

Reborn 991

Chapter 991 The Worst Teammate

In the lobby, Oscar was staring at Besse intently, watching the scene unfold before him. The world seemed to quiet down and everything was exceptionally beautiful until a sudden voice interrupted them.

“Oscar, don’t tell me you came up with such a sneaky plan just to keep Besse here...” The words were cut off as Susan saw Besse sitting in the lobby. She was completely embarrassed. Her mouth hung open in surprise and she couldn’t close it for a while.

Oscar glared at Susan, thinking that she was the worst teammate ever. They stood there motionless until Max came out of the room and walked over to Besse.

“Miss Besse, your room has been prepared for you. Would you like to take a look?” Max said kindly.

Besse felt awkward because of what Susan had said earlier. She let go of Salem and gave Max a faint smile before leaving with him.

Susan watched as they left then turned back to Oscar with her eyes fixed on him. “Wow, you went all out just for this...,” she said sarcastically while grabbing Manuel’s hand tightly.

“Hubby, I want to go home.”

Manuel didn’t know what to say or do. They were planning on going back home soon but when they heard about Besse’s plagiarism scandal on the news, Susan immediately thought it might be Oscar’s doing since everyone could see that he had feelings for her. Being curious by nature, she convinced Manuel to bring her here so they could find out more about what happened.

And now, Susan couldn’t believe it-Besse was already living in Oscar’s house. He sure knew how to charm women.

She remembered Hannah who fell for his charms when he acted like an indifferent playboy but now... she wasn’t sure why but somehow she didn’t mind seeing Oscar and Besse together anymore; maybe because they looked so much alike that subconsciously she saw Hannah in her place.

“Wait,” Oscar called out as he saw Susan dragging Manuel away from him hastily.

Susan was frightened by his voice.

She stared at Oscar with wide eyes. “You’re not thinking of killing someone, are you? I’m telling you, I’m pregnant and the baby has your family’s bloodline! Your aunt, Justine Knight, no wait, Justine Wells said that once the child is born, we’ll change its surname to Wells. You can’t do something so extreme!”

Oscar was also speechless, and so was Manuel. Oscar left a sentence behind. “Come to my study.” Saying that he turned around and walked away quickly.

“Hubby, I don’t want to go...” Susan looked at Oscar’s back. She didn’t dare face him after what she had just said might drag down her descendants in the future.

“He’s not that crazy,” Manuel sighed helplessly. “Besides, even if you don’t go and he wants to take action against you... you won’t be able to escape.”

“Manuel,”

Was this guy trying to scare her on purpose?!

“Let’s go.” Manuel took Susan by the hand and followed Oscar into his study.

The door locked behind them as they entered the room. Susan shivered when she heard the sound of it locking shut. Manuel hugged her tightly in his arms, knowing exactly what she was thinking right now.

” ‘Phantom’,” Oscar got straight to business. “Find out what connection this designer has with Hannah.”

“Are you insane?!” Susan couldn’t help but comment sarcastically. “Everyone seems like Hannah now.”

Oscar glanced at Susan without saying anything before turning towards Manuel instead, “I asked Theodore earlier for an investigation on Phantom’s background information... This designer has been releasing works for years now so it can’t be a pseudonym used by Hannah previously. Theodore also found out Phantom’s true identity, a small designer from Kensbury.”

As he spoke those words, Oscar handed over Phantom’s information file to both Susan and Manuel.

Susan became interested upon hearing about this matter from Oscar; she quickly picked up the file and read through it.

As soon as she saw Minerva Bird’s basic information along with her resume written inside:

29 years old

Born in Kensbury

Attended Lancy Nursery School, Kensbury Elementary School, and Kensbury Chingho High School...

“Isn’t this our classmate?” asked Susan.

She wasn’t good at remembering many things but when it came down to people, she never forgot their faces or names.

Manuel only remembered who Minerva Bird was after hearing about it from his wife-indeed, they were classmates back then in Chingho High School.

Oscar nodded and said, “Yes, you were Hannah’s classmate in high school for three years. But when ‘Phantom’ released this design, she was 21 years old and already in college. It seems like there is no connection between her and Hannah.”

“If there’s no connection, why are we investigating?” Susan asked.

“I’ve carefully examined all of Phantom’s work. All of them, except for the Angel series, are very ordinary and completely different from the design sense of ‘Angel’. If it weren’t for the sudden inspiration of the Angels, it can be assumed that the entire design has nothing to do with ‘Phantom’.” Oscar explained.

“Could it be because ‘Angel’ didn’t receive good social feedback at first so she transitioned?” Susan guessed.

” ‘Angel’ wasn’t her first design. Before designing this series, she participated in many design competitions and had designs published in relevant design magazines. At that time her work was similar to her current style.” Oscar replied.

“So you’re convinced that the Angel series isn’t designed by her.” Susan finally understood after going around in circles.

But, if ‘Phantom’ was not the original designer of the “Angel” series, then Besse was not either. Besse had been abroad all these years. How could she have released a draft here unless she was part of Northfield?

Susan looked straight at Oscar and asked him directly, “Do you still think Besse is Hannah?!”

After all this talk, Oscar meant that ‘Phantom’ used Hannah’s designs; now Besse used Phantom’s designs, which ultimately meant Besse used Hannah’s designs too. Besse was Hannah, so the “Angel” series was Besse’s design.

After understanding this complicated relationship clearly, Susan was even impressed with herself.

Oscar didn’t answer Susan’s question but said, “When Hannah did design before, she should have left behind many drafts. I’m unable to go back to Kensbury right now. You grew up with Hannah since childhood so you know where she keeps things. Would you please find anything related to the ‘Angel’ series design?”

Chapter 992 Daddy Likes You So Much!

Susan finally understood Oscar’s intentions. She looked at him and bluntly told him, “Oscar, Besse is not Hannah. I’ve asked her. Don’t be delusional.”

Oscar had an answer inside of himself. So he ignored what Susan said.

“I’m not joking with you. I wished Besse was Hannah, but she isn’t. You’re just being stubborn.” Susan said, even though she didn’t like Oscar that much anymore after seeing how poorly he had been doing these past few years. And besides, Hannah wasn’t killed by him.

People are just forgetful and easily moved.

She even looked down on herself for believing in something that wasn’t true.

“Hannah was a designer before, but she wouldn’t have been indifferent if her designs were stolen. She would’ve fought for her rights.”

“Assuming that Hannah is willing to expose herself as a designer.” Oscar retorted back at Susan and shut her up with his words alone.

At the time, she didn’t even know that Hannah was a designer who could design so many beautiful dresses.

Susan wanted to refute his claim because Besse made it very clear to her yesterday that she wasn't Hannah; now she believed it too.

Manuel spoke up from beside them, "Okay then, we'll take care of this matter."

"Manuel." Susan was speechless because this guy, who had previously told her firmly that Besse was not Hannah. Why did he suddenly change his mind in front of Oscar? It seemed like two different faces entirely.

"We'll investigate first," Manuel said to Susan. "Anything is possible."

"So you denied me earlier just because I'm someone who can be easily denied?!" Susan got angry with Manuel's previous denial of the truth about Besse being someone other than Hannah.

"I didn't think deeply about it then." Manuel laughed at himself, "Now I realize there are many miracles in this world."

Susan rolled her eyes at him. Hadn't he always said she was thinking about unrealistic things all day long?

"When you get any news let me know." Oscar solemnly told Manuel before they left together with their hands held tightly together

"Okay." Manuel agreed readily. "Let's go back now."

After leaving, Susan asked him if they should say goodbye to Besse before leaving.

"Aren't you embarrassed?" Manuel replied sarcastically, which almost took away all of Susan's breaths. In the end, she followed Manuel, feeling dejected.

Oscar left the study and headed towards the room prepared for Besse. He took a deep breath before knocking on the door. After a moment, the door opened.

"Do you need something?" Besse asked.

"It's time to eat," Oscar replied.

Besse looked at her watch. It was 3:30 in the afternoon, so they had missed lunch and were supposed to have dinner later.

"We haven't had lunch yet, so we'll eat dinner later," Oscar explained.

Besse realized that she hadn't eaten since their flight earlier that day but didn't feel hungry due to all of their recent troubles. She nodded in agreement with Oscar's suggestion.

Oscar turned around and left, keeping his distance from Besse as he walked towards the dining table. Was he afraid of offending her?

Besse followed him calmly to the table, where Salem was already seated waiting for them with food on display. She couldn't help but marvel at how good Commander's cuisine was compared to what she usually ate back home.

“Dad, why are there so many dishes today?” Salem asked curiously while looking at Oscar.

“We have guests over today,” Oscar replied simply.

As Besse picked up her utensils, she paused for a moment realizing that this meal must have been prepared specifically for her arrival as a guest in their home.

“Thank you,” she said politely.

“I hope it tastes okay for you.” Said Oscar.

Besse smiled and asked, “Could you please give me a knife and fork?”

People usually used knives and forks in their meals in Jolencami.

“Northfield cuisine is better suited for spoons rather than forks or knives, however, if it doesn’t work out well then try using your spoon instead.” Suggested Oscar.

Besse thought she should respect the way people do things in this country. Without further ado, Besse used her spoon. To her surprise, she was quite accustomed to dining in this way.

“Is it okay?” asked Oscar.

“It’s fine.” Replied Besse while nodding confidently. Despite feeling welcomed by him, Besse felt that Oscar still maintained some distance between himself and her.

However, Besse didn’t think too much about this behaviour, knowing that tomorrow morning would bring new opportunities once again after contacting designer ‘Phantom’ before leaving Northfield.

She lowered her head to eat the braised pork. At the moment, it entered her mouth, she paused. The food gave her a strange sense of familiarity as if she had eaten it before. Her eyes even started to water with indescribable emotions that flooded her mind, but upon closer inspection, there was nothing there.

“Is it spicy?” Salem asked quickly as he watched Besse’s expression.

Besse snapped out of it and gradually regained composure. “No, it tastes really good.”

“Max’s cooking is the best in the world,” Salem offered hospitably. “This is your first time trying it out, Miss Besse, you should eat more.”

Salem had never interacted with her before and his precocious personality made him wary of strangers at times; however, now that Besse was here in their home and he knew she wasn’t dangerous, he relaxed his guard and even felt an urge to get closer to her.

“Okay,” Besse smiled slightly.

She couldn’t hide how much she liked Salem.

Oscar silently observed their interaction without leaving any trace on his face, except for a barely perceptible smile playing on his lips throughout dinner.

After they finished eating dinner together, Una woke up from her nap. She was used to taking naps at noon. The girl groggily walked out into the living room. She widened her eyes in surprise and said, "Miss Besse?!"

Besse nodded gently while looking at Una's sleepy appearance with affectionate amusement, "Are you happy to see I'm here?"

"Yes!" Una exclaimed loudly while rubbing sleep from her eyes, "Daddy will be even happier!"

"Daddy likes you so much! I saw him looking at pictures of you every day! You're so pretty!"

Chapter 993 Besse's Favorable Impression of Oscar

When Una walked out of her room, Oscar was casually reading the newspaper. He seemed nonchalant. While Una spoke, Oscar happened to be sipping tea made by the servant. So when he heard what she did, it caused him to spit out the tea.

Salem and Una both turned to look at him with a little bit of disdain. Oscar quickly wiped his mouth and the servant hurried over to clean up.

"Sorry," Oscar's face turned red from embarrassment. He probably didn't expect himself to suddenly make such a fool of himself.

Besse saw how embarrassed Oscar looked and suddenly felt like laughing. It seemed fitting for his image-he usually wore suits and was very serious, but that didn't seem like his true self.

Oscar regained composure and explained, "Una saw me looking at your photos while I was just looking at some designs, not what she said..."

The more he explained, the worse it sounded.

He suddenly stood up straight and picked up Una in one swoop, "Daddy will take you for a walk in the backyard."

He feared Una's childlike words without reservation. But Una expressed unhappiness; she wanted to play with Besse instead.

Oscar left holding onto Una so only Besse and Salem were left in the hall now. Salem yawned sleepily; he seemed quite tired already.

"If you're tired then go back to bed, Salem." Besse's tenderness towards him even surprised her. She instinctively wanted to be good towards this child.

"But Dad said..." The words were on Salem's lips before being swallowed back down again.

"What did he say?" Besse raised an eyebrow, wondering what kind of nonsense had been fed into this child by Oscar.

"Nothing." Salem shook his head.

"Well, then I'll go ask your dad."

“Miss Besse!” Salem called out quickly stopping her from going further, “Don’t tell my dad, please! I don’t want him unhappy.”

“Okay.” Besse smiled.

“Dad says that you won’t be around too much so let me spend more time with you while you’re here because once you leave we won’t see you again.” Salem honestly confessed everything that had been told by Oscar earlier on

Besse’s heart stirred slightly as she couldn’t help but look outside through floor-to-ceiling windows. She was watching Oscar leading little Una walking around in the garden.

“Miss Besse, please don’t look down on my dad.” Salem couldn’t help but speak his mind. “For many years, except for Auntie Susan, he hasn’t had any contact with any other ladies. Una and I have been arguing about wanting a mom, but Dad refused until you appeared. He finally agreed to find us a mom but then said she got lost and wouldn’t come back.” Salem’s words were a bit messy.

As a 5-year-old child, his logical expression ability wasn’t that strong.

“Although Dad is old and sometimes doesn’t take baths, please don’t look down on him. He’s a great person. He’s the most dedicated Commander in Northfield history and has made many sacrifices for the country.” Salem told Besse seriously as if he wanted her approval.

Besse nodded. She knew this because of Oscar’s sudden approach. She also paid attention to some of his news and knew how highly regarded he was by the outside world.

“Don’t you blame your dad for spending so much time working instead of spending time with you and your sister?” Besse asked.

“I don’t blame him. When I grow up, I want to be as great as my dad, serving the country and becoming someone everyone admires.” Salem smiled proudly at this thought.

Besse couldn’t help but pat Salem’s head. She always felt that Oscar didn’t fulfil his fatherly responsibilities properly until now when she suddenly had doubts about what exactly fatherly responsibility was. Was it more important to just stay by children’s side than setting correct values for their children so they could see their glorious side?

Undoubtedly, Salem was one of the best kids she had ever met. He was self-disciplined, polite, faithful and grateful.

“Alright then, I know now not to look down on your dad anymore.” Besse smiled gently at him

“Thank you!” Salem beamed happily

“It’s time for bed now though.” Besse urged, “If you don’t sleep well, you won’t grow tall.”

“But Miss Besse...”

“Don’t worry, I won’t leave today. After you wake up later from sleeping, I will still be here.”

“Mm-hmm.” Salem nodded sleepily; then he got up from the sofa and went into his room.

After Salem left, there was only Besse alone in the living room. She couldn't help taking another glance around since it was her first proper visit here.

The decorations here were simple but not plain, with a stylish and grand atmosphere. Oscar's taste was not bad.

She stretched lazily, feeling a little tired herself.

She glanced at the two figures in the garden outside and then got up to return to the room that Oscar had prepared for her. As she lay on the bed, she couldn't help but feel like taking a shower. But her luggage had been sent ahead of time by air freight, so when she left the airport, she didn't bring any luggage with her. It wasn't possible to order clothes online either since they would be delivered to Commander's house and it would most likely be women's clothing... She didn't even dare think about what kind of impact that would have.

"Oh well. Just make do for one night." Besse thought to herself.

She walked into the bathroom, intending to freshen up quickly when suddenly there was knocking at the door outside.

Besse opened the door and saw Oscar standing there, holding two sets of clothes in his hands. He said, "I thought you might need these."

She did need them. But wearing someone else's clothes was a bit weird for her. She knew that Oscar had been married before but his wife had passed away unexpectedly. So having women's clothing around wasn't unusual for him. However, she still felt some resistance towards it.

After thinking about it for a bit though, she realized that maybe she couldn't refuse Oscar's kindness after all and said "Thank you."

"They're new." Added Oscar as he handed them over to her.

Besse felt embarrassed now. Was it obvious how uncomfortable she was just now? But then again, she knew how well-controlled her emotions were.

"Rest well." Said Oscar as he turned around and left without getting too close to her at all.

When Besse agreed to stay here temporarily earlier on, many things were going through her mind, including regretting ever coming here in the first place.

She understood very clearly what kind of special feelings Oscar held towards her, so much so that sometimes it made her feel like being thrown into a dangerous abyss.

But in reality, it seemed like she might have overthought things too much this time around-if Oscar wanted something from her badly enough, he shouldn't have brought her home, where his children could see them. He did show respect to her.

Besse let out a sigh as if finally realizing something important deep down inside herself. And somehow, she gradually had a favourable impression of this man, while she started off feeling repulsed by him.

Chapter 994 Silent Night

Besse picked out a set of clothes and headed to the bathroom with them. After showering, she put on the outfit and was surprised at how perfectly it fit her. Looking at herself in the mirror, she couldn't help but wonder if Oscar had any ulterior motives towards her. She even suspected that he might have done something to her because the accuracy was too precise.

Lost in thought, Besse's phone suddenly rang. It was Doyle.

"Where are you?" Doyle asked bluntly as soon as she answered.

Besse pursed her lips, unsure of whether or not to tell him that she was with Oscar. If she did, Doyle would come back immediately no matter what happened. But if she didn't tell him, it would weigh on her conscience for deceiving him.

Just as Besse struggled with what to say next, Doyle continued speaking casually, "Northfield is hyping up this whole thing."

It seemed like he wasn't particularly interested in where Besse was. After all, where else could she be besides a hotel?

"Northfield doesn't have any famous designers," he went on. "Now that they've finally caught a well-known designer plagiarizing their work, some people are bound to make a big deal out of it. And that's just how the fashion industry works, the more hype there is around something, the hotter it gets. That will increase their profits. I just saw the sales of the company where 'Phantom' is, it went through the roof, almost tenfold."

Everyone might think that Phantom's design might be a hit later on, and even some fans intended to support Phantom, so they bought clothes designed by Phantom.

"Just be careful when you go out." Doyle warned before continuing, "Avoid reporters at all costs and don't get hurt! Once I'm done handling things here at headquarters I'll come back right away."

"Don't worry about me," Besse assured him confidently.

"Do you know what? Sometimes I wish you weren't so independent." Doyle said softly before adding, "If you relied on me more often then we wouldn't be so far apart from each other."

"Okay okay," Besse urged impatiently, "You should go handle your business now while I rest up for tomorrow's meeting with 'Phantom'. Gotta keep my energy levels high."

There were many emotional things that she didn't want to talk about too much. She felt like it would be a burden.

"Be careful tomorrow, call me before you go, and I'll find a way to have someone protect you and go with you," Doyle said.

"We'll see." Besse gave a runaround.

Doyle knew her personality. So he just gave a few more reminders before hanging up the phone.

Besse put down her phone and walked over to the big bed next to her, lying down on it. She wasn't tired, but she felt emotionally drained. Her mood couldn't improve in this situation.

She fell asleep without realizing it.

Besse didn't know what time it was when she woke up again. Looking out the window, it seemed like night had fallen completely over the yard outside. Everything was peaceful and quiet.

It was so peaceful that she liked this feeling and even wanted to immerse herself in it for a while. But she couldn't do so because this was Oscar's home. After finishing what needed doing here, she could come back home and rest properly.

Besse got up from the bed and checked her phone. It was almost midnight. A sound sleep like this was exactly something she had been looking forward to all these years. Although she had enough sleeping hours every day, she would always wake up 2 hours after she fully fell asleep. That had been her routine. And a 7-hour sleep like this had never happened to her before.

She stretched and yawned lazily. Then she simply washed up and open the door.

Feeling sober enough, she wanted to have a walk in the garden; and she was somewhat hungry too. To her surprise, Oscar was sitting on the sofa in the living room, watching TV with low-volume sound effects. In the dim living room, there was a television emitting flickering light, outlining the man's lonely figure.

He wore luxurious silk pyjamas coloured deep green tonight instead of his usual impeccable suits which always made him look confident and imposing whenever he went out into public view; yet now he looked different altogether due solely to just how soft and fluffy his hair appeared. His hair fell naturally rather than being slicked back tightly as usual.

Besides, he was wearing gold-rimmed glasses perched atop his nose, adding another layer of complexity and mystery.

Besse's appearance caught Oscar's attention right away. Although he appeared to be calmly watching TV, his heart was already racing with excitement. He lightly pursed his lips, trying to restrain the impulse within him.

Not only did seeing Besse at this moment make his heart race, but even just thinking about her being under the same roof as he made him feel giddy and excited.

He stood up, his tall and imposing figure exuding an intense presence.

"You're awake." He began in a deep and magnetic voice.

Besse nodded her head. At that moment, she felt a slight flutter in her heart for some reason-something different from usual.

She calmly asked, "Why are you still up so late?"

She didn't expect that someone as important as Commander of Northfield would be watching entertainment shows on TV like an ordinary person. She thought he would be catching up on international news or something more serious.

But then again, Commander was still human after all. He must have personal preferences and private sides that weren't known to the public eye.

"I was waiting for you," Oscar replied smoothly in the quiet space they shared. His voice sounded exceptionally pleasant to Besse's ears.

Her throat moved slightly as she finally understood why countless girls in Northfield were so infatuated with him. They had dubbed him an eternal idol of their nation's entertainment industry after all.

Before this encounter with Oscar tonight though, Besse had never believed those claims before.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting." She politely apologized to Oscar without missing a beat.

Oscar didn't bother exchanging any further pleasantries; instead, he asked her directly: "Do you want to sit down for a bit before we eat dinner?"

"Have you eaten yet?" Besse casually asked back while feeling another small flutter inside herself once again at the thought of sharing food with Oscar.

"No," replied he.

Chapter 995 Unexpected Injury

Besse's heart was in disarray for a moment, leaving her feeling lost.

This couldn't be happening.

She had only met Oscar a few times and spent less than twelve hours with him, yet she seemed to have feelings for him.

Doyle must be furious.

Just thinking about Doyle made Besse noticeably colder towards Oscar.

"I'm sorry I let you go hungry until now. Let's eat first." She said.

The sudden distance made Oscar hesitate for a moment.

Maybe Besse's casual attitude towards him earlier was just his imagination?

He nodded. "Let's eat."

As they walked to the dining hall, he led the way through the dimly lit room with only the faint glow of the TV providing any light around them.

Besse couldn't see very well and her steps slowed down as a result.

Her eyesight had been getting worse lately due to staying up late designing, especially at night when it reached moderate nearsightedness levels, but she hadn't brought her glasses with her tonight.

She followed Oscar by groping around in front of herself step by step.

But after just a few steps, she bumped into an unfamiliar corner and let out a low cry from both surprise and pain that immediately caught Oscar's attention as he turned back quickly to check on her.

Besse tried to move forward despite the pain but there was another potted plant ahead that looked like it would collide with her next moment if she didn't stop in time. So before she could hit it too hard or fall

again, Oscar swiftly grabbed onto Besse's body to steady her, which startled Besse. She found herself suddenly held tightly within someone else's embrace.

It felt strange yet familiar at once.

Without thinking twice, completely instinctively, Besse pushed away from Oscar abruptly, causing him to lose balance while also knocking over one of those potted plants nearby, which fell onto them both, making quite some noise upon impact.

The sound echoed throughout the courtyard, startling everyone nearby including all guards stationed outside or inside, who rushed over warily to watch what happened next. They saw Oscar lying on top of fallen greenery while Besse was staring at him with shock.

"Get out of here!" Oscar ordered them to leave before he could stand up.

The guards all left.

It seemed like Oscar wanted something more intimate with Besse but got rejected mercilessly instead, leaving this situation somewhat embarrassing.

There were only Besse and Oscar left in the hall again.

When she saw the guards rushing in with guns just now, Besse was still startled. How brave was she to do such a thing to Oscar on his turf? She was afraid that she would be beaten up badly.

Lost in thought, Besse saw that Oscar had already stood up. The flowerpot was shattered all over the floor, and the soil was scattered everywhere. It looked quite messy.

"It's okay. The servants will come to clean it up tomorrow morning." Explained Oscar in a very casual tone. He didn't seem to be displeased with her reckless behaviour at all as if someone else had made him fall instead of her. At this moment, he even comforted her.

Besse looked at Oscar but couldn't bring herself to say anything. She didn't know why he acted so humble in front of her. They walked towards the dining room together where all the prepared dishes were kept warm for them.

"Let's eat." Said Oscar.

He didn't sit in the empty chair right next to her and kept some distance between them intentionally.

"Mm-hmm." Nodded Besse, pretending not to see the bloodstains hidden under his clothes around his wrist, which might have been caused by scratches during his fall.

She lowered her head and ate silently. After that awkward moment, neither of them offered to say anything during dinner time. It became unusually quiet inside the dining room until they finished their meal. After the meal, they left together, while there was still some distance between the two.

"Mr Commander," called out Besse from behind. Oscar stiffened visibly for a second before making himself appear calm again and turning around slowly.

"Mm-hmm?"

“Don’t you want me to take care of your wound on your wrist?” asked Besse. She was concerned about him; after all, he got hurt because of her.

His wrist moved a bit; he thought he had hidden his emotions well.

“Is there a first aid kit at home? I’ll get you patched up.”

“Yes.”

“Where is it?” Besse was about to get it herself. Before Oscar told her, she had found the kit as if it was kept handy. However, Besse didn’t see anything wrong with that, since all she could think was to patch him up.

She held the box of medicine and placed it on the coffee table. Oscar sat on the sofa next to the table and extended his wrist. Besse thought it was just a small scratch, but she didn’t expect the wound to be so long and even deep. Shouldn’t there be a lot of blood? She turned her head and couldn’t help looking down at the ground, where she saw drops of blood stains.

“Why didn’t you say anything when you were hurt so badly?!” Besse was a bit angry.

She wondered how long it took for such a large wound to stop bleeding.

At that moment, she noticed that his dark green clothes were wet with blood all over them. This sudden realization made her even more furious.

“If something happens to you, am I going to die here?!” asked she.

“No,” Oscar said calmly, “you won’t die.”

He would never again let her die.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Besse still felt mad.

Oscar saw her anxious expression. Even if she was afraid to be implicated, he took it as her concern for him, which evoked a lot of the past.

Suppressing his emotions, he answered in a calm voice, “It doesn’t hurt actually.”

Besse knew he was lying but decided not to expose him.

She found some iodine solution and began cleaning his wound with it. As soon as it touched his skin, he groaned softly.

It didn’t hurt that much but because he had been lost in thought before suddenly feeling pain, which caught him off guard.

“I thought you said it doesn’t hurt?” Besse asked irritably.

Oscar chuckled lightly. “I’m afraid of being laughed at by you.”

“There’s no sense in standing on pride.”

Oscar continued smiling while Besse’s movements became gentler as she cleaned his wound while blowing air onto him.

Chapter 996 Beautiful Scenery in the Morning

In the lobby, time seemed to stand still, peaceful and beautiful. Besse carefully bandaged Oscar's wound. After finishing, she looked up and met Oscar's gaze. She could feel the deep affection, indulgence, and smile in his eyes. Was it just her imagination? It disappeared in an instant.

Oscar shifted his gaze away and pretended to be distant.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome." Besse let go of Oscar's wrist.

In the quiet of the night, there was a sense of unease. Besse packed up the first aid kit and put it back where it belonged.

"It's late now, you should sleep early, Mr Commander." She said.

"Okay." Oscar nodded.

Whatever she said or did, he respected her greatly.

"Goodnight," Oscar suddenly added as Besse turned to leave.

Besse paused for a moment before turning around. "Goodnight."

Besse returned to her room but her heart was beating faster than usual. Her feelings towards Oscar made her feel conflicted. She had always been indifferent towards emotions. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so lukewarm towards Doyle all these years. But why did facing Oscar bring about indescribable emotional fluctuations?

She told herself that it was because of the specific environment she was in that gave her a certain sense of security with him since he allowed her to stay here overnight and that made her have some sort of mental illusion.

"No need to think too much about it." She thought to herself.

Meanwhile, in the lobby, Oscar stood motionless for a long time after watching Besse disappear. A "goodnight" had given him too much psychological impact-he thought he would never hear those words from her again, which made him unexpectedly feel the warmth within his heart.

Time could stop here forever even if all he could do was look at her back, even if she forgot everything about him.

The next day dawned bright and early with Besse waking up feeling refreshed after getting seven hours' worth of sleep. That was something that rarely happened to her since most nights were spent tossing around. She got up quickly and freshened herself before hesitating when reaching out for the door handle. She was afraid to face that man again due to her different feelings for this man, which somewhat made her resistant towards seeing him again.

After thinking things through, however, she decided to sit down quietly inside for a while since it was only 6 AM.

She opened the electric curtains in the room and sat in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, intending to quietly look at her phone for a while. However, as soon as she opened the curtains, she saw someone swimming in the large outdoor pool outside. Besse pursed her lips. How could Oscar wake up so early? They slept so late last night. And judging by Oscar's appearance, he must have been swimming for quite a while now.

At this moment, he was already starting to come out of the pool. Besse's body froze slightly as she saw Oscar's naked body except for his tight boxer briefs. Everything was on display. Her throat moved slightly; she was a little stunned by what she saw.

Was it because Oscar had such a good figure that made it hard for her to look away? She watched as he got out of the pool and instead of immediately wrapping himself with a towel, he exercised next to the pool. His muscular lines became more prominent with every movement.

She didn't know how long it had been when suddenly Oscar turned around and caught sight of her, who was staring straight at him through the large floor-to-ceiling window.

Besse quickly pulled down the curtain, feeling like an intruder although she wasn't spying on him but looking straight at him. Besse spent some time adjusting her emotions before opening up their bedroom door calmly. In the living room area, Oscar had already changed into his shirt and trousers, looking impeccable as usual, completely different from just moments ago when all he wore were swim trunks.

To be honest, she thought that only wearing swim trunks made Oscar look pretty sexy, compared to this restrained man standing before her right now.

"Good morning," said Oscar. He was sitting on their sofa reading the newspaper without seeming bothered about what happened earlier between them.

Besse naturally wouldn't bring up anything either. She returned his greeting with a smile while saying, "Morning."

"Would you like breakfast?" asked Oscar putting down his newspaper.

"Yes please."

Oscar stood up from the sofa, displaying his tall stature walking past Besse. She couldn't help but let her gaze linger over his butt. She would never admit it though.

In her mind, she couldn't help but think about how envy-inducing the line of his buttocks was for women. Was it because they were so elastic?

Indeed.

It wasn't just men who ogled women. Women also got excited in the face of beautiful things.

The two sat at the dining table.

"Where are Salem and Una?" Besse asked.

She had to stop herself from overthinking things again. That was just a naked man, nothing she hadn't seen before. She'd even seen Doyle like that when they went swimming together. She'd seen other male

models too; they were necessary for designing certain clothes. That Oscar had a perfect physique didn't mean she couldn't control herself around him.

"They're still sleeping," Oscar explained, "it's only 7 o'clock and their usual routine is after 8."

Besse replied before saying, "I'll be leaving soon."

As soon as she said it, Oscar's hand holding the milk cup paused briefly. But his face remained calm as he said, "Alright then, I'll drive you."

"No thanks, I'll have your driver take me to my destination later."

"Mm-hmm." Oscar nodded without any fussing or arguing about it.

Besse ate breakfast seriously in an overly quiet atmosphere until Oscar suddenly asked, "How will you deal with being accused of plagiarism?"

Besse hadn't thought about hiding anything from him and replied honestly, "I'm going to meet with Phantom first and explain everything clearly. If I did plagiarize something unintentionally or subconsciously then I will apologize and hope for forgiveness, since no designer wants their work taken away from them, that's no different than freeloading."

"What if you didn't plagiarize?"

Besse pursed her lips slightly before looking at him directly, "Given the current situation, it's hard to rule out that possibility."

Besse already accepted this possibility as true. Maybe what Doyle and Queen Carol said was right-what she designed came from something similar that existed in her memory before she lost it all.

Chapter 997 Another Storm is Brewing

"Whether or not it's plagiarism, you should know better than anyone," Oscar said seemingly casually.

"Maybe I forgot," Besse replied, but she didn't tell Oscar about her amnesia.

"If you forgot, don't you want to try and remember?"

"Sometimes I do," Besse said. "Like when facing situations like this, I wish I could remember so that maybe things wouldn't be so passive now. But most of the time, I feel like if I forgot then maybe it wasn't something worth remembering in the first place. If I don't want to remember, why bother agonizing over painful memories?"

Oscar's throat moved slightly.

Why should she bother agonizing over painful memories?

He nodded silently in agreement with Besse's words.

Besse didn't say anything else either. She felt as though Oscar knew about her amnesia somehow. Of course, whether he knew or not was irrelevant to her; she was just sharing her thoughts with him.

After breakfast, Besse didn't leave immediately. She checked the time and seemed to be waiting for someone.

Oscar couldn't urge her on. At that moment, they were both sitting on separate couches a bit far apart from each other anyway. After a while, there was some commotion in the lobby area and Besse turned around to see Salem and Una waking up and coming out of their rooms.

Una saw Besse and ran excitedly towards her with short legs. "Miss Besse!"

Besse gave Una a big hug lifting her into her arms. Salem watched from the side, feeling somewhat envious; he also wanted to jump into Besse's embrace because he felt like it would be especially warm there.

"Will you stay at our house forever?" Una asked innocently.

Besse shook her head, "Nope! I have to leave soon."

If she hadn't been waiting for Salem to wake up then she would have left earlier already, since she somehow felt that she needed to say goodbye to that boy before leaving.

"Why do you have to go?" Una asked.

Salem also did not want her gone yet but he wasn't as expressive as his sister often was; he usually didn't show how much he feels about things too openly.

"Because this isn't my home," explained Besse patiently. "I need to go back home."

"Why can't there become your home too?"

"Home isn't just any place," answered Besse gently. "Home has loved ones accompanying us."

"What are loved ones?"

"It's like how you're related by blood with your dad and brother."

"Oh," Una seemed to understand but not quite, "So are you going back to your parents?"

Besse's throat tightened. She didn't have parents. When she was very young, they died in an accident. However, when she heard this news, she didn't feel sad instinctively. It was like it happened to someone else and not her.

"It's kind of like that," Besse replied absently.

"Can you stay a few more days before leaving? I want to play with you." Una asked pitifully.

"Maybe next time..." Besse's words trailed off. There might not be a next time and she didn't want to deceive the little girl.

"No. Why can't you stay? Don't you like me?" Una's eyes turned red with tears.

"There are many things that adults understand that children don't. You'll know when you grow up." Besse felt helpless in explaining it clearly and could only try to evade the question.

Una still felt upset despite Besse trying to comfort her by patting her head gently. As she tried comforting Una, Besse couldn't help but turn towards Salem, who was standing beside them silently with his lips tightly pursed together unlike his usual obedient self. The boy was watching them with visible reluctance in his eyes, which made Besse feel a twinge of pain as if there was something different between their relationship compared to others.

She smiled at Salem and said, "Salem, I have to go."

Although Una was cute and even more lively than Salem, which made people fond of her easily, Salem's reluctance towards letting go of Besse now made her feel guilty about it with heartache.

"I hope you can become a great man just like your dad one day." With a smile on her face, Besse blessed him for future success before turning around towards Oscar saying, "Thank you, Mr Commander." This meant asking him for transportation since taxis were impossible here anyway.

Oscar nodded as he stood up from the sofa and then led Besse out while leaving behind two children, who looked at them longingly, especially Salem, whose desire showed clearly through his eyes.

Besse looked back at the boy and followed Oscar reluctantly.

There had been a black car parked out of the castle. A guard opened the door for her.

"Thank you," Besse said to the guard.

After getting into the car, she turned around to look at Oscar, who was also looking at her.

Besse said, "Thank you."

Oscar didn't answer.

It seemed like he didn't want to accept her thanks. Besse pursed her lips and didn't say anything else.

Sometimes between adults, there's no need for so many words.

She got into the car. Oscar just watched as the door was closed heavily behind her. The car started and slowly drove away.

He was standing there until he couldn't see her. He wondered if she would feel a little reluctant when leaving. At the moment when the car completely disappeared from his sight, he lowered his eyes. A tear fell but he completely ignored it.

He picked up his phone, which had been ringing non-stop and answered, "Manuel."

His voice had returned to normal now.

"The evidence is ready. Phantom did indeed plagiarize Hannah's work." Manuel said straightforwardly.

"Talk to Phantom privately and ask her to suppress this plagiarism incident in a way that will cause minimal harm to Bess," Oscar instructed him.

"Don't you want... to talk with Besse?" Manuel was somewhat surprised since Besse was living with him now. Shouldn't he take advantage of this opportunity?

“She has her own life,” Oscar replied calmly while looking ahead.

If there was another life, he would never disturb her again. As long as she lived happily then it was good enough for him. For her, this was already another lifetime and he could no longer approach any closer than where they were right now.

“Oscar,”

“That’s all.” Oscar hung up the phone, afraid that he would change his mind again.

When he was about to go back home, he received another call.

“Oscar! Just received news that Phantom is holding a press conference accusing Besse of plagiarizing her work! She says she wants to use legal means to protect their rights!”

Chapter 998 Despicable

“Has the press conference started?” Oscar asked.

“The Twitter trending topics are out and it’s being live-streamed online,” Theodore replied.

“Give me the location of the press conference.”

“You’re not thinking of going, are you? You’re Commander, it might not be a good idea to show your face like this. Think twice about it!” Theodore exclaimed in surprise.

“You’re too stupid for words.” Oscar retorted before hanging up on him.

Theodore was speechless. He didn’t do anything wrong and yet he was treated like this. He quickly sent the address to Oscar as requested.

Oscar called Manuel again. “Don’t bother looking for Phantom anymore, you’re too late.”

“I just saw the news that Phantom is suing Besse,” Manuel said.

“Yes, bring your evidence to the Capital and meet me at the press conference,” Oscar instructed him.

“Are you planning on...” Manuel trailed off, knowing exactly what Oscar had in mind.

“Yes,” Oscar answered directly without hesitation. He knew what Manuel wanted to say.

Manuel didn’t say much either and simply agreed with him. “Okay.”

“Bring Susan along with you, she’ll be more convenient for us to work together.”

“Alright.”

After hanging up his phone, Oscar hesitated for a few seconds before calling Besse.

Besse was sitting in her car when she received Doyle’s call informing her that Phantom was going to sue her. She never expected things would escalate so quickly. She thought they could resolve everything privately between them.

As she watched some news on her phone regarding this matter, she received another call from none other than Oscar.

“Mr Commander?” She hesitated but ultimately answered his call anyway.

“Just wait there, I’ll come pick you up soon.”

“What is it about?”

“Phantom is preparing to sue you.”

“I know already.” Besse sounded indifferent as if trying hard not to show how much pressure she felt right now. “I’ll deal with it myself.”

“But I don’t think you can handle this situation well by yourself.” He added confidently, which made Besse feel even more frustrated by his arrogance.

“You’ve admitted you plagiarized, how could you deal with it?”

“At least I’ll face up to my responsibility,” Besse said with anger.

“It’s not your fault.”

“I don’t need your help!”

“I’ll be right there soon.”

With that said, Oscar hung up the phone.

Besse seethed with anger towards Oscar, who acted so high-handedly just because of his status as Commander of Northfield.

Her eyes flickered slightly when seeing that their driver had parked their car by the roadside upon receiving orders from someone.

She gritted her teeth tightly and then opened the door, only to find that it was locked from the inside.

“I need to get off now.” Said she.

“Miss Besse, Commander will come to see you later.”

“I need to get off!” Bessie’s voice was louder.

“I’m sorry, Miss Besse, but please don’t embarrass me.” The driver was very respectful and cautious towards her.

She couldn’t resist like she suddenly went crazy; besides, it had nothing to do with the driver. Nobody dared to resist Oscar’s order here.

After about ten minutes, a black sedan appeared behind them.

A man in a black suit stepped out of the car and walked over. He opened Besse’s car door and said, “Miss Besse, please

Besse suppressed her anger and walked towards the sedan behind her and sat in.

Oscar was also inside.

Besse was about to get angry when Oscar said, "I'll take you to the press conference."

She was stunned.

"Speak clearly in person." Added he.

"So you're planning to embarrass me in front of the people of your country, right?!" Besse questioned him.

She thought Oscar wanted her to apologize to Phantom in front of the media.

"I said, it's not your fault." Said Oscar.

"I dislike your personality."

"I know."

He was well aware that she hated him. And he never knew since when he started to hate himself too.

The car fell into silence. Neither of them spoke. It was tense inside the car.

Soon, the car arrived at the press conference, which was in a luxurious hotel lobby. Upon arriving at the destination, Besse was about to open the car door and get off.

Oscar clasped her hand.

Besse frowned.

"It's not the right time yet. We'll go in later." Said Oscar.

"Why should I listen to you?" Besse questioned him.

"Because... you can't resist." Oscar looked at her.

Besse sneered. She said, "Oscar, you are really beyond my imagination."

She was too angry to politely call him 'Mr Commander'.

"Did you pretend to be gentle to me before?" Bessie asked him.

Oscar did not answer.

"What exactly is your purpose?" Bessie asked bluntly.

Oscar looked at her without answering.

If he said he didn't want to see her wronged, and he just wanted to make her life better, would she believe it? Perhaps, she would just feel like he was lying to her.

"Do you like me?" Surprisingly, Besse got to the point.

He thought he was hiding well.

"So now I'm wondering if what Susan said that day was true. She said you exposed the plagiarism incident and left me with no choice but to stay in Northfield."

Oscar looked surprised.

He didn't explain what Susan had said that day because he thought she wouldn't believe him anyway.

"Now I plan to leave, so you can have Phantom sue me and force me to stay in Northfield until the case is over." Besse continued coldly. "What excuse will you use next time when the case is over?!"

"Do you think of me as such a despicable person?" Oscar spoke up.

His voice was low, and angry, and seemed a bit distressful.

"Oscar, we're not close, so I don't know what kind of person you are. All I know is that I have a boyfriend and yet you keep making advances towards me despite this fact. Can someone with such twisted morals be trusted?!" Besse questioned him. "It's hard for me to trust you."

After speaking, Besse shook his hand off. She used quite a bit of force when doing so. At that moment she also wiped her hand with her clothes as if it was dirty.

She went to open the car door but it was locked from inside already.

Besse angrily kept pulling on the door handle.

"Open it." Oscar's voice was low. It sounded like he too suppressed his anger. The driver quickly pressed down on the unlock button. The car door suddenly opened as Besse pulled on it forcefully. Then she got out of the car without looking back once before walking away. Oscar just watched her back disappear into the distance while feeling heartache from being rejected by her.

"Follow her," Oscar commanded coldly.

"Yes sir,"

"Don't let her find out."

"Yes sir."

From now on, even watching from afar might not be possible anymore.

Chapter 999 Press Conference

Before entering the press conference scene, Besse was indeed hesitant, knowing what would happen next if she stepped through this door. Even though she wanted to end this matter as soon as possible, she didn't intend to use the most embarrassing way for her.

She was right standing outside the door. As everyone's gaze was on Phantom inside, no one noticed her. Probably, they wouldn't have thought that she would have come to the scene.

In the middle of the hall, designer Phantom was sitting there, surrounded by many reporters. Conceivably, this news was valuable.

Phantom began with a crying voice, "I didn't want to go this far, but there is a line! I don't want other original designers to encounter my current situation, it will be frustrating and uncomfortable. So today, I stand here and decide to hold this case of Besse's plagiarism from my work to the end. Even if I may have offended capital, I must defend myself for the rights of all original designers!"

The words were spoken with an air of awe. It won the favour of the crowd at the scene.

“It has been more than a day since the outbreak of plagiarism, Miss Phantom. Have you received any apologies from Besse?”

“No, I haven’t. I want Karami to publicly apologize for their actions and take down the ‘Angel’ series that was copied from my designs. I also want them to compensate me for the damages they have caused to my reputation and business. For them, I’m a nobody. But they indeed stole my designs. They don’t think it’s a big deal. Anyways, if it plays itself out as time goes by, they won’t pay anything.” Phantom replied firmly.

“We will help you defend your rights to the end. As long as Karami doesn’t respond positively and handle this matter properly, we’ll give continuous coverage about this.” Said a reporter.

“Thank you for your support.” Phantom appeared very moved. “I have planned to protect my rights through legal means, and I will not shrink back.”

“What kind of compensation do you want, Miss Phantom?”

“I never thought about the compensation. But through this lawsuit, I hope to have Karami take the ‘Angel’ series off the shelves. I worked hard to design the ‘Angel’ series, and although it got no clout at that time, it shouldn’t be used by others for nothing. Of course, I also hope to receive a formal apology from Karami and its designer, Besse, which is the respect I deserve as the original designer.”

“We support you!” The reporters echoed.

“Thank you very much.”

“Miss Phantom, I have a question for you.”

“Yes, please.” Phantom showed a very friendly demeanour.

“I have looked at all your designs, from your first participation in a design competition to the current clothing design, and I have studied them carefully. Your designs are very different from the ‘Angel series. It can be said that your style is conspicuous in other series, but only the ‘Angel’ series has no trace of it. Of course, I am not questioning anything, I just want to ask, how did you design such a unique series at that time?”

A hint of panic flashed in Phantom’s eyes.

She acted very confidently and answered, “Actually, to be honest with you, before designing the ‘Angel’ series, I participated in many design competitions and published works, and they were all awarded for excellence. And of course, it took a lot of failures to get there. Therefore, when I was so upset, I put aside everything I had before and planned to change my style. After a month of lockdown, I finished the ‘Angel’ series.”

Everyone seemed very interested in listening to her story.

Phantom continued, “However, after spending so much time and abandoning all of my original design concepts and methods, I didn’t expect to participate in the competition with it, and didn’t receive any award. It was published in the magazine because there were no materials in the design weekly at that

time. So I didn't take a penny of the copyright fee and just gave it to them. So they finally publish it. After that, I did completely abandon this design concept. At that time, what I was thinking was that I still had to do what I was good at and that I wouldn't take the risk to change my style."

"Sorry to hear about that, you should have suffered a great blow." One of the reporters said with some sympathy.

"That's it. If your work is recognized by the market, you can leap to fame, or it's unbearable." Said she with some discomfort.

"You can't keep your real talent down forever. I believe you'll get what you deserve shortly!"

"I'll take your word for it."

"So Miss Phantom, I wanted to ask..."

"Besse?!" A surprised voice suddenly sounded from the hall.

Besse stood at the door and was startled for a second by this voice. She thought no one had noticed her. She turned around to leave. At that moment, all of the reporters rushed towards her.

She should have just left directly. appearing so blatantly here would easily attract attention. But since the news involved her, she found it difficult to leave directly. Her momentary indulgence had led to this situation now.

"Why did you come here, Miss Besse?"

"Did you come here to threaten Miss Phantom after hearing about their press conference?"

"No matter how powerful your backers are behind you, we will support Phantom's rights!"

"Besse! What exactly did you come here for?"

Countless questions came at her all at once, as Besse coldly looked at them without saying anything. Oscar's bodyguard stood beside him with an alert expression, watching out for any danger towards Besse while secretly reporting on their current situation and asking whether they needed to forcibly remove Besse from there or not. Oscar replied with a temporary no; as long as there was no harm done, everything should be fine but his bodyguard remained on standby, just in case something happened unexpectedly again later on.

"Besse please answer us!" The reporters' voices grew louder but still received no response from Besse, who only slightly moved her eyes when she saw Phantom walk down from the stage. That caused even more commotion among everyone present.

Chapter 1000 Facing Satire

Phantom stood in front of Besse, looking at her. Besse was looking back at her too. Phantom had never met Besse before, except for seeing her on the news and TV. But this woman was even more beautiful than those she saw on TV. It was hard not to be jealous of a designer who could look better than a model.

"Are you Besse?" Phantom asked directly.

Besse didn't seem ashamed when she saw Phantom. Before meeting with Phantom today, she felt guilty about the plagiarism incident and thought that she owed something to Phantom since she used someone else's original work without permission. Especially since the "Angel" series had been selling like hotcakes, she always thought about how to compensate for it.

But as she faced it, whether it was because of something that Phantom said or because of a confidence that suddenly arose within her, it seemed like this plagiarism incident wasn't as simple as it appeared on the surface and instead made her feel righteous.

"Yes," She answered confidently.

"What are you doing here?" Phantom asked her incredulously. She never expected this woman to have such audacity to come here and provoke her. Nor did the journalists.

Did she think everyone would be afraid of her because she was an internationally renowned designer?

Phantom did feel scared before though; when finding out that Besse's "Angel" series looked exactly like one of hers from before but didn't dare say anything, in case there were no benefits from doing so or worse yet getting blacklisted by others in the industry due to speaking out against someone more successful than herself. However, to capitalize on its popularity, she posted an article on Twitter, where people shared comments millions of times over. And that led to a situation where journalists came clawing down her door. She had never faced this before nor knew how best to answer them.

It wasn't until someone powerful offered to help, saying they'd give her the fame she wanted along with a large sum if she accused Besse of being responsible for all this mess, using her victim status against Besse. She couldn't resist the temptation and agreed without hesitation. With all these years when she was a nobody bullied by others in the design circle, she couldn't let go of the chance to fight back.

"I came here today wanting to talk with you," Besse spoke frankly.

"Are you here to talk to me or just because I held a press conference and you had no choice but to show up?" Phantom sneered. "Otherwise, as a small designer like me, you probably wouldn't have even noticed me."

"If I didn't notice you, I wouldn't still be in Northfield." Besse retorted.

"Then why didn't you come to find me before? Why did I have to hold a press conference for you to finally come to see me?" Phantom's tone was laced with sarcasm.

Besse looked at her fearlessly, even though she was alone. She spoke bluntly, "It's only been two days since the plagiarism incident happened. Do you think that I'm capable of handling everything right away? And now that you have held this press conference so eagerly, it makes me wonder if you're using my reputation to promote yourself."

"You're talking nonsense!" Phantom was getting angry and embarrassed. "I don't need your help promoting myself!"

"Then why didn't you contact me first, Miss Phantom? As someone unfamiliar with Northfield, it took some time for me to get used to things here. But instead of reaching out and trying to solve this issue privately as an actual local would do, why did you choose such an extreme way?"

"I'm just fighting for my rights!" Phantom emphasized each word.

"So then it never occurred to you that we could solve this privately?" Besse summarized the situation.

Phantom was left speechless by her words.

"If solving things privately wasn't on your mind from the beginning then what good would come here do? We're still in the same position as before." Besse added sarcastically.

Phantom couldn't say anything in response; her words were insincere and hollow-sounding now.

"Besse! This plagiarism is your fault! You copied my work! What gives you the right come question me?! Just because you are an internationally known designer while I am just a small-time one? Is that how it works? No matter who's right or wrong, should you always be above me?!" Phantom pulled herself back into victim mode again.

"So then because you don't want to be seen as small-time anymore, that's why you chose this way," Besse said coldly.

Phantom turned red-faced; her voice became sharp, "Besse! Is this how we're supposed to resolve things? You plagiarized my work without any remorse whatsoever and yet here you are ridiculing me. Don't tell me you don't think what you're doing is disgusting."

"The reason for my attitude is also due to Miss Phantom's current attitude towards me. Since you have never thought about resolving this matter properly and insist on seeking justice through legal procedures, I will of course respect your decision and see you in court." Besse said each word clearly without any fear.

She had nothing else to argue with Phantom since solving this matter privately had never been Phantom's part of thinking.

Besse turned around and was about to leave.

"Stop!" Phantom called out to her.

Besse paused in her steps.

"Even if it's through legal procedures, shouldn't you apologize first?" Phantom was infuriated.

Besse smiled and said, "Let's wait for the court to convict me before we talk about it."

"Besse!" Phantom stared at her fiercely. "I didn't intend to be so extreme, after all, we are both designers. I am well aware of the consequences that designers face when they are stained with bad behaviour. It was you who forced me and left me no choice but to show no mercy towards you."

"You have the nerve to use that term?" Besse turned to face her and continued, "That's your way. You do realize things like that that make people think you're hypocritical?"

Phantom was completely provoked by Besse and couldn't control herself. She stepped forward and raise her hand to hit Besse's perfect face.

However, at that moment, someone grasped her wrist with great force.

Oscar's bodyguard kept Besse behind him and stopped Phantom.

Phantom glared fiercely at the man in front of her. Besse was a little surprised since she hadn't found anyone following her just now. If memory served right, this guy was Oscar's bodyguard.

But just now, she had fought with Oscar.