Susan cared for him so little recently.

"I said, where are you now?"

"I'm having dinner."

"Dinner Now?"

"Well, today's work was just finished with Manuel. We dealt with some troublemakers." Susan explained.

"Where?"

"Heroic," Susan answered.

"Alone?"

"No, he's here too." She answered frankly.

Henry was holding the phone tighter, feeling rather irritated because he knew the problem about the troublemakers had been resolved by Manuel so quickly and that Susan was still together with Manuel at this hour.

So she was distracted by Manuel while talking with him.

"Would you like to come for dinner?" Susan seemed to feel a trace of Henry's emotion.

She understood Henry since they were in a relationship.

If it were Henry and another woman dining alone together, perhaps she would also be jealous.

"I've already had dinner," said Henry. "I'll come and pick you up."

"... Okay."

After a while, they hung up the phones.

Susan looked up and saw Manuel's cool face, which remained unchanged since she picked up the phone.

"Henry is coming to pick me up later," she said.

"OK."

"I finished. It is not early now, so I want to go back." Susan said and then called the waiter, "Please serve me a bowl of rice."

"Yes." said the waiter respectfully.

Manuel thought she said so because she was afraid Henry would misunderstand something between them.

All of a sudden, Manuel poured a pile of peeled shrimp into a trash bin.

"What did you do?" Susan asked with her eyes wide open.

"I don't want to eat them."

"Why did you peel them if you don't eat them?"

"I'm finding something to do."

"..."

Susan was somewhat speechless and she continued, "I could eat them."

"I don't want to."

Damn it.

Manuel suddenly got up and said, "I'm done. I got to go."

"Things you ordered haven't been served yet!"

Susan found that Manuel became unpredictable.

Seeing him ignore her words and leave her there, she was so angry.

When she took over her father's company, the first thing she would do was kick him out of Phillips Group.

Susan quickly finished her dinner in a huff.

When she checked out of the restaurant, she saw Henry's car parked in the doorway.

Henry got off and opened the door of the copilot's cabin for her.

Susan felt unsettled. She felt somewhat guilty for Henry but she had no idea what she was feeling guilty about.

"Did Manuel leave?" While driving, Henry asked her casually.

"Yeah, long gone."

"How did it go? The troublemakers."

"It's all right." Susan answered, "Manuel's very capable."

"Oh?" Henry smiled lightly.

Susan knew he was unhappy though she could not read his face. She tried to explain but she withheld her words at last.

The car pulled over.

She was unbuckling her seat belt to get out of the car.

Abruptly Henry yanked at her arm. Meanwhile, his face approached Susan's.

Susan was stunned for two seconds, and she turned her head as his lips almost touched hers.

The kiss was on her cheek.

Susan surprised herself, let alone Henry.

Biting her lips, she could feel the change in Henry's mood.

But she didn't explain anything.

"What a difficult. Get some rest early."

Watching him, who was as gentle as usual to her as if her reaction made no difference to him, Susan felt a bit upset.

"Henry, I feel that the relationship between us..."

Chapter 588 There Was No Return

She was interrupted by Henry.

He chuckled, "I know you've been uncomfortable recently. You've been forced by your father to do many things that you don't want to do. You're very unhappy. Give me some more time. I'll bring you the life you want, and you can do whatever you want to do."

She looked at him, feeling the apprehension and uneasiness in his eyes.

Susan looked down, with her eyelids drooped. She was disappointed in herself-she used to think that she wouldn't change how she felt about Henry and he was her only love. But now, she was aware of the change in her.

"Susan," Henry gently drew her hands.

Susan pursed her lips. She wanted to refuse him, but she didn't want to repulse him.

"I will try my best to become the best man. I'll be your support."

He seemed to be taking an oath with great affection.

She was overwhelmed with emotions.

She and Henry had been together for so many years. Ever since she was in high school, he had been working hard for their future. Now that she had reached this point, she could not be apathetic towards him, let alone do anything to hurt him.

Susan remained silent.

Henry knew what she meant by what she had said. And he knew well what kind of person Susan was-she would put her whole self into it when she loved someone; while once the obsession disappeared, she would naturally ignore him and she wouldn't pretend to care.

By the time he noticed that Susan had been keeping a distance from him, he knew that she would have loved someone else.

But he couldn't accept the fact that Susan would fall in love with Manuel in the end.

He no way would allow Susan to come back to Manuel's side since he had put a lot of effort to win her back from Manuel.

Fortunately, Susan was a soft-hearted person, who sometimes would compromise because of guilt.

It was difficult for her to refuse him as long as he expressed his deep feelings for her.

Sure enough.

Susan nodded and replied, "Yes."

Although she was a little perfunctory, at least she did not say "break up" and the like.

Henry only saw what he wanted to see, so he ignored her strange reaction and said, "It's getting late. Get some rest early. See you tomorrow."

"See you tomorrow."

Susan opened the door and got off.

And Henry was watching her leave.

Henry's caring face disappeared as long as Susan got into the house.

He clenched his fists with a hideous face.

He must not be defeated by Manuel. And in two months, he would bring Manuel a discomfited leave! Henry swore he could!

A week later, Oscar had been discharged from the hospital.

The doctor suggested that he stay in the hospital for a few more days for observation, but he seemed to have a strong sense of rejection towards the hospital. Therefore, Hannah could only arrange for him to be discharged and take him back to his villa.

In the villa, Hannah and Oscar were having breakfast together in the early morning.

All Oscar could eat was liquid food.

Hannah found it poignant every time she saw him dining since he became thin when he could not exercise and eat well.

That caused her a great deal of heartache.

"If you look at me like this again, I am afraid I will not be able to control myself." Oscar was having his breakfast with his head down, but he acted like a man with a third eye on his forehead.

Hannah rolled her eyes.

"You know I've been on..."

"No." Hannah did not speak the words out loud.

They were interrupted by Max, who was coming over.

Hannah's face turned pinker. And Oscar was also a little embarrassed.

"No sexual intercourse during this period." Max said solemnly, "You could do that after you recover."

Oscar coughed to give Max a signal to stop talking.

But Max continued, "If you cannot control yourself, I will take care of your living from now on. And Ma'am could sleep in another room."

Oscar's face darkened noticeably.

Who would need an old man?

Hannah found it very funny, laughing loudly.

"No." Oscar refused directly, "I'm not used to being taken care of by others."

"Am I one of 'others'?" Max seemed to be hurt.

Hannah felt rotten and guilty.

"Well, I mean..." Oscar tried to explain.

Max said again, "I've been with Master Oscar all my life. You were afraid of the dark, and I accompanied you to sleep. I stayed with you throughout your childhood. You also asked me to accompany you for a lifetime. Now that you have a wife, do you despise me?"

“...” Oscar was speechless.

Hannah was on Max’s side and she was still amused by Oscar, who was helpless.

There were things Oscar could not handle.

“Max, Oscar is afraid you would be tied. You are older now, you should take care of your health.” Hannah spoke.

Max looked at Hannah with pitiful eyes.

“Well. I just wanted to say that I’ve been on vacation for a long time. My dad called me yesterday to ask when I could go to work at the company. I promised my dad that I would go today. So Max, please look after Oscar when I’m not around...”

Oscar glanced at her.

“You don’t have to rush to work. I’ve already asked for leave from the City Hall for you. You can rest at home for a month and go back when you’re feeling better.” She said to Oscar.

“OK,” Oscar answered.

And Hannah said to Max again, “Max, was he afraid of the dark when he was a child?”

She intended to comfort Max by asking so, with a topic Max was interested in.

“That’s true,” said Max hurriedly, “When Master Oscar was three or four years old, I officially took care of him. At that time, he was only a little child. When I saw him at that time, I felt that he was the most beautiful child in the world. He was just indescribably good-looking.”

Hannah was imagining what little Oscar looked like.

When she was young, she had seen Oscar, but she didn’t remember so much about him because she had focused on Charles only at that time.

“The first time I met Master Oscar, he was so cool and aloof. He didn’t talk to me or smile at me, like a little adult. After I took care of him for at least a year, he became a little closer to me.” Max recalled what had happened in the past and spoke eloquently.

Hannah listened to the story with full attention.

Oscar didn’t interrupt them.

He seemed to take this opportunity to let Hannah know some of his past.

Chapter 589 Charles’s Sentence

Hannah went to change and get ready for the day after breakfast.

When her housecoat was removed, someone barged into the locker room.

Hannah examined the naked woman in the floor-to-floor mirror, feeling kind of embarrassed. Although they had seen each other nude many times, it was still so embarrassing for her to meet like this.

“Which one?” asked Oscar.

He opened the underwear drawer where neatly stacked with her bras.

Hannah said and blushed, “Black, the one on the far left.”

Oscar took it out for her.

“What outfit are you going to wear today?”

She pointed to one of the Chanel suits.

Oscar then started to help her get dressed.

“I can do it myself.” Hannah felt embarrassed.

She found that Oscar’s unblinking gaze was right on her.

“I know.” Oscar nodded, “But I want to help.”

“...”

Hannah was suppressing her feelings because Oscar kept touching her constantly.

Oscar finally dressed her. When Hannah intended to leave with accelerated breathing, Oscar flung her into his arms. Given Oscar’s poor health now, she dared not resist at all.

She had no choice but to let Oscar kiss her on her neck, for she thought she would be unable to leave the house if he continued.

“Oscar, stop!” Hannah sputtered.

How could a man be so horny at any time and in any place?

She could not even begin to think how Oscar would indulge if it weren’t for his physical condition.

She twisted her body slightly.

Oscar seemed to let out a moan of longing.

The next second, he pinned her against the dresser in the cloakroom.

Lipsticks, bottles of foundation, skincare things and others on the dresser fell to the ground.

Owing to the carpet, they did not break.

At this moment, Oscar was very dangerous to her.

“Oscar. No!” Hannah snatched at her attire.

She was afraid that his surgical wound would open up.

The man didn’t listen to her or stop, for which Hannah wanted to curse him as a pervert.

For the last several nights, he had tried so hard to suppress the burning desire inside while sleeping with Hannah in a bed. He just could not restrain himself anymore.

The woman in front of him was the only one who would drive him crazy.

Somehow, he would become excited and thirsty at one sight of her. There was no time like the present when they were so intimate.

Already, his hands had poked into Hannah's clothes.

Hannah was lost for words. She shouldn't have spoken for Oscar in front of Max, and she should have Max serve him, she thought.

"Let me do it," Hannah said loudly.

Oscar paused.

"Don't move!" she finally compromised with him.

If Oscar had to do it, she would help, for the sake of his health.

At least, he wouldn't suffer much damage to his body if he didn't move too much.

"Stay still, or I won't help you." Said Hannah.

Oscar found it hard to refuse. Upon seeing her looking serious, he nodded.

Hannah came down from the dresser.

She crouched down.

This was the nicest moment ever for Oscar, which made him think that he would die a happy man like this.

Hannah sat in the car.

At the thought of what had happened just now, her succumbing to Oscar, she turned blushed badly.

On recalling his face at that moment, she went crimson.

"Ma'am?" said Jimmy abruptly.

Hannah was oblivious.

"What's Wrong?"

"Here we are."

Hannah swung around to face the window, watching the grand court gate in front of her.

Charles would be tried at 10 AM today.

She had given up her plan to go to the company before coming over since Oscar caused her to be so delayed.

Today, she would witness Charles' conclusion.

And here, her animosity towards them from her previous life might be put an end to.

Hannah and Jimmy got out of the car together, and they were surrounded by a crowd of journalists as soon as they showed up in the public.

Charles' case caused a great stir in society. The Charles Sawyer from one of the four most powerful families in Kensbury City, and the Collins family, made it now being focused.

"What do you think of Oscar Wells being framed by Charles Sawyer, Mrs Wells?"

"Can you make a simple comment about two men who are deeply involved with you?"

"Mrs Wells, did you know that Charles Sawyer was not a good person when you rejected him at the wedding?"

There were several inquiries. Hannah skipped some of them.

She said, "Whether Charles Sawyer is a good person or not should be measured by the law."

"So, Mrs Wells, how do you feel about what Charles is going through right now?"

"Nothing," Hannah said bluntly, "I have nothing to do with Charles Sawyer. Whatever happens to him doesn't concern me."

"Then why did you come to attend Charles Sawyer's case in court today?"

"I took it as a joke."

The reporter was at a loss for words.

Hannah smiled, "Anyway, my husband was humiliated and hurt unnecessarily. And Charles Sawyer should get his comeuppance."

"..."

Hannah made Jimmy a sign and left the crowd while being escorted by Jimmy.

In court, preparations were already in progress as she entered the hall.

Hannah sat down and waited.

The last time she waited for Oscar, she was perturbed and eager; while this time, she was indifferent. There was no mercy in her for Charles. She had only hatred for him.

It was 9:50 AM.

The staff made their entrances into the court.

Charles and Loretta were brought to the dock.

They hadn't shown up for a week.

Moreover, they had also lost their glitz and glam.

Charles got shaved and looked frustrated.

Loretta removed her stunning attire without applying any delicate makeup. She looked ten years older.

Hannah looked at them indifferently, until Charles looked at her.

Their eyes met.

Hannah smiled complacently.

The man in the dock was unable to remain his cool feeling anymore, for he was shaken by the sight of her.

He still could not accept his unfortunate demise.

He wouldn't believe the fact that Hannah had the eventual victory, though he had ample time in the past week to consider how this whole situation had developed.

Chapter 590 Death Penalty

The court session of Charles's case was officially opened at 10 o'clock. Melvin, as the prosecution, went through the crimes of Charles and Loretta. Then the victims, the witnesses and other related people appeared one by one, including, Sarah.

Without mercy, Sarah accused Charles of all his crimes, especially the situation where she had been abused by Charles's family while she was in the hospital.

It might never occur to Charles that one day he would die at the hands of a woman. He had always thought that he had an easy grip on women. Hardly did he anticipate that Hannah and Sarah, the two women he had torn his hair out over, were now sending him to his doom.

The defence lawyers did not speak too much in defence of Charles and Loretta, so the whole trial went very smoothly. Even though Charles and Loretta did not admit to the crime under all circumstances, the sentence was pronounced straight away supported by all the existing evidence.

Charles was sentenced to death with a twenty-year reprieve. Loretta was sentenced to life imprisonment. Their life was ruined.

After the verdict was announced, Hannah didn't look at Charles once more. She turned a blind eye to Charles's disbelief of the sentence, his emotional breakdown and Loretta's bawling.

Hannah was about to enter the sedan after leaving the court when she heard someone call her name from behind.

Hannah turned around and caught sight of Sarah. It was a little flattering to Hannah that Sarah took the initiative to reach her.

Hannah was well aware that even if Sarah had known that she had saved her from Charles, Sarah would not have been grateful to her. After all, Sarah also understood that Hannah did it for herself, to get Oscar acquitted and to revenge on Charles.

What's more, it was almost beyond doubt that Sarah's child was killed by Hannah. Although Sarah successfully took vengeance on Charles, she had been at Hannah's command. How could it be possible for such a proud and arrogant person like Sarah to peacefully accept everything?

Yet at this moment, Sarah suddenly got in touch with Hannah.

Hannah maintained her composure, smiled and asked, "Miss Collins, you want to see me for something?"

"Could we have a minute?"

Hannah turned back, glanced at Jimmy and said, "Wait for me in the sedan."

"Yes, ma'am." Jimmy nodded.

"Miss Collins, you can be straightforward if you have something to say," Hannah said bluntly.

So Sarah stopped beating around the bush, "Mrs Wells, would you like to cooperate with the Collins family?"

Hannah's brows were slightly furrowed.

Sarah was condescending, "It is true. The Collins family hopes that you are on our side."

"I am so flattered." Hannah didn't answer Sarah's question.

"My father said that you showed extraordinary competence in dealing with the issues of Oscar and Charles. He thinks highly of you. You wouldn't refuse us, would you?" Sarah said with a smile.

"I appreciate it that the Collins Family has a high opinion of me. But my family is just a merchant. We don't know how to work with you! Now that the Northfield is the world of Collins and Balderston, we all just follow you. We will naturally abide by whatever you order." With these words, Hannah refused Sarah's request. And she subtly expressed that she was subservient to them. There was nothing else on their mind. It was also a kind of indication of her neutral stance.

Sarah looked displeased. However grand Hannah's words were, Hannah was just rejecting her.

Sarah didn't want to draw Hannah in when her father had asked her to do so today in the first place. A woman like Hannah didn't deserve to enjoy the privileges given by the Collins Family. Sarah reluctantly compromised after her father's persuasion. In essence, they were just making full use of the Cooper family.

However, to her surprise, she was rejected by Hannah at this moment.

Who did Hannah think she was? Even if the Coopers were plutocrats, they were still nobody in front of the Collins family.

"Please tell your father that I am grateful for his compliments. In the future, I will enjoy the rights and fulfil the duties as a good citizen." Hannah didn't say much. She raised herself slightly with courtesy, opened the door of the sedan and left straight away.

Sarah's face was sullen. Even Charles once had to curry favour with her like a dog. Now she put down her stature to talk to Hannah, but this woman showed no respect for her!

Gritting her teeth, Sarah turned around and left. She was determined to land Hannah in serious trouble in every way.

Hannah got back into the sedan. She looked down at her phone and saw a new message, saying "It's okay to meet." She replied, "Thanks." And then she said to Jimmy, "Go to the detention house." Jimmy didn't ask much and he drove straight to the destination.

Hannah turned her head to look out of the car window at the beautiful view of Kensbury City. The New Year was past. Winter had also passed by a large part, she thought. And Charles would never be able to see the view of spring again.

They arrived shortly afterwards.

When they got out of the car and walked to the detention house, Jimmy was stopped. The staff said bluntly, "Only Mrs Wells is allowed to get in."

Hannah nodded and told Jimmy to stay there and wait for her. Since Melvin was kind enough to allow her to see Charles, she wouldn't push her luck. She followed the prison guard into a cell.

It was fair to say that the Collins family treated Charles generously. At least in these days, he didn't lose an arm or a leg. After all, Oscar was brutally tortured by him in prison. Of course, once Charles was put in prison, he would not have a good day. Now, all that he feared was people's judgments.

Charles was a little surprised when he saw Hannah, although he tried his best to hold his emotions. He sneered, "What are you doing here?"

"Amuse me by watching you make a fool of yourself," Hannah answered directly.

These words were enough to enrage Charles. With hatred, he glared at her in scarlet eyes, "Hannah, you will also die in your boots!"

"That was in my last life." Hannah's face turned cold.

Charles stared at Hannah in great fury.

Hannah laughed, "Don't you want to know why I've suddenly changed?"

"What do you mean?" Charles was extremely furious. It seemed that he didn't want to hear another word from Hannah. "I admit my defeat caused by you!"

"It's not enough to just admit it. You must know everything before you die." Hannah said coldly.

Charles gritted his teeth. Hannah was deliberately rubbing salt into his wounds. She was very clear about how proud Charles was. He would rather deceive himself to his death than accept his defeat.

"Charles, let me tell you a story." Hannah paid no heed to Charles's anger at the moment.

She said, "It's a ridiculous story, but you know it's true."

Charles was trembling, trying to suppress his rage.

Hannah narrated in a faint voice, "I experienced a completely different last life than I do now. In my last life, I loved you so much that I believed all you said and gave you everything. I did everything you asked me to do. I endured all the humiliation from the Sawyer family. I thought you loved me. But what you wanted was my family's fortune!"

