

## Unfinished Business with You novel #Chapter 21 - Read Unfinished Business with You novel Chapter 21

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North nodded his head and exclaimed, "It hurts!"

Olivia was baffled. "Why on earth did you give him my phone?" she berated.

He inquired, "Didn't you want to, Mommy?"

She stared straight at him without batting an eye and asserted, "You did that on purpose!"

"Why don't you want to be friends with him, Mommy?"

With a straight face, she said, "Because we're not close."

His brows furrowed tightly together. "Haven't you met him several times before?"

She said in a stern voice, "That doesn't automatically make us friends."

"But he even helped you earlier."

"I could've dealt with it myself even if he hadn't been there."

Stubbornly, he pressed, "You said we have to thank people who help us. You're being a little ungrateful right now."

"How am I being ungrateful? Didn't I invite him in for tea? I gave him fruits too."

North was speechless.

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Anna did not get much sleep last night. The thought of Hugo going around defending Olivia made her blood boil. When she woke up early in the morning, the room was still empty. She became even more furious. Who would have

thought that he would stay out overnight? But she did not want to call him. Their relationship had long since succumbed to the seven-year itch. If it were not because the Gray Family was beneficial to the Maxwell Family's business, she would have divorced him a long time ago.

Getting up, she tidied herself a bit then went off to her studio. As soon as she entered, her female assistant, Sarah Wheeler, greeted, "Miss Anna."

Anna returned her greeting with a murmur then asked, "How were things yesterday?"

Sarah shook her head. "There wasn't a single person."

Anna stopped in her tracks. "Didn't the C-list celebrity from last time show interest in one of our dresses? Did she not come over?"

"I gave her a call, but she already booked one at a different store. She said our dresses are overpriced and there's no originality in our designs. She went on about a lot of other things too."

Anna snorted. "She's merely a C-list celebrity and she wants to look down on our designs? Just wait until I get a rank on the upcoming major contest. What can they say then?" She opened her fashion studio two years ago, but it never took off. She figured that it was due to the lack of recognition from a public icon.

Therefore, she decided to compete in the upcoming 2019 Eccentric Fashion design contest. The final judge for this major contest was rumored to be the world-renowned fashion designer, Angel. If Anna managed to gain her approval, then she would ultimately rise to stardom. The popularity of her studio would also follow suit. Nowadays, few people looked at designs; most people cared more about popularity.

Sarah echoed, "Yes, they will be kicking themselves when the time comes. Oh, right! Miss Anna, how is the piece for the contest coming along? There are only a few more days left before the closing date."

Anna answered nonchalantly, "It's almost done. I'll polish it up a bit more today." In fact, she had already completed the first draft. She just felt like it was missing something so she kept fixing bits and pieces here and there.

Going into her office, Anna turned on her computer and entered her password. After she logged in, she looked for the folder where her design was saved only to realize that it was gone. Her eyes widened. She logged out and logged back in, only for the file to remain missing. Then, she went online to look for it in the cloud, but it was not there either. Flustered, she shrieked at the door, "Sarah! Sarah!"

Sarah came running in. "What's wrong, Miss Anna?"

With one hand, Anna pushed over a pile of documents. "Who touched my computer?"

Sarah started backing out in fear. "I didn't touch it, Miss Anna. Don't you have a password on your computer? Who could've gone in?"

Anna was also dumbfounded because of that. She set up several different passwords on her computer. How did everything disappear overnight?

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Anna pounded on the table furiously.

Just then, two more people came in from outside. They were designers at her fashion studio and they were all in the same situation.

"Miss Anna, our sketches are gone too."

"Yeah, so is mine."

That was when Anna realized the severity of the situation. "Get a technician to come have a look right now."

From outside, a man replied, "The technician was just with me earlier. He said either someone erased it or we were hacked."

She was stunned. "Hacked?"

What hacker would want to attack my small studio?

"Is there no way to recover it?" she asked desperately.

“Unfortunately, there isn’t. The technician said it was a skilled hacker. He can’t seem to find a trace.”

Anna flopped in her chair with a ghastly look on her face.

Sarah consoled, “Don’t panic, Miss Anna. Do you guys have any hand-drawn sketches? If you polish it up a bit, you can probably still make it in time for the registration.”

Anna glared at Sarah. “Are you a fool? The contest wants us to submit a digital copy of our designs!” Sarah fell silent. She only wanted to comfort Anna. Anna brushed them off, “Okay, just get out. All of you.”

They started to shuffle out of the room.

Anna sat in her chair completely dumbfounded. Who would hack her tiny studio?

She got up and closed the door to her office then made a phone call.

“Ben, can you come over right now?”

A man gushed from the other end of the phone, “What’s wrong, sweetheart?”

“Someone hacked my computer and all my designs are gone,” she said anxiously.

“Don’t fret, sweetheart. I’m out of town right now. Can I go tomorrow? I’ll take a look at it for you tomorrow.”

She frowned. “Can’t you come back now?”

“Sweetheart, I’m in Mastar. I can make it back tomorrow at the earliest. Don’t worry. When have I ever pushed off your things?”

She murmured, “When is your flight? I’ll go and pick you up.”

The voice on the phone suddenly turned dubious. “Do you miss me already?”

“Ugh, did you have to ask?” she grumbled and started to blush.

He laughed. “I’ll let you know after I book the plane tickets. I miss you to death.”

They flirted back and forth for a while before hanging up.

She sat in her chair and spent some time thinking. I can't just sit here in defeat. What if Ben can't recover the data either? Won't I just be wasting my time?

All of a sudden, she sprung up and left the studio, then drove home to the Maxwell Residence.

When she got home, Amy was the only one there.

"Mom!" she yelled as soon as she entered the house.

Amy was quite taken aback to see Anna come home. "Why are you back already?"

"Did you throw away all of Olivia's things?" Anna asked.

Amy could not understand what was happening. "All of her things are in storage."

Anna did not have time to explain and went straight into the storage. She searched through it for about half an hour before coming out with a book of design sketches.

Amy asked, "What is that?"

"Design sketches. The sketch I prepared for the competition got erased. There are only a few more days left before the registration closes. I'm going to see if I can find anything useful in here," she said as she flipped through the book.

Those sketches came from the sudden bursts of inspiration Olivia got while she studied design. They were all compiled into one thick book. When Olivia left the house last time, she did not manage to take all these things with her.

Anna stopped flipping abruptly and her gaze fell on the page in front of her. There were four formal wear sketches altogether; each of them was in a different shade—plum, orchid, bamboo, and chrysanthemum. There was a fusion of traditional Chinese art in the designs and each one was mesmerizing and refreshing to look at.

Originally, Anna wanted to come home to distract herself. She figured those designs from years ago must be out of fashion by now. She did not expect,

however, that Olivia would have such contemporary ideas in designs from seven years ago.

“This one. I should be able to use this to enter the contest,” she mused.

Amy was slightly concerned. “I heard that Olivia is back. If she catches you, aren’t you afraid she’ll sue you for copyright infringement?”

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Anna smirked. “Who said this was hers? There’s no name on it. I say it’s mine. Don’t worry. We were able to chase her out seven years ago. What can she do to us now?” With that, she went off with the design book in her hands.

Amy quickly held her back. “Hey, wait. You should behave yourself more these days. Don’t make your father angry again. He was busy enough as it is all morning with that post of you on the internet.”

“What post on the internet?” Anna was perplexed. She was so occupied with the design sketches that she did not manage to get on the internet.

“I think one of the customers at the restaurant yesterday recorded a short clip of what happened and put it online. Look at this,” Amy said as she pulled up that video to show Anna.

Anna was fuming by the end of it. Who had that much time to waste to put something as trivial as that on the internet?

“What did Dad say?”

“What can he say in front of me? Anyway, he did not seem too happy. Last night, he even told me that he had never felt so humiliated in his life before. He only married Olivia off to Hugo for your sake, but you need to know when to back off too. More importantly, Olivia is back now. I don’t think your father is that mad at her anymore. He even brought up her child yesterday and seemed quite happy as he was talking. You and Hugo are also on good terms now so don’t bother Olivia for no good reason. Come home this weekend for a meal. Bring Mitch along too.”

Anna answered, “I got it.”

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The moment Anna returned home that night, the suffocating smell of cigarettes filled her throat. She looked over and saw Hugo nestled on the sofa completely wasted. His facial hair had grown out, the corners of his lips were slightly swollen, and he looked like a mess.

Did he get beaten up? She changed out of her shoes and went inside.

At the dining table, a chubby little boy, Mitchell Gray, threw the bowl in front of him to the ground in defiance. "I don't want this! I said I don't want to eat this!"

Mrs. Moore walked over to pick up the bowl. "Okay, you don't have to eat it. What would you like to eat then, Young Master Mitchell?"

"Meat. I already told you I want to eat braised pork belly," he said.

Coming home after a stressful day to a crying child and a husband who looked like he was neither dead nor alive made her anger shoot up in an instant.

"Hugo, can't you hear the kid crying? Why aren't you taking care of him?"

Hugo was feeling foggy from the alcohol, but when he heard Anna criticizing him, he immediately got furious.

"What are you yelling at me for? Isn't there someone taking care of him?"

She retorted, "Can't you see that Mrs. Moore isn't able to handle him at all?"

Hugo sat up and argued, "Then hire someone else. Why did you hire her when she can't do anything right? I told you to let my mother look after the kid, but you insisted on looking after him yourself. Why don't you look after him then? Why are you yelling at me?"

Anna was enraged. She took a few steps forward and pushed him off the sofa. "Do you hear yourself? Is he not your child too?"

He looked a little drunk, but his mind was clear.

Everything Olivia said to him that day still lingered in his ear.

He only separated from Olivia because of this woman, but he was blind to have married such a vulgar woman.

After he eased his spinning head, he reached out and flung Anna onto the sofa. Pinching her chin, he mocked, "How do I know if he's actually my child? Tell me; how was I so blind to marry a whore like you?"

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Anna was furious to hear that. She raised her hand and slapped Hugo across the face.

"Don't speak of such nonsense just because you had a bit of alcohol to drink. I've been with you for seven years, and that's what I get in return?"

Meanwhile, he had enough of getting hit by her whenever she pleased. Without any hesitation, he raised his hand and slapped her back.

Thud!

The clear sound of the slap halted the child's cries. Mitchell looked in the direction of the living room with horror in his eyes.

He ran toward the living room with his chubby body.

Worried that they might hit the child in the middle of their fight, Mrs. Moore hurried after him. "Young Master Mitchell."

Anna was blind with rage. "Did you just hit me, Hugo Gray? That's it."

She lunged at him and started swinging both her hands at his face.

He immediately pinned her beneath him and held both her wrists down. "Anna Maxwell. You better behave yourself. Don't think I won't hit you."

"Hugo Gray, you b\*stard!" She struggled with all her might.

"Mommy... Mommy..."

Mitchell used all his strength to pull Hugo's arm. "Let go of Mommy, you bad person."



In an instant, Hugo flung the child to one side and growled, "Behave yourself or I will beat you up too!" Then, he turned to Mrs. Moore and instructed, "Take the kid to my mother's place."

Mrs. Moore was too afraid to say anything else. "Yes, Young Master Hugo."

"I'm not going. I'm not going to Grandma's house!" Mitchell cried out.

Mrs. Moore did everything she could to get him out of the room, dragging and hurling if she had to.

The room quieted down.

Seeing Anna's tear-stained face, Hugo let her go. "You better watch your mouth around me next time. Don't hit me as you please. Do you think I won't dare to hit you?"

She got up and pushed him as hard as she could. With tears in her eyes, she said, "You b\*stard. Did I marry you so you could hit me? How could you say that? What do you mean you're not sure if the child is actually yours?"

He glared at her. "Did you spike my drink that night? You also drugged Olivia and let another man rape her, didn't you? You're really scary. Who knew you were this vicious of a woman?"

She stopped crying and her eyes were filled with shock. "Where did you hear that from? Who is trying to drive a wedge between us?"

Looking at her, he sneered, "Are you acting again?"

She was so shocked that she completely forgot about the slap and continued to defend herself, "No, I really like you. I admit that when I drank with you that night, I wanted to give myself to you, but I only

wanted to comfort you. Dear, we've been together for so long. We've gone through several degrees of hardships together, and I even gave birth to Mitch. It makes me so sad to see you doubt me like this."

Hugo pinched her chin. "Was I fooled by this pitiful face of yours? Who would have thought that you were the reason Olivia and I broke up?"

At that moment, she seemed to put the pieces together. Grabbing his hand, she pressed, "Did Olivia tell you that? She's trying to drive a wedge between

us. She still has a grudge against me for hurting her child that day, so she's trying to tarnish my name in any way that she can. You're my husband. Why do you believe another woman and not me?"

He pulled his hand back and said in a stern voice, "Anna Maxwell. I would rather believe Olivia than believe you! I saw with my own eyes how you turned yourself into the victim in front of your father with that smooth-talking mouth of yours. But I'm not your father; I won't let you make a fool out of me."

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Anna sneered, "Wow. All men are the same; you'll never know how to appreciate what you have. The harder it is to get your hands on something, the better you think it is, don't you? If Olivia really liked you, do you think she could have given birth to someone else's child? Do you think she would have broken up with you that easily? She's just trying to drive us apart now. Did she say that she still thinks about you after all these years? If it weren't for me, you two could have been together by now? I'm telling you. She just can't wait for you to divorce me, then stab you in the back!"

Hugo shot her a displeased look. "Don't try to predict her actions with that filthy mind of yours. She's not as evil as you!"

After he said that, he got up and went straight into the room.

Anna clenched her jaw in resentment. "I'm no good anymore, huh? Your Olivia is great. She's the best! Go to her then. See if she still wants you."

She stared at the shut door and started to howl with laughter.

The door to the room opened once again. Hugo walked out with a quilt in his arms and turned into the guest room.

With a bang, the door slammed shut.

"Hugo Gray!"

She stood there in astonishment with her finger pointed at him but was at a loss for words.

She realized that there were no words that could describe the fury she was feeling.

Suddenly, her lips curled up into a contemptuous smile. So what if Olivia is great? Can they still be together? Of course not! He only has me! Even in death, he will die with me!

She sat down on the sofa with a blank look on her face and wiped her tears away. Their marriage could not be broken off that easily.

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The next day, North announced to Olivia that he wanted to go to school. Stunned, she asked, "Does your leg not hurt anymore?"

Without batting an eye, he said, "I think I got better after eating the apple Uncle Eugene peeled for me."

She was speechless.

She did not know why North liked Eugene that much.

After she sent him to school, she came back and went straight to 4S Shop.

Nathan's flight was at three in the afternoon. If everything went smoothly, she should have enough time to buy a car!

When she entered, her eyes swept over the area once, then she strode toward a red Ferrari.

Because she looked like someone who could afford it, a young chap quickly approached her. After he greeted her politely, he started to introduce the performance of the car to her.

She had circled the car twice as she was listening.

The body of the Ferrari was wedge-shaped with a low front and a high end. It gave off an intimidating look which she really liked.

The front tires, car door, and back tires were all different, but they fit together holistically. The lines on the car were sleek.

Satisfied, she nodded her head. "This one!"

Just then, a man approached the same car with a woman in his arms.

The man was wearing a royal blue shirt and a pair of black suit trousers. He had average looks and seemed like a disreputable person.

The woman in his arms was fair-skinned with big eyes and a small mouth. Her long brown hair contrasted with her palm-sized face. She embodied society's standards of a young beautiful lady.

The woman looked up and asked, "What do you think of this one, Ben? Red means joy. We can drive it after we get married."

He boasted, "It's up to you!"

Instead of squealing, she circled the car to have a look. "I like it. This one it is!"

The man gave the salesperson his card at the speed of light. "We'll take this one!"

The salesperson was put in a tight spot. He looked at Olivia and asked, "Excuse me, Miss; are you sure you want this?"

Olivia nodded and handed her card over as well. "Yes! I'll pay now!"

The salesperson made his way over and explained carefully, "Sir, that lady over there came and looked at this car before you. We will have to make the deal with her first. If it's possible, please wait for a bit and we will have someone bring over another car."

Ben frowned. "How long?"