

Unfinished Business with You novel

Chapter 46

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“Don’t worry. Let’s not talk about it since it’s already in the past. Since I didn’t take it to heart, you can keep the flowers for yourself.” Olivia said as she passed by him, wanting to leave.

Suddenly, Robin took a step forward, stopping her while he smiled. “Miss Maxwell, I’m really interested in you. You’re beautiful and you have a good personality; can I court you?”

Olivia started sweating profusely. She knew that it was strange for someone to apologize with a bouquet of roses. It turned out that Robin was not here to apologize to her.

“I’m sorry. I don’t have any intentions of entering into a relationship right now.”

With this, Olivia tried to leave again.

Once again, Robin blocked her way and hurriedly added, “Although my family cannot be compared to Eugene’s, I will treat you and your son well. I will treat your son as my own. Although Eugene’s conditions are better than mine, the Nolan Family would never allow him to marry someone who already has a child. However, you won’t face such troubles in my family. As long as you marry me—”

Olivia could not listen to him anymore and interrupted him. “You don’t have to say anymore. Can’t you understand what I just said? I said that I don’t want to be in a relationship. What makes you think that I’ll marry a person just because they said they’ll marry me? You’re really ignorant.”

Robin wanted to stop her again. However, Olivia’s face turned dark immediately. “Go away!”

“Miss Maxwell, I really like you,” Robin added. “I will never give up on you.”

Nonetheless, Olivia ignored him and walked toward her house.

What a psycho!

Just as she arrived home, the phone in her pocket rang. As soon as she picked it up, a man's voice could be heard. "Olivia, have you returned to the country?"

Olivia laughed. "Yes. How are you doing these days, Marcus?"

Then, the man started complaining. "Shouldn't you know about my condition since you're the boss?"

Olivia could not help but laugh. "Marcus, you're one of the shareholders of the company too. You're self-employed too, you know?"

"I always comfort myself like this when I don't want to work," the man said. "There's a new script recently. I'm quite optimistic about it. Do have a look when you have the time."

"I'm a little busy these days. If you think it's okay, then it is. I'm not really in the country that often, so I'm not as sensitive to the local market as you are."

"Just admit that you're lazy."

"Haha... You saw through me just like that?" Olivia chuckled as she changed out of her shoes. "But seriously, I'm quite busy these days."

"What are you up to?" the man asked.

Olivia then added, "I want to open a fashion studio."

The man's voice sounded surprised. "Why would you want to open a fashion studio? Why tire yourself when you're not short of money?"

Olivia gave a light smile. "How am I not short of money? Who would complain of having too much money?"

The man then added, "Alright. I'll still send a copy of the script over to you. Just have a look if you have the time. This is a fantasy novel; it's called Nine-Tailed Fox No.7. I think it's not bad."

Olivia smiled lightly. "Okay."

She talked to him for a while more before hanging up the phone.

That morning, Anna received a call from her child's teacher, informing her that her child did not attend school. If Ben had not been helping her to fix the computer, Anna would have gone over to the school.

In the end, Anna accompanied Ben as he fixed the computer all morning. However, the deleted designs were not found.

After a day of fixing the computer, Anna did not dare to delay after getting off work and went straight to the Gray Family's old house.

Just as she entered the dining room, Anna saw Mitchell eating mouthful after mouthful of braised pork and was speechless.

The reason Anna did not want to put her child here was that the old couple would spoil him. He was allowed to do as he pleased. Just by letting him stay there for a few days, Anna would need to spend a long time to change his bad habits.

Upon entering, Anna placed her bag on the cabinet and asked furiously, "Mom, why didn't you let Mitchell attend school today?"

Florence then glanced at her. "Who said we didn't go? We arrived at the school entrance before meeting Olivia and her son. Her son knocked our Mitch to the ground. He was hurt and was crying and shouting that he didn't want to attend school. Hence, I brought him home."

Upon hearing this, Anna frowned and asked, "Olivia Maxwell?"

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Over the past few days, Anna kept hearing Olivia's name being mentioned. Was Summer city always this small? How is it that we would even run into her at the elementary school?

"That's right. You didn't see that attitude of hers; it was exceptionally arrogant! She even threw me out! Even now, my arm still hurts." Florence rubbed at her arm, curling her lips with all her might.

When Anna heard that, she was stunned for a moment. Following that, the gears in her mind spun quickly, and she pretended to rush over to Florence

worriedly. “She dared to hit you? Where were you hurt?” As she spoke, she squatted down in front of her. “Let me see; is it serious?”

Florence broke into a smile immediately and grabbed her hand. “I’m fine. It was a little swollen this morning, but I rubbed some medicinal oil on it. Don’t worry; it’s fine now.”

Then, Anna sat down on another chair. “Mom, don’t confront her directly next time. Let her say whatever she wants to say. You’re not young anymore; your health is more important.”

Florence had a pleased expression on her face. “I’m so glad Hugo married you. If he had married that sister of yours, she would have taken years off my life. She completely drove me up the wall today! Not only did she refuse to apologize, but she also hit me! Whoever marries that woman would never find peace! She is so unlike you—you are so kind and considerate.”

Having achieved her purpose, Anna pretended to sigh helplessly. “Olivia came back a few days back. As soon as she got back, we got into an unpleasant dispute. Just the day before, she drove a wedge between Hugo and me. I don’t know what she said to him, but he slapped me the moment he came back. He even said that if it wasn’t because of me, he wouldn’t have broken up with her. Right now, he refuses to sleep in the same room as me. I don’t even know how long more I can remain as your daughter-in-law. At this rate, it may not be long before you have a new daughter-in-law.”

Florence widened her eyes at those words. “What did you say? Is that true? Hugo wants to marry Olivia?”

“I don’t know either. However, I believe that if Hugo continues to be seduced by Olivia, it may happen very soon. You didn’t see the look Hugo gave me! He looked like he wanted to kill me! Perhaps all men are like this—they stop cherishing something once they’ve obtained it. Currently, he thinks Olivia is so great and amazing—so much so he even began to doubt the paternity of Mitch, claiming that he wasn’t sure whether the child is his. Mom, don’t you think he’s acting like a possessed man?” Anna looked extremely aggrieved, and her eyes filled with tears.

“She must be delusional!” Florence cursed viciously, “If she wants to marry my son, it’ll still depend on my approval! A woman of loose morals like her, trying to enter the Gray family?! Don’t even dream about it! Anna, don’t worry. You

are the only daughter-in-law I have. Nobody will ever break the two of you apart.”

Anna smiled slightly and said in an understanding manner, “Okay; thanks, Mom. I made you worry about us again. I just can’t help feeling that she’s always lurking about everywhere. Even now, her child is going to the same school as Mitch. Moreover, I’ve seen that child of hers. He looks rather smart. So, I’m worried Mitch might be bullied by him.”

Florence snorted, “How dare he?! In a few days, I’ll get somebody to teach that little b*stard a lesson so that he remembers it forever.”

Thus, Anna secretly raised her brows with a faint smile on her lips.

Time passed quickly. Olivia had found a location for her studio, and it was being renovated. Thus, she had been watching over things at the studio during this period.

Today, she received a call from the program crew of the Glamor Vogue’s grand competition, asking her to participate as a judge for tomorrow’s final show for the ready-to-wear collection.

This time around, the scale of the grand fashion competition was very large. Many companies had sponsored it. Moreover, it was very well advertised and held considerable prestige. Out of thousands of works, only the top ten most popular and most promising designs were selected.

After that, the designer’s team was required to create ready-made garments of their designs, which would be showcased on the runway by models or the designers themselves. Then, they will be scored by judges and voted on by the audience.

If one placed among the top candidates, the benefits wouldn’t stop at the prize money; they would also receive the promotion and publicity of various media outlets, TV stations, and the internet.

Unfortunately, her studio was not ready yet. Otherwise, she would have taken the opportunity to ride on the popularity of the competition to promote her studio. That would have been more effective than whatever advertisement I could put up!

