

Reborn 961

Chapter 961 Their First Meeting

Salem and Una quickly turned their heads to the woman who was crouching beside them and talking to them. They recognized her as the last performer on stage just now. She was smiling at them in a friendly way, but Salem and Una had never interacted with strangers before. Salem could barely hide his emotions since he was five years old, but Una immediately hid behind her brother when she saw Besse.

Salem played the role of a protective older brother for Una. He politely said to Besse, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Besse put the pink cake into a plate and handed it to Salem.

Salem took it and thanked her again.

"Is there anything else you want to eat? I can get it for you both." Besse smiled.

She noticed this cute little pair from far away. When she met them at the restaurant a few days ago, they attracted her attention because they were so adorable-looking. Designers would always find beauty in the mundane, or perhaps it was even more than that.

She even felt some kind of warmth towards them though she didn't usually like children very much. They seemed magical enough that made her want to approach them involuntarily.

"No, thanks." Salem quickly replied while thanking her again.

Besse gave him an indulgent pat on his head, which started as just an innocent gesture of friendliness towards children but then something happened when she touched his hair-there was an obvious impact that wasn't just an illusion or figment of imagination.

She tightly pursed her lips while looking at this little boy in front of her who blinked with clear big eyes back at hers too. Their gaze locked onto each other.

Suddenly all kinds of complex emotions flooded through Besse's mind like thousands upon thousands of strands interwoven together, yet they blanked out completely whenever she tried thinking about what exactly those feelings were.

"Besse." Behind her Doyle called out for attention with some emotion in his voice, "How come you disappeared again?"

To Doyle, it seemed like she always vanished without warning sometimes. Indeed sometimes she did disappear for quite some time because during those moments alone was when she would go feel this world around herself. She wanted nothing more than to find back memories about herself.

"I just happened to see two kids here so I helped bring over some pastries for them." Explained she.

Doyle glanced at the two children, showing no emotion. Besse was also paying attention to Doyle's expression and wondering if everyone would react strangely to the kids. It seemed like she was overthinking things.

"Do you want me to take you back to your mom and dad?" Besse asked them, assuming that Manuel and Susan were their parents.

“We don’t have a mom...” Una began but Salem quickly covered her mouth.

Besse looked at them while Salem politely replied, “Thank you, we can go back by ourselves.”

“Okay.” Besse smiled and nodded as she watched the little boy lead the little girl away. She felt a twinge of sadness as they left and couldn’t help but feel sorry for the responsible young boy.

“Besse,” Doyle called out to her, “do you know those kids?”

He noticed that Besse had a different reaction towards them than he did.

“I met them on my first day in Northfield. They were just so cute I couldn’t help but like them.” Besse casually explained.

“We should have one too! And if one isn’t enough we’ll have two or three...” Doyle started planning their future family size seriously.

Besse was wordless for a moment.

“Doyle.” Her eyes suddenly flickered with movement as she saw two unfamiliar men approaching them from afar.

Doyle noticed them too and leaned closer to whisper in her ear, “That’s Commander, Oscar Wells from Northfield with his Chief of Staff, Theodore Wold.”

Besse nodded slightly while Doyle stood up straighter next to her. However, Oscar had already seen their interaction earlier without showing any signs of surprise or suspicion on his face yet.

“Commander Oscar, nice to meet you.” Doyle took the initiative by stepping forward for a handshake greeting when they arrived near him.

“Nice to meet you, Doyle.” Oscar extended his hand outwards towards him.

“I’m honoured to have you attending Karami’s launch event today, I’m very happy.” Began Doyle.

In front company, Doyle would become a serious, decent gentleman, who was different from usual.

“We’re honoured that Karami, as one of the world’s top brands, has chosen the Capital as its location for the event this time around. It’s truly an exciting moment.” Said Oscar.

At that moment, Oscar’s eyes inadvertently drifted towards Besse, who was standing next to Doyle. Up close, her unfamiliar features made him feel a little disappointed. But as he looked at her, she felt his gaze and their eyes met.

Oscar’s heart skipped a beat. People could change in many ways but their eyes and gaze remained the same. That familiar feeling didn’t change either.

Oscar’s emotions were fluctuating again when Theodore interrupted him with a touch on the shoulder.

“Oscar,” he said.

Was he staring so blatantly at someone else’s fiancée?

Oscar turned his head to face Theodore and controlled his emotions before saying, "I apologize for my rudeness; I just thought Miss Besse looked familiar."

"Is that so?" Doyle chuckled but there was an air of caution in his smile, "This is Miss Besse's first time in Northfield. She had never been here before. You must have mistaken her for someone else."

"I suppose you're right." Oscar agreed.

"I heard Commander had important business to discuss with me?" Doyle redirected the conversation while holding onto Besse's hand as if asserting dominance over her.

"In regards to our country's import-export trade, I hope we can talk privately, Prince Doyle," Oscar said calmly while watching them hold hands intently.

"That is not within my area of expertise." Doyle refused directly without trying to make excuses or evade responsibility, "I am not Jolencami's heir. I'm afraid I am powerless."

Doyle wasn't just making excuses though. What he said was true.

"If that is the case, I won't trouble you any further," Oscar replied politely

"Thank you." Said Doyle.

He let go of Besse and hugged her waist instead saying, "Commander, enjoy. I'll take Besse over there."

Besse glanced at Doyle briefly but did not refuse his embrace either way.

Before leaving with them, Oscar nodded slightly while still looking at the hand which held onto Bessie tightly.

"Prince Doyle," Oscar stopped him.

Doyle turned around and asked, "Is there anything else?"

"Since you came all this way to Northfield," said Oscar smilingly, "I'd like to extend some hospitality."

Chapter 962 Searching for Besse

Doyle held Besse in his arms and did not immediately agree to Oscar's request. It was clear that he had a strong aversion towards Oscar.

"I visited your country last time for an interview, Queen Carol personally received me and showed me many of the famous tourist attractions in your country. This time, with Prince Doyle coming over, I would like to repay Queen Carol's kindness." Said Oscar.

"I won't be staying in Northfield for too long."

"The itinerary will naturally revolve around you, Prince Doyle."

"I'll arrange my work first on my end. If there is any free time left, I'll contact you later."

Doyle felt a strong sense of rejection towards Oscar and thought that he was a threat to him.

"Alright then, I'll wait for news." Nodded Oscar, as Doyle took Besse away with him.

Oscar watched them leave until they were out of sight. Theodore spoke up beside him, "She's not Hannah."

Theodore knew Oscar too well after all these years following him around. He knew that he must have mistaken Besse for Hannah but didn't want him to continue being so stubborn about it.

"Just now at the fashion show, I had someone investigate Besse already. She is 26 years old and was born in Jolencami as the daughter of one of their royal ministers, who died along with his wife during an air crash when they were travelling abroad for interviews. Besse became an orphan after her parents passed away but was taken care of by Queen Carol since then. She grew up with Doyle since her childhood days. They've been close friends ever since then before becoming lovers at age 18, which gained full support from their entire royal family even setting up plans for them to get married at age 22."

"However, just one week before their wedding day she got into a major car accident, which left her comatose. She remained unconscious lying in the hospital bed for a year until miraculously waking up again."

Oscar listened to him while sipping champagne from his glass. Theodore handed over his phone to show some photos of Besse throughout her life stages from childhood to adulthood.

Oscar took his phone and started going through the information Theodore got.

"Besse and Doyle had a great relationship, both having a particular obsession with design under Queen Carol's influence. With the queen taking a backseat, the brand was now being upheld by Doyle and Besse, and their designs were gaining global acceptance." Theodore said confidently. He knew without a doubt that Besse was not Hannah.

The explosion was too devastating. There couldn't have been any survivors. Although they didn't recover the bodies of Hannah and Lillian at that time, except for the difficulty in salvaging them due to rough waters, Oscar chose to give up on his own accord. As Oscar was in the hospital, he was responsible for searching for Hannah and Lillian's bodies. He worried more about Oscar not being able to accept seeing Hannah's body. So after searching for one day and night, he gave up hope, thinking that, sometimes, leaving room for imagination could give those who were still alive greater motivation.

Now he regretted it somewhat. He should have been straightforward at that time, for short-term pain was better than long-term pain. If Oscar had seen Hannah's body with his own eyes then there would be no hope left for him anymore.

He wasn't afraid of Oscar snatching the fiancée of the prince of Jolencami; what worried him was that Oscar would be disappointed again. He couldn't take so many blows before falling down one day.

"Can you help me check if Doyle came to the Capital four years ago?" Oscar handed his phone back to Theodore calmly but firmly.

Theodore slapped himself in frustration before saying helplessly, "Oscar, you will be disappointed."

"Hmm."

There wasn't much response from Oscar as he continued watching Besse laughing gently beside Doyle while their relationship seemed so good. His heart felt very uncomfortable indeed.

"Oscar it's getting late, why don't we leave now?" Theodore arranged everything but saw that Oscar's eyes never left Besse even once.

"You don't need to accompany me anymore, go do your own thing." Said Oscar.

Theodore felt puzzled by this statement from Oscar. At that moment, someone passing by in front of him caught his attention. He remembered her, the opening model.

There was an evil smile appearing on his face. Now he misunderstood that Oscar gave him some private time deliberately.

"I'll go over there and take a walk then. Call me if you need anything." Said he.

Oscar nodded slightly. His eyes were fixed on the figure in the hall and seemed to have no interest in anything else or anyone else.

Theodore left. As he left, he straightened his clothes and took a glass of red wine as he walked towards that woman's side.

Little Bunny was chatting with others at this moment. Naturally, everyone who came to the banquet today was either rich or noble. She had to pull more resources for herself by attending such events. She was laughing and talking happily when she saw Theodore approaching her at that moment. She lightly pursed her lips. It had been too long since she last saw Theodore. Meeting him on such an occasion made her feel somewhat uncomfortable. Moreover, she always thought that Theodore didn't recognize her anymore. At this moment when he suddenly approached her again made her slightly nervous. Although she didn't have any feelings for him anymore, they still maintained their marital relationship because they hadn't divorced yet after all these years. They were strangers to each other now, which made her feel awkward whenever they met.

"I wonder if I could have the honour of having a drink with you?" Theodore took the initiative to speak up.

Little Bunny didn't know how to respond. Fortunately, due to his arrival, those who had been chatting with her offered several glasses of wine proactively for Theodore.

But they also knew what kind of situation it was between Little Bunny and Theodore, so after drinking some wine together, they found excuses and left so soon, leaving only Little Bunny alone with Theodore, which made it more awkward than ever before.

"What? You want to turn me down?" asked Theodore.

Little Bunny thought that maybe he was deliberately mocking her. No matter what their relationship used to be like before, as his wife came out here socializing like this, he would inevitably feel like losing face.

She then raised her glass and said, "I'll drink first."

She just didn't want any further entanglement with him anymore. She felt even if Theodore wanted to deal with her then it should be discussed privately between them. She had already decided that it would be better if she divorced Theodore right now.

Chapter 963 Theodore, I am Little Bunny.

Theodore watched as the woman drain the glass, feeling a little stunned. He had wanted to have a nice chat with her over drinks, but now that she had finished hers, he was forced to do the same. Little Bunny seemed surprised by how quickly he downed his drink, but she kept her cool and said nothing.

"This is how showbiz works, right? You're a good drinker." Theodore said after finishing his drink.

Little Bunny looked at him without responding.

"Are you free tonight?" asked he.

He was popular with ladies, most of whom just came to him of their own accord. So he didn't have much experience with interesting ladies with sweet words.

Little Bunny felt repulsed inside by his sudden request, knowing all too well about Theodore's promiscuous behaviour. They had been intimate many times before, but she thought that after such a long time apart from each other, they wouldn't do that again.

"Not interested?" Theodore frowned slightly.

Naturally, being turned down didn't put him in a good mood. Little Bunny wanted to nod in agreement with what he said but held herself back instead.

"I won't mistreat you." Theodore continued speaking while offering money, endorsement chances or roles in movies or TV shows as incentives for her cooperation

She furrowed her brows at his words and looked at him suspiciously. It seemed like he didn't even recognize who she was!

At this moment Little Bunny realized that perhaps all along Theodore never recognized who she truly was.

"Are you too embarrassed to ask?" He chuckled lightly before continuing, "Don't worry I know your circle well enough, I'll not judge you based on our transactional relationship. I prefer straightforward transactions where everyone gets what they want without any complications."

At this point, Little Bunny confirmed that he did not recognize who she truly was. Now she knew his usual way of flirting-using money and power as bait, which could work effectively on many who would find it hard to resist such temptations.

"Need time to think about it?" Theodore was confident, not thinking about a refusal, and he said, "I'll give you 20 minutes to think what you want from me, I'll come over to you later."

Little Bunny chuckled, which seemed to be satirical laughter. And she said, "Mr Wold, I am Little Bunny."

It came as a complete surprise for him.

“I’m Little Bunny.” Repeated she. She was afraid Theodore would get mad if he slept with her without knowing that. Since he had forgotten her for long, Little Bunny thought he had no interest in her any longer.

“Hell, did you get a face-lift?”

Though he had a feeling of familiarity with her before that, no way would he think of Little Bunny. She used not to wear little makeup at home so Theodore couldn’t even recognize her when she put on makeup. Besides, he hadn’t seen her or thought of her for quite a long time.

Little Bunny ignored his question. She didn’t care how Theodore judged her. And indeed, she was all made up today, and she appeared on such occasion in an unusual dress. It made sense that Theodore had not recognized her. More importantly, this man had no feelings for her. Thus, she didn’t blame him for that.

“When did you become an actress again?”

He brought up a question to make this difficult situation easier, where he mistook his wife for someone else and even started flirting with her.

“It’s been long.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“You didn’t ask me.”

Little Bunny could hardly see him.

“What about my son?”

“Your father is taking care of Nicholas, and the nannies and servants will help him.”

She wanted to question his queries while he could just go back home to check everything himself.

Theodore had always assumed that Little Bunny was at home taking care of their child. Although there were a few times he didn’t see her when he went back, he never imagined that she would quietly return to show business. And judging by her current situation, she seemed to be doing well in the industry. Otherwise, Karami wouldn’t have given fashion resources to nobody.

Theodore thought about it for a while and felt somewhat angry. Little Bunny could sense his emotions and asked, “Do you still want me to accompany you tonight?”

Theodore felt her words were full of sarcasm and coldly replied, “No need.”

Little Bunny’s face remained unchanged but she breathed a sigh of relief internally after hearing that answer.

“If you don’t have anything else going on, I’ll head over there.” Said Little Bunny with a slight smile towards Theodore before turning around and leaving.

“Little Bunny!” Suddenly Theodore called out after her.

She paused for a moment before asking, “Is there something wrong, Mr Wold?”

“Did you need to please other men like this?!”

“What’s your problem?”

“No.” Replied Theodore coldly. He was thinking that she acted foolishly since she could have asked him for what she wanted easily. But he had no intention of reminding her otherwise.

“Well, then I’ll leave first.”

With those words spoken, Little Bunny walked away.

Watching her leave, he thought this woman was changing his understanding of her, and he insisted that she must have had plastic surgery done. Her eyes were different now along with her nose and chin, and he couldn’t forget her tiny waist, which barely fit into his hand, and those long slender legs.

Theodore swallowed hard, feeling dryness in his throat at this moment. Then he took another sip of wine followed by deep breaths before setting off once more in search of another prey.

Susan and Manuel led two kids to come over to Doyle and Besse. Whenever there was an event, Salem and Una would always be following Susan and Manuel around. Most people assumed that the two children belonged to them.

As Besse saw them approaching now, she felt refreshed instantly after being tired from socializing. Her eyes locked onto the two children, particularly the little boy. There was a certain warmth and familiarity that she couldn’t quite put into words. Even throughout tonight’s endless socializing, she found herself unconsciously drawn to watching him.

Chapter 964 Harmony

“Mr George and Miss Besse, nice to meet you.” Susan greeted them proactively.

“Lovely to meet you, Mr and Mrs Johnson.” Doyle reached out his hand.

Susan was surprised, “Do you know us?”

“I know all the guests attending today’s press conference.” Doyle smiled charmingly.

“We just came along by accident,” Susan said in amazement.

Doyle smiled even brighter, “I wrote the invitation to invite you, I don’t know how Mrs Johnson got this idea?”

Susan thought seriously for a moment. She suddenly turned her head to Manuel and asked, “When did you receive the invitation?”

Manuel certainly wouldn’t tell Susan that he had received it half a month ago. In other words, when Little Bunny gave Susan the invitation letters, he had already received an invitation for them for a week.

“It seems that there is an interesting story between Mr and Mrs Johnson.” Doyle joked around.

Susan got a little bit angry with Manuel inside, since if it weren’t for Little Bunny giving her the invitation letters she would have missed such a great fashion show event.

“Are they your children?” Doyle tactfully changed the subject.

“Well...” Susan thought about it for a moment before answering with certainty, “Yes.”

After all, they were godchildren to her.

“They are very cute. Besse likes them too.”

Susan couldn't help but look at Besse, who seemed to be constantly watching Salem. Besse noticed Susan's gaze and turned back towards her, saying, “They are so adorable.”

“Thank you.” Susan nodded politely while facing Besse again closely, and that made her feel some emotions stirring inside once more.

For a moment, Susan wished this woman could be Hannah.

“I always thought Besse was a gentleman.” Said Susan suddenly, trying to change the topic so as not to become too sentimental.

“That's what people outside say.” Replied Besse with laughter, “But it didn't affect me much, nor did I bother clarifying things.”

“I knew men could never understand women's tastes!” exclaimed Susan without hesitation.

“I'm glad you like my work.”

“I do! Last time I almost died from anger because I couldn't get hold of your limited edition first release!”

“Is that so?” Besse looked directly into Susan's eyes.

Besse had a personality that was different from the typical upper-class socialite, making her easy to get along with. Manuel couldn't help but wonder if they had met before, as there was an inexplicable sense of familiarity to her inside of him.

“I'll have a custom-made bag for you from our new line next quarter.”

“Really?” Susan was as excited as a child.

“Really,” the woman confirmed with a smile.

“I thought I'd have to do some convincing! Rumours say Doyle and Besse are difficult to deal with.” Susan blurted out.

Manuel coughed politely beside her. After all these years, she still hadn't changed her impulsive nature.

“It's true we can be difficult at times.” Besse admitted nonchalantly, “But I like your personality.”

She continued to explain, “Designers tended to be obsessed, to create unique pieces that were truly their own. Doyle is an example. While he appeared charming and polite on the outside, he could become irritable and aggressive when designing alone in his room like a lion, who didn't want anyone near him.”

“Is that so?” Susan asked curiously. Her thirst for knowledge made her seem almost childlike at times. And that was something that could make others question her maturity level occasionally but also made people feel energized by being around her positive energy most of the time.

“Do I come off that extreme?” Doyle complained playfully after hearing about himself being compared to a lion earlier on in their conversation

“Yes.” Besse nodded before adding jokingly, “You take it too far sometimes.”

“Do you hate me then?”

“Nope.” Besse laughed softly before continuing, “Because when you’re around me, you turn into a little bunny rabbit instead.”

“You two are lovers?!” Susan blurted out directly.

Besse hadn’t even answered yet when Doyle jumped in quickly, “Fiancés actually, we’re getting married later this year!”

“When exactly?!” Susan couldn’t wait any longer for details.

“In six or seven months tops.” He replied confidently while smiling at his fiancé lovingly.

“Oh, wow, congratulations!! If news about your wedding is announced, soon enough Karami’s market value will skyrocket again!”

“Well then thank you for your good wishes!” Doyle laughed warmly while hugging Besse tighter. Besse showed her acquiescence.

“Beauty and brains,” Susan commented again.

“Mr and Mrs Johnson are also a match made in heaven.” Doyle sincerely praised, “And your two children are simply outstanding.”

Susan wasn’t sure if Doyle was complimenting her or the kids. The children weren’t hers. But they were more exceptional than her and Manuel. Oh well, she would take it as a genuine compliment anyway.

“We plan on having lots of kids too,” Doyle spoke up.

Besse was speechless.

“I had no idea Besse loved kids so much. If I knew earlier, I would have used them as bait to marry her!”

Susan couldn’t help but burst out laughing. Doyle and Besse were both much easier to get along with than she used to imagine.

Oscar saw all the merriment from afar. He watched Besse laugh with an unfamiliar face that felt strangely familiar to him. But he couldn’t approach her; he could only watch from afar.

The banquet ended and everyone left except for Theodore, who sat in Oscar’s private car watching Oscar’s gaze fixed on Besse, who was clasped tight in Doyle’s arms at the entrance gate. Even after they drove away for quite some distance, Oscar’s eyes were still glued on her as if she was still there.

“Oscar, face reality.”

Oscar felt that he knew that woman in his guts.

“Theodore, arrange my schedule.”

“What schedule?”

“Cancel everything non-essential or unimportant...” Oscar continued after pausing for a few seconds, “Forget it, there’s no need.”

Before Theodore could respond, Oscar added, “I’m taking a week off.”

Chapter 965 Doyle’s Question

Theodore thought he heard wrong. Since Oscar became the commander, he had never taken a day off, not even on holidays. Even if he wasn’t working at the office during holidays, he was always on call and ready to work.

Now he suddenly wanted to take a year-end break. Did Commanders even have that option?

“Don’t schedule any work for me this week.”

“What if there’s something important?”

“You’ll handle it.”

“...”

“Since tomorrow.” Oscar reiterated.

“Okay.” Theodore nodded.

Anyway, it was good news that Oscar finally decided to rest after working like a robot for so many years. It was cause for celebration.

“Find out Doyle’s itinerary in Northfield for me.” Oscar requested.

As expected, there was a reason behind this sudden change of Oscar. Theodore really wanted to try and persuade him but knew deep down that once Oscar made up his mind about something, nothing could change it.

He leaned back in the rear seat and let out a heavy sigh before speaking up again, “Oscar, there are many people who look alike in this world. If you want to find someone looking like her, I can help you...”

What would be the point of trying to steal someone else’s fiancée, especially from a bit shot?

He could help him find someone with similar features from behind though, just as long as Oscar agreed with the plan.

“You don’t need to worry about anything else. I won’t be working this week so focus more on official business matters.”

Theodore nodded.

“Don’t indulge yourself too much, it affects your health.” Oscar reminded him.

Theodore felt annoyed, “When have I ever indulged myself too much? Everything I do is within my capabilities! It’s actually you who needs reminding. Find a woman, you can’t hold everything inside like this all the time, it’s bad for your health.”

Oscar didn’t bother engaging further into conversation with Theodore over such things. Then suddenly Theodore remembered something exciting, “Do you know who I saw tonight?”

“Who?”

“Little Bunny, MY WIFE.”

Oscar gave him a sidelong glance which seemed almost condescending towards a poor teddy boy.

“You recognized her?” asked Theodore.

“So you didn’t recognize her?!” Oscar asked, incredulous.

“She’s changed so much, isn’t it normal for me to not recognize her?! You know, what she looks like at home, just plain-faced and never dressed up. My strongest memory of her is when she was pregnant or right after giving birth to my son and still breastfeeding. She was a little chubby then, all soft...”

“You only remember women in bed.” Oscar interrupted him bluntly.

Theodore scowled but then realized that Oscar had a point. His deepest memory of Little Bunny was from their passionate encounter. After that, they missed each other due to various circumstances and eventually he forgot about her altogether. He always had plenty of women around him anyway.

“Since Little Bunny is in the Capital now, don’t you want to meet up with her?” Oscar asked.

Normally, if Theodore had other plans at night, he wouldn’t ride back with him.

“Come on!” Theodore exclaimed, “I don’t want to lose all my pride. If I meet up with her now after failing to recognize her earlier today, how will she look at me?!”

“At least, you’re self-aware.” Oscar commented dryly.

“But she ruined my mood tonight.” Theodore grumbled.

He had planned on finding another woman to spend the night with but after running into Little Bunny earlier today, which made him lose interest in everything else around him.

“Theodore, aren’t you afraid of getting punished one day?”

“...”

Besse and Doyle were staying in a presidential suite together of a luxury hotel in the Capital.

Inside the room, Doyle collapsed onto the bed without moving an inch while Besse sat down on the sofa next to it feeling sleepy.

“When are we going back?” Besse asked.

“Didn’t you agree that we’d relax here for a few days together after this press conference?” Doyle muffled his head into a pillow.

The bedding had gotten changed since there wasn’t even a trace of the smell of Besse left on it, which made her unhappy.

“I’m just asking about our itinerary.”

“I have no itinerary. Being with you is enough.” Doyle turned his head towards Besse

“Let me make some arrangements then.”

“Okay.” Doyle replied with a bright smile.

He liked the moment when Besse compromised to him, which made him feel like he was being pampered.

Besse took out the phone and started looking up some strategies online while Doyle lay on the bed, watching her with great interest.

“Can you go to sleep now?” Besse asked without even looking at him, sounding resigned.

“Can’t I sleep with you?”

Besse was a little bit surprised by his words.

Ever since she woke up three years ago, Doyle had been always by her side. They were supposed to be lovers but they never did anything too intimate because she would always reject it due to feeling uncomfortable and unfamiliar with it. After rejecting his advances once, he never asked again until now. This was the first time in three years that he had suggested something like this.

“Don’t you like kids? We can make one tonight.”

“Get out!”

“You sure you don’t want to?” Doyle asked seriously, “With our looks combined, our baby will be cuter than those two kids we saw today.”

“Alright, alright.” Besse replied impatiently as if humoring a child who wouldn’t stop asking questions, “Go back to your room and rest after such a long day, tomorrow we’ll go out.”

“I’d rather stay here and play in the room.” Doyle said earnestly while grinning mischievously at her blushing face.

“Doyle!”

They hadn’t consummated their relationship yet, at least from Besse’s perspective. So these conversations often left her feeling shy or embarrassed afterwards. Doyle wished that sometimes Besse could show more emotion towards him even if it meant getting angry or upset, instead of keeping everything bottled inside her all the time, which made it seem like there was still some distance between them.

“By the way, who do you think is hotter? Me or Northfield’s Commander?” Doyle changed the topic abruptly.

Chapter 966 Invitation

Bessie did not answer since she didn’t have much impression of that man. She knew nothing about him except for his identity as the chief commander of Northfield.

“What? Do you think he looks better?!” asked Doyle, annoyed.

He always acted like a child in front of her though he appeared to be an experienced and mature gentleman in public.

“Nope. I can’t remember what he looks like.” Said Besse.

“Didn’t we meet tonight?”

“It’s not like my attention was on him,” Bessie said bluntly.

She didn’t remember everyone very well from a one-time meeting.

“Is that so?” Doyle was instantly in a good mood when he heard Bessie say that. After all, he was not confident when compared with Oscar Wells. He had also seen comments about Oscar’s divine face in the media before. But when he contacted him in reality, Doyle found that man more attractive than he had imagined. Besides, the excessive attention Oscar paid to Bessie tonight even gave him a sense of crisis.

The good thing was. Bessie wasn’t interested in that man at all, for which Doyle was in a good mood.

He yawned and said, “I’m going to my room, go to bed early, Besse.”

“Uh-huh.”

“If you regret it feel free to come find me next door, I’ll leave the door unlocked.” Doyle smiled meaningfully.

Bessie didn’t pay any attention to him.

Doyle closed the door and left.

Besse felt relieved at this moment, with all the pretence coming off. She stood up from the sofa and walked to the large floor-to-ceiling window, overlooking the beautiful night view of the capital at night.

Somehow, she had an inexplicable sense of familiarity with this country, and the people here, especially that little boy and the woman called Susan Johnson. Apart from them, she chose Little Bunny as their spokesperson because of their familiarity too. However, it made no sense. She had never come to Northfield before, which meant she should not have this feeling.

She even retraced all the places she had been to regain her memory, reliving the meaningful moments she had experienced. However, everything still felt unfamiliar and foreign, as if she were living someone else’s life.

Only Northfield made her feel different.

Besse's heart skipped a beat. She didn't dare entertain some of the bold thoughts that crossed her mind because they seemed absurd. She also didn't think Doyle would deceive her. Perhaps it was just a misconception.

The next day, due to exhaustion and insomnia from the previous night, both Doyle and Besse woke up late. When Besse opened her eyes, it was already afternoon. She pressed the electric curtains button and looked outside at the sunny sky with a sense of contentment.

As she got up to wash up, she messaged Doyle, "Are you awake?"

"I'm waiting for Lady Besse's summons." He replied.

Besse smiled before asking him, "Have you eaten yet?"

"I've been waiting for you."

"Then go ahead and order something, have them bring it to your room while I get ready. After that, we can go out for a walk."

"Yes ma'am."

After finishing washing up and changing into casual clothes at random from their home wear collection, Besse opened the door only to be startled by seeing a strange man in a suit standing outside.

"Are you looking for me?!" She asked with surprise.

The man bowed respectfully before answering, "Commander sent me here to invite Lady Besse and Mr George for dinner tonight."

"We might not be able to come back on time tonight since we plan on going out later."

"Commander says he will wait at the restaurant until your arrival no matter how late that may be."

Besse frowned slightly, thinking that the chief commander of Northfield seemed quite pushy.

"Dinner will be served at the restaurant of the hotel after you return from your sightseeing trip today evening. Staff members will wait outside your room until then."

Besse felt like Oscar hadn't given her any option but to accept his offer.

"And," the man took out an organizer box from his hand, "this is outdoor equipment prepared by Commander, especially for you, Lady Besse. There are mosquito repellent drugs, heat stroke prevention medicine, sunscreen lotion etc inside as Northfield has many mosquitoes during the summer season along with strong UV rays."

Feeling confused, Bess accepted it without saying anything more.

"Commander wishes you both have fun playing in Northfield." Said the gentleman bowing deeply before leaving. Besse watched his back as he walked away, then looked down at the item in her hand. She couldn't help but feel a little crazy.

"Besse." The door next to her opened.

She snapped out of it.

“Why didn’t you come in?” Doyle asked, impatient.

“Commander’s people just came by.”

“Who?”

“One of Commander’s subordinates.” Besse said, “They brought a bunch of stuff over and invited us to dinner tonight.”

“You agreed?” Doyle was unhappy. He didn’t like Oscar and had a kind of aversion to him that he thought Oscar was annoying even though Besse wasn’t interested in him.

“I didn’t agree,” Besse said, “but I didn’t refuse either.”

Doyle frowned.

“They said they’d wait for us no matter how late it is.”

“Okay, let’s see how long he can wait,” Doyle said with some emotion.

Besse was a little bit worried since Oscar was the chief commander of Northfield, who should be treated politely by them.

“Forget about him, come in, we should have some food, I’m starving.” Said Doyle.

Besse nodded.

After the meal, they left the hotel together. Last night, Besse did some research and picked out some popular tourist spots with good reviews for them to visit this afternoon. Under the hot sun that burned their faces red, while mosquitoes attacked them relentlessly making their experience unbearable, they started their trip in this country. Besse could endure it while the haughty prince urged them back home early on. They returned to the hotel at around 8 PM.

When they walked into the hotel, four employees stood before them bowing respectfully and greeting them.

“Mr George, Lady Besse.”

Besse frowned while Doyle seemed annoyed as one employee spoke up, “Mr Commander is waiting for you both in the restaurant.”

The two seemed to have forgotten all about this invitation until now.

“This way please.”

“We’re tired after spending all day outside. I’m sorry, but please tell Mr Commander that we’ll take a rain check.” Doyle refused directly without hesitation or fear of offending Northfield’s highest leader.

“Mr Commander said that Mr George and Lady Besse would want to have some food while being tired and that if you don’t want to go to the restaurant, food can be served to your room, and Mr Commander will dine with you together.”

Chapter 967 The Dinner

Doyle was clearly in a bad mood. Oscar was forcing them to do this. If he refused, it would be disrespectful to the Commander of Northfield. But if he agreed, he wouldn't feel good about it either.

If Doyle were just a brand designer, there wouldn't be any concerns in this regard. After all, he wasn't part of Northfield and not giving face to the commander wouldn't matter much. The key issue was that he was the prince of Jolencami. If some negative news got out, it would affect the friendly relations between the two countries and could potentially lead to international disputes.

After much deliberation, Doyle said reluctantly, "Alright then, let's go."

"It's not like we're losing anything by going." Said Besse.

Doyle nodded and told the staff, "Tell Mr Commander that we are dirty from being outside all day and need to take a shower before dinner. We might be late for it. If he wants to wait for us then so be it."

The staff replied respectfully, "Yes sir."

Doyle took Besse's hand and walked into the lobby before taking an elevator up.

"Why are you so upset over having dinner?" Besse asked because Doyle tended to wear his emotions on his sleeve.

Doyle was vexed.

"Do you want to have dinner with him?" Doyle asked back.

Besse shook her head instinctively as she had some reservations about Oscar without knowing why she didn't like him too much. But given Doyle's status, she didn't want him to lose face either so she spoke up first.

Only after seeing Besse shake her head did Doyle say softly, "I always feel like Oscar is trying too hard with us, either scheming or stealing something from us."

Besse laughed lightly and said, "But maybe he just wants our relationship between our countries better."

"No," replied Doyle firmly, "he knows I don't want to go but still forces me into doing so. If he wanted my approval then shouldn't have gone against my wishes."

Doyle may be emotional at times but never foolish as he was well-educated since childhood, which helped him see things more clearly than most people would have done in those situations.

Besse nodded in agreement since they won't know what Oscar's true intentions were until they went along with his invitation anyway.

Both returned separately back their rooms, where they took showers before changing clothes. They deliberately delayed time, hoping that Oscar would wait for them all night long.

When they made their way down towards the restaurant, where others had been cleared out already. In the spacious restaurant, there was only Oscar and the staff present. His bodyguards were all stationed

at the entrance, which showed their sincerity. As soon as they arrived, the staff respectfully led them to the only table in the restaurant. Oscar also stood up and showed them respect.

“Sorry for keeping you waiting.” Doyle apologized on the surface level.

“Not long at all, it’s expected.” Oscar smiled. After speaking, he glanced at Besse and said, “Good evening, Miss Besse.”

Then he extended his hand.

Besse looked at Oscar’s hand and furrowed her brows. She was just about to reach out when Doyle directly grabbed her hand and said, “It’s getting late, Mr Commander, let’s start eating.”

Oscar put down his arm without looking awkward. He turned to the staff and said, “Serve us.”

“Yes, Commander.”

The three of them all sat down.

“Prince Doyle has come a long way, so I have prepared some speciality red wine of Northfield for you to try.” Oscar took the initiative in speaking first.

“Okay.” Doyle nodded.

“Miss Besse, you can also try some,” Oscar added

“She doesn’t need any. She can’t drink alcohol or she’ll get drunk even from low-alcohol red wine.” Doyle refused her directly.

He then told one of the staff members, “Prepare a cup of hot milk for her.”

Besse turned her head towards Doyle, who didn’t allow her to drink wine but now not even giving her a beverage. She preferred something else instead of milk.

“Be good, you need more milk when preparing for pregnancy.” Doyle could sense Besse’s resistance so he gently coaxed her.

At this moment, with a glass of red wine in his hand, Oscar seemed to stiffen slightly upon hearing the words, “preparing for pregnancy”. However, he slowly sipped on his wine without showing any unusual behaviour whatsoever.

Naturally, Besse couldn’t detect any subtle emotional fluctuations from Oscar either. She had no choice but to compromise since they were in front of outsiders anyway; she watched as Doyle continuously took care of her by cutting steak for her or wiping off food stains from around her mouth corners.

They sat by the table enjoying the meal in silence most of the time.

Oscar didn’t eat much because he simply wasn’t hungry. He drank red wine while observing how Doyle constantly tended towards Besse. Doyle noticed Oscar’s gaze and asked, “Mr Commander, aren’t you going to eat?”

Oscar picked up his utensils again and replied, “I was a bit hungry while waiting for you all earlier, so I ate something. Now I’m not that hungry.”

“You didn’t have to wait for us, Mr Commander. I’m just here as an ordinary person on a business trip or vacation in your country.”

“Anyway, Prince Doyle is in Northfield and it’s my duty as a host to extend hospitality.”

“If my presence is causing any inconvenience for you, I should have left with Besse earlier.”

Oscar pursed his lips slightly and apologized saying, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to cause you any trouble or make you want to leave early.”

Besse couldn’t help but look up at Oscar when he spoke. She had prompted Doyle earlier to deter Oscar from disturbing them further by making it seem like they were trying not to be a burden on him. However, Oscar’s response shifted the blame back onto them.

Given the diplomatic relations between their countries, Doyle couldn’t admit that he disliked Oscar but he seemed visibly annoyed now.

Besse quickly interjected, “I’m sure there is a misunderstanding, Mr Commander. Doyle means we are sorry to disturb you.”

“You didn’t disturb me.” Said Oscar, looking at Besse.

This was the first time Besse talked to him though she seemed to defend another man.

“We did.” Besse replied, “Mr Commander had waited for us until this hour, when we finished the dinner, it’ll be midnight. And you still need to work tomorrow morning, we’re sorry to take your sleeping time, Mr Commander.”

“I don’t have work tomorrow.” Said Oscar smilingly, “It’s my vacation.”

“You can have a vacation?” exclaimed Doyle incredulously.

Oscar chuckled lightly replying, “I’m not a machine, I need time off sometimes.”

“Then you shouldn’t waste your precious holiday time on us.” Besse quickly chimed in adding, “You should spend this time with your family instead.”

Chapter 968 Oscar’s Impulsion

Oscar watched Besse as she spoke, taking in her every expression. She was always clever, able to easily catch the loopholes in others’ words and use them to achieve her own goals. He nodded when she suggested he spend more time with his family.

“Well then, I wish you all a pleasant time in Northfield,” Oscar said as he picked up his glass. The message was clear, which was that he wouldn’t be bothering them anymore.

Doyle was surprised that Oscar had agreed so easily. He had expected him to be more difficult. But since Oscar had promised, regardless of the reason behind it, Doyle was content with the outcome.

Then the three of them clinked glasses.

As Besse excused herself to go to the bathroom and Doyle offered to accompany her.

“No thanks, I think you should spend more time with Mr Commander.” Besse refused.

“Go back early.” Said Doyle.

“Okay.” Said she, smiling.

Oscar couldn't help but notice how close Doyle and Besse were; they were very much in love.

“Your relationship with Besse is quite strong,” Oscar commented casually.

“Of course it is, we grew up together,” Doyle replied proudly.

“Oh really?” Oscar feigned interest before adding dryly.

“We'll get married within half a year.”

“Congratulations on your upcoming wedding.”

“We'll send you an invitation when the time comes.”

“Okay.” Oscar nodded.

“I'll go to find Besse. She's not familiar with this place, I'm afraid she'll get lost.” With that said, Doyle stood up and walked away.

Oscar sat alone at the table, staring at their empty seats across from him. After a while, Besse came back to the table alone.

“Where's Doyle?” she asked curiously after noticing his absence earlier.

“He might have gone to the restroom too.” Oscar replied so instead of ‘he had gone to find you.’

“He might have gone to find me.” Besse trailed off thoughtfully, as she thought that was Doyle's excuse.

“Excuse me, I'll go take a look,” Besse said, getting up.

Oscar suddenly grabbed her hand.

“Commander?” The tone was respectful but not friendly.

“My name is Oscar,” Oscar said.

“I should call you Commander.”

Intentionally distancing themselves from each other, Besse replied with the honorific title, “Please let go of me, Mr Commander.”

Oscar's fingers twitched. The warmth in his palm made him hesitate to let go. But eventually, he did.

As soon as she was released, Besse turned and walked away from him with obvious disgust.

“Besse,” Oscar called out to her, “Doyle just missed you earlier, if you go looking for him now you might miss each other again. The best way to meet up is to stay put.”

Besse hesitated for a moment before realizing that what Oscar said made sense.

"I'm sorry for being impulsive earlier and causing offence." Apologized Oscar.

She gave an insincere smile as she returned to her seat and replied, "Thanks for reminding me."

But despite the casual response from Besse, something stirred inside of Oscar at the sight of her smile. He suppressed all his emotions and asked, "Did you use the mosquito repellent I gave you?"

Besse frowned slightly in confusion before realizing that there were several red spots on her arms where mosquitoes had bitten her earlier. The spots weren't very noticeable due to the dim lighting at the restaurant, yet somehow it caught his attention more than once.

"I forgot about it when we left." She explained casually while trying not to think too much about why he noticed such small details about her.

"Remember next time, mosquitoes seem attracted to you." Advised Oscar.

"Okay." Agreed Besse with a strange feeling towards this man, who seemed odd at times.

"Will you be...?"

"Why isn't he back yet?" Besse interrupted him.

Oscar pursed his lips tightly together before choosing silence.

"Would he be looking for me in the restroom?" Besse muttered, "Sometimes he's single-minded."

"He'll come back if he can't find you." Said Oscar.

Besse glanced at him curiously.

"How long have you been together?" asked him.

"It's been a long time," Besse replied absentmindedly.

"Four years?"

"No, it's been more years. We grew up together."

"Did you grow up together?"

"What exactly are you trying to say, Mr Commander?" Besse's tone was annoyed.

"You remind me of a friend of mine."

"Don't you think your approach is a bit cliché, Mr Commander?" Besse said sarcastically.

"It's true though."

"Who?" Besse asked.

"My wife."

"Lillian Wells?" Besse asked. She had done some research on Oscar before coming to dinner with him, knowing that she was going to reject him and wanting at least some basic information about him.

“No,” Oscar corrected her, “Hannah.”

“She would be your ex-wife then.” Besse pointed out.

Oscar pursed his lips in silence.

“I’ve seen pictures of Ms Cooper and Mrs Wells both, and I don’t see any resemblance between either of them and myself.”

“Some feelings never change.”

“I don’t know what you’re getting at with all this, Mr Commander. If I brought any misunderstandings for you, I want you to know that Doyle and I have a great relationship and we’re getting married soon. So please respect that.”

Oscar swallowed hard.

She was still so smart. Perhaps she knew from the beginning what he wanted from her though he hadn’t done anything yet. She knew already anyway.

“Okay then.” Replied Oscar.

Besse stood up and said, “I’m sorry but if Doyle comes back please tell him I wasn’t feeling well so went back to my room.”

Oscar nodded without saying anything more, knowing that he would never be forgiven by her. He should have realized that.

“Excuse me,” Besse said and left.

“Hannah,” Oscar couldn’t help but call that name.

He knew Besse must have heard that but she didn’t turn back to respond to him.

Chapter 969 An Unqualified Father

Oscar watched as Besse walked away. She didn’t pause for him, not even for a second.

“Where is Besse?” Doyle’s voice interrupted his thoughts.

“She went back to her room.”

“Why did she leave on her own?!” Doyle sounded annoyed, “Well, I’m going back too then.”

“Okay.” Oscar nodded politely.

“Thanks for dinner, Mr Commander,” Doyle said with a courteous smile before leaving in a hurry.

Left alone in the restaurant, Oscar remained seated for quite some time. He couldn’t bring himself to leave just yet. He wasn’t ready to let go of the moment they shared.

But then his phone rang and he glanced at the caller ID before answering it.

“Theodore.”

“Oscar! You’re still not home?!”

“Do you have something important to tell me?”

“I found the information you asked me to look up and sent it over to your phone. But I also printed out a hard copy that I’ll bring over so you can study it properly.”

“Just leave it at my house,” Oscar replied calmly.

“I’m coming over right now.” Theodore said urgently, “When will you be home?”

“Soon.”

“I have something else tonight so once I drop off the documents at your place, I’ll be leaving immediately, okay?”

“Sure thing.”

“Come back early.”

“Mhm.”

“Oh, by the way, did you go see Besse?” Theodore couldn’t resist being nosy again.

Oscar didn’t answer.

“Once you read through those documents yourself, you’ll realize that there’s no mistaking who she is.”

Theodore sighed heavily on the other end of the line but didn’t argue any further as Oscar hung up abruptly without another word spoken between them.

Finally getting up from his seat in resignation after ending their call, Oscar left the hotel. He had a familiar feeling while walking on the track of Besse.

When he was back at Commander’s Estate later that night, Theodore had left without seeing him again. A pile of documents had been put on the table.

“Dad.”

Oscar put down the documents in his hand and turned to look at Salem. Then he checked the clock on the wall and asked, “Sal, why aren’t you asleep at this hour?”

“Uncle Theodore came here and I was wakened up. He said you’re coming back home so I was waiting for you.” Said Salem.

“What are doing still awake? It’s late.”

Oscar felt guilty about making Salem wait like this. Then he stood up and walked over to stroke his head, saying, “Do you have anything to tell me?”

“Tomorrow is my birthday.”

Not until then did Oscar realise that. He was indeed not a qualified father.

“Can you come back home early tomorrow? I want to have dinner with you, Dad.” Asked Salem.

Salem was always so well-behaved, sometimes to the point of making Oscar feel sorry for him. At this moment, he asked carefully as if afraid of disturbing Oscar's work.

Oscar crouched down to be at the same height as Salem and said, "Dad will spend a whole day with you tomorrow."

"Really?" Salem exclaimed in surprise. The next second, he tried hard to calm himself down and asked cautiously, "Will it delay your work time?"

"Nope," Oscar smiled, "Dad took leave these days to accompany you and Una."

"Really?" Salem was surprised again, "You won't go to work at all? No early mornings or late nights?"

"I'm sorry," Oscar apologized sincerely, "I've been too busy lately that I neglected you and Una."

"It's okay. I understand." Salem said softly, "Dad is the Commander of our country who does everything for our people and nation. Dad is the greatest!"

Oscar felt a pang in his heart. Sometimes it might not be for those noble causes but just an escape from reality instead.

He lowered his head and kissed Salem on the forehead before saying gently, "Go sleep now. Dad will take you out with Una tomorrow."

"Okay," Salem replied while nodding excitedly.

Oscar led him back into his room before tucking him in bed properly while helping him twist up the blanket tightly around him.

"Dad." When Oscar left again, Salem called out once more.

"Hmm?"

"Good night."

"Good night."

Oscar smiled slightly while looking at the adorable little boy sleeping soundly on the bed. Sometimes when seeing how mature beyond age Salem was, he almost forgot that he was just a five-year-old kid who needed more attention than what he had received from him so far.

And yet, he knew deep inside that most of the time, he'd rather close himself off from them all. In truth, he wasn't great or selfless; instead, he could be very selfish.

Oscar picked up the files and then returned to his bedroom.

According to the detailed introductions, Besse appeared to be a different person from Hannah. From their birth to now, every stage of their lives and experiences was different. None of those things intersected with Hannah's life. He also had Theodore investigate whether Doyle had come to Northfield four years ago.

The answer was no.

Oscar put down the file and lit a cigarette. The phone rang again at this moment.

He didn't need to think twice to know it was Theodore.

"Oscar, did you see it?" Theodore asked on the other end, and there seemed to be some noise in the background.

"You're at night club again?" Oscar frowned.

"It's just a dinner party, I'll be back soon." Theodore dodged the question.

Oscar didn't ask further questions. He only had advisory power over Theodore's personal life but not decision-making power.

"Did you look at what I just gave you?"

"Yeah."

"It's not what you thought."

"You were investigating Besse instead of Hannah." Oscar took another deep drag from his cigarette and said.

"... Aren't you suspecting that Besse is Hannah?" Theodore was somewhat speechless by now.

Was this guy already going crazy? Did he have delusions?

"I'm telling you, Oscar. Besse is not Hannah! Stop thinking about it! I admit that I haven't found her body yet but as clear as day, with an explosion like that and such rapid ocean currents, there is no chance for survival..."

"It's Salem's birthday tomorrow." Oscar suddenly interrupted him mid-sentence.

"What do you need me to do?" asked Theodore

"Tomorrow I'm taking Sal and Una out for a walk so arrange our itinerary."

"So finally decided to take your son out huh?"

"You're talking as if taking your son out is something common for yourself." Retorted Oscar

"..."

So regardless if Oscar had an introverted personality or not, when it came time for him to argue with someone, he definitely wouldn't hold back any punches.

"Where are you going tomorrow?" Theodore changed the topic quickly since he knew there would be no point arguing with him.

"Time Paradise."

"There will be many people." Complained Theodore while frowning,

"You make sure security measures are taken care of then." Said Oscar firmly.

“Alright then, got it.”