

## Unfinished 51

### Chapter 51

It was out of Eugene's expectations. However, he found that it made sense too—with her abilities, she was more than qualified to be a judge. There were a total of five judges, and Olivia sat right in the middle. After sitting down, she playfully smiled at him when she noticed that he was still watching her. In response, the corners of his lips naturally lifted too.

Curtis nearly cried tears of joy upon seeing the smile on the president's face. Recently, Eugene rarely smiled. Occasionally, he even became distracted and lost focus during work. I was right to ask him to come and watch the finals of the competition.

At that moment, the host on the stage began his opening speech. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, distinguished leaders, and esteemed guests. Thank you all for taking the time to attend the 2019 Glamor Vogue Grand Fashion Design Competition! I am the host for today, Seth White." As soon as those words sounded, a round of applause rang out.

Then, the host smiled and continued, "This competition has lasted for three months, from the day we started accepting registrations to the day of the semi-finals. Among the thousands of works that we received, only the top ten works that were rated the most popular and the best-looking were selected! Today, those designs have been transformed into ready-to-wear outfits! And, we are going to showcase each and every outfit today! Now, allow me to explain the scoring rules: the judges hold a total of 8 points, including 3 points for design originality and creativity, 3 points for the presentation and showmanship, and another 3 points for attention to detail and craftsmanship. Last but not least, we have 2 points for popularity, which will be decided by our audience. Take a look at the voting device in your hands; you can vote for any of your favorite designs by the designers! With this, I officially announce the start of the 2019 Glamor Vogue Grand Fashion Design Competition! Let us welcome the first of our designers on stage! Welcome, Jasmine Thomson!"

After the host got off the stage, the surrounding lights dimmed suddenly, leaving only the U-shaped stage lights on. Then, four girls walked out, one after the other, as soothing music played softly in the background. They didn't walk as quickly as they normally would on the runway. Instead, they took their time—almost as if they had to think before taking the next step.

Jasmine Thomson's designs were bold and bright. Her four designs utilized four colors and portrayed a good sense of depth. Olivia studied the models on stage without blinking, feeling somewhat pleased.

Although the design had some flaws which interrupted the flow of the works, the overall creativity was good.

The presentation of the four outfits took around ten minutes. After that, the host invited Jasmine onstage. When Jasmine came onto the stage, she went through the routine of bowing, greeting the judges, expressing her gratitude, and introducing herself. During this entire spiel, she didn't even dare to lift her head to look at the judges.

It wasn't until she heard Olivia's voice, "Tell me about the concept behind your four designs." Then, she raised her head in confusion. When she saw Olivia, she was so shocked that she froze in place. Isn't that Anna's sister? Isn't she participating in the competition? Why is she a judge?

Upon seeing her standing there in a daze, the host kindly reminded her, "Miss Thomson, please tell us about the concept behind your designs."

At that moment, Jasmine panicked as she began to explain, "I-I'm from the north. In the north, the four seasons are very distinct, and that became the inspiration for my designs. I used light green to signify spring, hoping to make people slow down their pace in life, ease up on the pressure of competition, and pay more attention to the essence of life..."

Olivia nodded while listening to her introduction. "Okay, that's good. Your ideas and concepts are good. Still, your designs are a little rough on the edges. There is room for improvement in your designs."

Jasmine bowed. "Thank you."

Following that, the host said, "Judges, please score her!"

Jasmine clenched her fists nervously, secretly regretting her rash actions just now. So many people went over during the commotion, but only I blabbered the most. Will this judge give me grief out of spite? Thus, she waited anxiously with a bitter expression.

Of the five judges, Olivia gave a score of 7.5 while the other four judges gave a score of either 7 or 7.5. Combining those scores with the results of the popularity vote, Jasmine received an overall score of 8.5.

## Chapter 52

Jasmine had not expected to score so high. She was so stunned that she blanked out for a moment. I can't believe she not only did not give me grief out of spite, but she also gave me such a high score.

Thus, she gave a deep bow. Her bow was mainly to show her gratitude toward Olivia for being fair and not holding any grudges against her.

Afterward, the live show continued.

There were a total of ten designers, and Olivia had already seen nine of them. Even so, she had yet to see Anna's design.

She was quite curious about what kind of designs Anna could come up with. However, she didn't know what Anna was trying to do after pulling that farce today. Therefore, she was feeling rather anxious about it.

Finally, she finished scoring nine of the designers. Then, she massaged her temples. After watching the runway for so long, her eyes were beginning to tire.

Eugene had been watching Olivia the entire time. He didn't even spare a single glance at the fashion show going on. Listening to the suggestions and opinions she gave those designers, he found his perception of her professionalism increasing the more he listened.

He, who usually couldn't bear staying at gatherings for more than an hour, had stayed in his seat for nearly two hours now.

Meanwhile, the host smiled again and introduced the final designer, "Next, let us welcome our last designer, Anna Maxwell, and her design team! Their works have been well-received among the

audience and have taken the top spot among the rankings! Now, let us welcome them onstage!"

After that, a gentle melody played by a harp sounded throughout the front hall, matching perfectly with the models who came walking out slowly.

The four models wore four different styles of dresses, each incorporating the four gentlemen of the seasons: the plum blossom, the orchid, the bamboo, and the chrysanthemum. The colors and designs of each outfit were distinct and stood apart from each other—they were elegant and noble whilst still incorporating the cultural heritage of the country.

As soon as they appeared on stage, it gave off a dazzling feeling.

When Eugene heard Anna's name, he scowled. Why is she here too?

However, his expression changed completely when he saw the models walking out. Then, he took out his phone and looked through it. At the same time, Curtis leaned over, asking, "President Nolan, don't you think the plum blossom-themed design looks awfully similar to the design in Miss Maxwell's portfolio?"

He glanced at Curtis. "You think so too?"

Curtis nodded, but his gaze did not leave the model. "It's identical."

Just then, Eugene found the picture of Olivia's design on his phone. It really is like two peas in a pod—they were exactly the same!

This is clearly plagiarism!

He cast his glance at Olivia and saw that she had already stood up. "Stop!"

Everybody was confused by her actions, and they all looked at her.

Olivia was so angry that her face looked pale. I was wondering what kind of design Anna could come up with. Instead, she turned out to be so brainless! It's blatant copy-and-paste; she didn't even make any changes to it whatsoever!

At the same time, the model stopped in her tracks and stared at Olivia suspiciously.

The host didn't understand what was going on. Walking over to her, he asked, "Miss Maxwell, what's wrong?"

"Whose design is this?" Olivia raged.

The host seemed taken aback for a moment. "All four designs were designed by Miss Anna Maxwell."

Then, she said, "Bring her here!"

Anna, who had been watching everything going on in the front hall from backstage, couldn't help feeling uneasy.

She had assumed that Olivia was a participant. Therefore, she was banking on the fact that when Olivia claimed she had stolen her designs, she could counter by saying that Olivia was adopting malicious methods to kick her out of the competition by deliberately slandering her. After all, Olivia had no proof. How could I have known that she turned out to be a judge?

Thus, when she heard the host asking for her to go on stage, she knew that what would come, would come—the inevitable was about to happen.

Taking a deep breath, she glanced at Sarah, who was standing beside her.

Sarah came over immediately and helped her walk out to the front hall, step by step.

Anna was limping; the slap mark on her face was still clear as day. She had a band-aid on her forehead. No matter who saw her current state, they would probably ask after her.

The host frowned slightly and asked in a gentle voice, “Miss Maxwell, what happened to you?”

## Chapter 53

Anna smiled at the host and nodded. “I’m fine.” Then, she bowed and greeted everybody in all directions before finally turning her gaze to Olivia, shouting in a pitiful voice, “Olivia, please let me finish taking part in this competition. If there’s a problem, we can go home and talk, okay?”

Olivia glared at her with a cold expression. “Now, you want to go back and talk? When you stole my designs, why didn’t you say anything to me then?”

After that, the entire venue fell into an uproar.

Before they could even understand what was going on, or whether there would be any unfairness in a situation where one sister was taking part in the competition while the other was a member of the judges, the elder sister revealed that the younger sister had plagiarized her work!

What?! These stories are turning out to be more shocking than the next!

Meanwhile, the sponsors whispered among themselves, “This is interesting! A participant stole the designs of one of the judges?”

“That’s impossible! Who would dare to be so fearless?”

“Well, it can’t be that the judge is lying, right?”

“Don’t you think the injuries on that designer seem strange? In my opinion, there’s probably something else going on behind the scenes.”

Their voices were not soft, and Eugene could hear them very clearly. Thus, he looked back at them and said faintly, “The participant plagiarized those designs!”

Those people glanced at each other. Eugene Nolan is speaking to us!

Normally, there was no chance for them to even make contact with him. Now that they had a ready-made topic in front of them, somebody trying to weasel a relationship with him immediately leaned over and asked, "President Nolan, do you know something?"

"I saw these designs a long time ago," he replied.

Curtis raised his brows secretly. It looks like the president favors Miss Maxwell quite a lot. I can't believe he couldn't even bear listening to a few comments from the people surrounding him. Since when has he ever been this chatty before?

The audience was buzzing, and the situation on the stage was also at a stalemate.

"Olivia—" Anna's tears flowed freely without saying another word; she looked extremely pitiful. "Please don't try to stop me anymore. For the sake of this grand competition, I've been working my butt off since September. All these years, I've always done whatever you asked me to. I'm begging you; please listen to me this time!"

Olivia pointed at the models and sneered, "Are you sure these are the designs you labored over since September?"

Anna nodded. "Of course. The staff at my studio can testify for me. Also, the judges of this grand competition are my witnesses too. They chose my designs out of thousands of others!"

The audience began whispering among themselves again. "Why wouldn't Olivia allow Anna to enter the competition?"

"Maybe she's afraid of her sister threatening her position."

"Who is this Olivia Maxwell anyway? I've never heard of her."

“I’ve never heard of her either. She probably came here because she couldn’t survive on her own anymore.”

“I remember back when the grand competition was promoting itself; didn’t they say they successfully invited the world-renowned fashion designer, Angel?”

“Who knows? It was probably a marketing gimmick!”

At the same time, Olivia stared at Anna. Then, a wicked smile tugged at the corners of her mouth as she slowly took a seat. “Fine. Then, please explain to me the concept behind your designs; tell me what inspired you as well as the original motivation behind your collection!”

Anna saw Olivia sitting down, and her heart relaxed slightly. She had done a lot of preparation for these questions—so much so that she could recite them fluently from memory. Pointing to the outfit the model was wearing, she explained, “The plum blossom, the orchid, the bamboo, and the chrysanthemum are referred to as the ‘Four Gentlemen of the Seasons’ in traditional art. They have long been symbols of the feelings and ambitions of this country’s people, representing their fascination for the highest level of mankind’s character and nature. The plum blossom is graceful and proud, blooming in winter; the orchid is elegant, ethereal, and noble; the bamboo is modest, humble, and tenacious; the chrysanthemum is cold, chaste, simple, and elegant. They carry the same theme—uprightness, purity, humility, and perseverance against harsh conditions. They are loved by all. Therefore, I wanted to convey my personal respect for them through my designs.”

Olivia nodded, laughing. “You did your homework. That design concept must have taken a lot of Googling on your part, huh?”

## Chapter 54

Anna stared at Olivia, tears quickly pooling in her eyes and threatening to fall. With an expression that screamed ‘pity me’, she said, “Olivia, I know you don’t like me competing with you. But, I love designing too! This will be the last time, okay?”

The anger in Olivia’s heart surged. Even so, she looked calm on the outside. If she wants to act, I can act better than she can. “Do you mean this is the last time you plagiarize?”



Thus, Anna pretended to be agitated, and her tears poured out. "I didn't plagiarize anything! I designed all of these! Olivia, it doesn't matter even if you don't like me, but you can't falsely accuse me!"

In response, Olivia sneered, "To be honest, you could have just asked me if you wanted to use my designs. There was no need to put on such an elaborate melodrama. Crying so pitifully in front of everybody, then turning around to steal and plagiarize... It's just... utterly shameless."

"Olivia, when did I do that? That was you..."

As Anna spoke, she sneakily signaled Sarah with her eyes. Sarah immediately understood her intentions. Thus, she spoke up, "Mr. Host, I have a recording. Can I play it for you?"

Then, Anna pretended to stop her. "Sarah, don't!"

Sarah played along too. "Miss Anna, I can't let somebody accuse your hard work of plagiarism. I want everyone to know the truth!"

After the host asked the director for his opinion, he said, "Sure!"

Thus, Sarah hit the button on her phone's recorder, and the sound of the quarrel between Olivia and Anna in the lounge played out...

After hearing the recording, everybody exchanged glances with each other. They couldn't have imagined that Olivia would act so violently or threateningly in private.

The crowd took a look at Anna, a weeping beauty, then looked over at Olivia, an arrogant and high-handed woman. Comparing between the two, it was inevitable for them to have a prejudice toward the two ladies.

"Isn't that judge picking on the participant a little too much?"

“I can’t believe she refused to allow her sister to participate in the grand competition just because she’s worried about competition!”

“No wonder Anna is covered in wounds.”

“Did you hear that sentence in the recording where she said ‘I can handle you alone’? Isn’t that clearly indicating that she intended to use her power as a judge to ruin the girl’s reputation?!”

“Yeah, that’s completely cruel! Moreover, she’s the elder sister too!”

Anna listened to the criticisms flying about around her, feeling extremely satisfied with herself. Even the gaze she turned on Olivia was considerably provocative. So what if I stole her designs? Does she even have any tricks up her sleeves? In the end, she is still not in a position to complain about anything— she can only suffer in silence! Not only can she do nothing to me, but I’m afraid she also has to take on the crime of engaging in malpractice, favoritism, and slandering her own sister!

Olivia sneered lightly. No wonder she was acting so strangely; she was waiting for this chance!

She looked at Anna like she was watching a crazy clown jumping to its death; even the faint smile curling at the corner of her lips seemed mocking. “The inspiration behind the four designs for the four gentlemen of the seasons—the plum blossom, the orchid, the bamboo, and the chrysanthemum—

came from my three best friends in university. The plum blossoms bloom in the snow, and the sword lilies hidden in the valleys remain tucked away; the wind breezes through the bamboo forest, bringing with it the faint fragrance of purple chrysanthemums! We had similar personalities. Whether we were cold and desolate or laid back and alone, we held the pride of not being touched by the world—we maintained our freedom of purity and authenticity. That’s why, when we graduated from university, I designed these four evening dresses as graduation gifts for the four of us. Anna, in the beginning, you only committed plagiarism. But now, you have added defaming a judge to your list of crimes.”

When Anna heard that, she panicked a little. I can’t believe that these designs have been converted into finished products. Moreover, she gave it away as gifts? Or, is she simply saying that on purpose?

“Olivia, you claim that these designs are yours and that you created finished products from them and gave them away as gifts. Then, why don’t you bring out those so-called evening dresses of yours and let everybody see for themselves? Is it truly the same as my designs? Or, is this another idea you came up with to stop me?!” Her voice was very loud and extremely agitated.

I don’t believe she can find somebody on the spot to cross-check this!

Olivia was so furious that she laughed coldly. “You won’t believe it until you see it, huh?”

## Chapter 55

As soon as Olivia said that, a deep man’s voice sounded from the opposite side of the room. “Do you still need to find somebody to cross-check the designs? I have your plum blossom-themed design with me right now. Curtis, show it to the audience!”

Thus, Curtis responded and took Eugene’s phone backstage.

When everybody looked over to see who it was, they were shocked to discover that it was Eugene Nolan.

Anna looked outraged. Who is that man? Why does he have a copy of the plum blossom-themed design? Isn’t that Olivia’s design? Or, is he just deliberately taking Olivia’s side?

Olivia was slightly shocked too. Why does Eugene have a copy of my plum blossom-themed design?

While everybody was still swimming in the confusion, a drawing of a design appeared on the large screen—it was the exact same design of the plum blossom-themed dress the model was wearing, without any changes.

Anna was horrified, but she continued to argue, “What does that prove? My designs of the four gentlemen of the seasons have been posted on the official website of the competition for more than a month! It’s possible that somebody stole it from me and placed it in their portfolio! How can you prove

that this design was created before mine? Excuse me, mister, but please be a little more meticulous when you speak! Otherwise, I'm going to sue you for slander!"

Eugene sneered, "Slander? Whether or not it is slander, you can see for yourself." Then, he looked at Curtis. "Curtis, zoom it in."

When the picture on the screen was enlarged, it clearly revealed that the date of delivery was 10 August 2019.

Sitting in the VIP seat, his aura flared around him as he looked at Anna and said, "Do you see it clearly now? You started designing this in September this year. But, I received this resume in August. Tell me; which one came first?"

Anna swayed slightly, screaming in her heart, How could somebody else have the exact same design as I did?

However, she put on a strong and calm appearance and furiously rebuked him, "Who are you? What relationship do you have with my sister? From how I see it, you are probably somebody my sister deliberately hired to confuse the audience, aren't you? Who can prove whether this picture of yours is real or fake?"

"I can! I submitted that resume." Olivia stood up and glared at Anna with a cool gaze. "In the past, your designs might not have been the best, but at least they were your original designs. Now, not only did you plagiarize my work, but you also falsely accused me. This isn't just a matter of poor moral character anymore, it's plain slander and false accusation. You wrote and acted out your own scripted play where I'm a horrible sister that picks on you. I'm sure it was all done to ensure that I don't have any evidence to prove that this design is mine. That's why you were so confident! Well, it's a pity for you because I do have evidence!" After saying that, she used the grand competition's special-use phone and dialed Kate's number. "Kate, do you still have the bamboo-themed evening dress I gave you as a gift during our graduation?"

She put the call on loudspeaker, and Kate's voice was transmitted clearly to the audience. "Of course. I kept it since that was your gift to me!"

Thus, Olivia said, "Send me a group photo of the four of us wearing the outfits from the four gentlemen of the seasons' collection. Also, take a photo of your bamboo-themed photo and send it to me too."

Kate replied, "What's wrong? Why do you need this?"

Olivia replied, "There's a participant here who not only plagiarized my work but also falsely accused me."

Kate's laughter rang out from the other side of the phone. "What? She can't have accused you, the world-renowned fashion designer, Angel, of plagiarizing her designs, right?"

Olivia looked at Anna and sneered, "She wouldn't dare! But, she claims that I deliberately stopped her from joining the competition because I was afraid of having her as my competition! I don't want to be thrown under the bus for that, so hurry up and send me those pictures!" After she ended the call, she looked at Anna again and said, "Relax; I'm going to convince you so thoroughly that you have no choice but to admit it!"

When those words sounded across the room, the entire venue fell silent. Anybody with an ear had heard it.

D-Did her friend just mention that s-she is Angel?!

## Chapter 56

That world-renowned fashion designer is a judge in this competition?! Oh, my God! We thought Angel would be a blond, blue-eyed beauty from overseas! Instead, she turned out to be a citizen of Criccia! Haha! This is getting interesting! To think that Anna Maxwell plagiarized Angel's designs and even had the audacity to claim that her sister prevented her from joining the competition because she was afraid of her talents. What sort of joke is this?

All those who were still dubious of Olivia's words just now immediately changed their perception of her as soon as her identity was revealed. Angel was a world-renowned fashion designer. Thus, it simply wasn't worth her time to pick on a small-time designer, unless that designer stepped on her toes!

Even Eugene had a shocked expression on his face at that moment. She's the world-renowned fashion designer, Angel! I can't believe I rejected Angel when she came looking for a job at my company! Then, he rubbed his pounding head. It's too late now!

On the other hand, Anna looked like she was in shock. One couldn't tell whether her eyes held more fear or disbelief in them; perhaps, it was a mixture of both.

How is this possible? How can she be Angel? The Angel that I've always admired and always wanted to receive advice from? That Angel? How is that possible? Right now, even if Olivia doesn't bring out those designs, the audience is already on Olivia's side. They won't believe me anymore! What do I do? It's over now!

Just then, Olivia received the photos from Kate. It was a photo of the four best friends together in university—each wearing the outfits from the four gentlemen of the seasons' collection that she had designed—standing at the entrance of the university. There was also another photo of Kate wearing

her bamboo-themed evening dress. It looked like she had just taken it. Compared to seven years ago, it gave off a more mature charm.

Olivia looked toward the audience. "This collection is a previous design I created seven years ago. For it to appear here is, honestly, a shock to me. I'm also very angry about it. This isn't just about the matter of plagiarism; it has also ruined the original meaning behind why I designed these four evening dresses for me and my best friends back then. I designed them because I wanted us to have one-of-a-kind dresses! They represented how I viewed my best friends in my heart—they were unique and irreplaceable! Unfortunately, my creation, in all its originality, was copied and displayed on the screen, right under my nose! If I wasn't a judge at this competition, wouldn't these designs be mass-produced for the public? If I didn't have the evidence to prove that these creations were mine, wouldn't I have been painted as a terrible and vicious sister who picked on her sister? Not every weak-looking person is harmless; they could turn out to be a pretentious b\*tch setting up a trap to take down the strong! A so-called original creation is original because it is one-of-a-kind! It's not enough to pull underhanded tricks behind the scenes and put on a pathetic display while crying! Don't participate in this competition if you don't have the ability to do so!"

At that moment, nobody dared to say that Olivia was picking on others anymore.

After all, what she said was true. It was a competition. One should bring out the best of their abilities when participating in a competition. If one didn't have those abilities, then they shouldn't participate and end up making a fool of themselves!

Anna's face was pale. There was no way for her to disprove those pictures. Moreover, the looks from the audience were like knives stabbing into her heart. I never imagined things would turn south so badly! If I knew this was going to happen, I wouldn't have stolen Olivia's designs. But, how could I have known that Olivia is Angel?!

Thus, Anna hurriedly fled off stage, and the grand competition naturally disqualified. Compared to the number of people she shamed, she got off pretty easily!

Following that, the grand competition's program crew apologized to Olivia. Even so, Olivia wasn't bothered. She knew exactly what was going on with Anna.

After the event, she saw Eugene waiting for her. Then, she walked over to him apologetically. "I'm sorry for making you suffer an unfair accusation with me today."

Eugene laughed. "No problem, Angel."

Upon hearing that, Olivia lowered her head and laughed lightly too. "Not many know me by that name."

Eugene took a deep breath and woefully said, "If you had used that name when you came to the company, you wouldn't even have needed to go through an interview! And, I wouldn't have lost the opportunity to gain a world-renowned fashion designer under my wing because of a misunderstanding!"

## Chapter 57

Olivia glanced sideways at Eugene. "I see. So, you are a man who treats people differently according to their social status, Mr. Nolan."

Eugene replied, "What? I only said that if you had revealed your identity from the start, we wouldn't have taken so many detours! That said, don't you think I have pretty good foresight? Investing in you is the same as hiring you under the Nolan Group!"

She was speechless. He managed to turn it around again.

On the other hand, he seemed to be in a good mood. His lips were curved in a constant smile as he said, "Let's go. I'll send you back!"

She refused his offer as usual. "No need; I'll just get a taxi."

"There's a perfectly good car right here; why do you need to get a taxi?"

Thus, she didn't refuse again and got into his car. "Thank you for today."

"Why are you thanking me? I only did what I should have done. By the way, how do you plan to settle this matter? Are you going to just forget it?"

She took a deep breath. "Yeah, she was completely and utterly shamed for her actions. Moreover, she was disqualified from the competition. That's enough."

"You sure are easy-going!"

Olivia's gaze became distant. "I just don't want to see her anymore. My mother's death anniversary is coming up soon. So, I'll just think of it as a means of accumulating good karma on behalf of my

mother."

A flash of surprise flitted across Eugene's face. Her mother has passed away?



He was just about to console her when he received a phone call from Jade saying that Old Man Nolan had yet to awaken from his sleep. After hanging up the call, he anxiously looked over at Olivia and asked, “Is it a problem if Old Man Nolan sleeps for too long?”

She was surprised by his question. “Too long? How long is too long?”

He looked worried. “My sister said that he has been sleeping since 9 PM last night and has not woken up yet. Can you go with me to check up on him?”

Glancing at the time, she saw that it was past 11 AM by now. Thus, she hurriedly said, “Sure. Calm down. I need to go back home and take some stuff before I can go over.”

After that, the two of them returned to the La Grande Maison to retrieve the black backpack she normally used before they headed to the Nolan Residence.

When they arrived at the Nolan Residence, they found many people crowding inside Old Man Nolan’s room.

Upon seeing Eugene walking over with Olivia in tow, everybody automatically gave way to them.

On the other hand, Jade nearly cried tears of joy when she saw them. “Miss Maxwell, Eugene, you’re here!”

Eugene expressionlessly asked, “Is Grandpa still asleep?”

“Yes, I’ve been trying to wake him up but to no avail. I’m afraid...”

Jade didn’t finish her sentence, but everybody understood—if Old Man Nolan fell unconscious once more, he would never open his eyes again.

Hence, Olivia took several steps forward and placed her backpack down. Sitting by the bed, she pried open Old Man Nolan’s eyes and took a look. Then, she took out the little wrist pillow and took his pulse.

His pulse was weak and unstable. After that, she took his blood pressure. His blood pressure was as high as 180.

Thus, she frowned slightly. His blood pressure was too high. Previously, it was only 140. "How was Old Man Nolan's mood yesterday?"

Jade anxiously answered, "He was fine and looked very happy."

Then, Olivia nodded. "What did Old Man Nolan eat last night?"

A few of them exchanged glances with each other. Then, a woman wearing a white blouse stepped forward. She looked like she was in her forties and she still maintained a youthful-looking visage. Walking to the door, she shouted to the outside, "Lily, come here!"

Following that, a young servant, who looked like she was in her twenties, rushed over and nervously responded, "Madam."

The lady asked, "What did Old Man Nolan eat last night?"

Olivia frowned. Madam? Could she be Lara Roberts, Eugene's stepmother? Then, she studied her calmly while sizing her up. Well, she certainly is beautiful. No wonder Edward Nolan tried so hard to marry her.

Lily replied, "He ate a bowl of century egg congee with chicken, as well as two egg whites. Before he slept, he also had a cup of milk. He didn't eat anything else."

Then, Olivia asked again, "Did he finish everything? Were there leftovers?"

Eugene immediately noticed the seriousness of the issue. Thus, he stepped forward and asked, "What's wrong? Do you suspect that there was a problem with the food?"

Olivia swept a glance across everybody in the room, then pretended to be unconcerned. "It's nothing; I was just asking. It wasn't due to a fluctuation in his emotions and the food he ate seems fine. Perhaps, his blood pressure is simply unstable due to his medical history. Old Man Nolan is getting on in his years. Next time, you should take him out to the yard for a short walk when you're free. I'm going to perform acupuncture on him now. Please leave the room so that the patient can get some fresh air in here."

After that, everybody obediently left the room, leaving only Olivia and Eugene inside the room.

"What's wrong?" Eugene asked worriedly.

Olivia chuckled softly. I can't believe he could tell that I was lying. Thus, she deliberately asked, "What?"

He replied confidently, "There's something amiss about why my grandpa is unconscious!"

She raised her brows at him. "Smart!" As she said that, she glanced at the tightly-shut door. "Old Man Nolan's coma was caused by a sudden rise in his blood pressure. If it wasn't due to a fluctuation in his emotions, and the food he ate wasn't something that could influence his blood pressure, that can only mean that somebody tampered with his food!"

His expression darkened immediately—it was terrifying. "Are you saying somebody is trying to hurt him?"

Meanwhile, she had on a serious expression as she opened the bag she brought with her and spread it open. Taking out the needles that were carefully arranged in the bag, she inserted needles into the nine acupuncture points along his pericardium meridian, which started from the chest and ran down along

the arm to end at the tip of the middle finger. As she worked, she was unhurried, and every needle she inserted was precise.

Thus, he did not rush her nor disturb her. Besides, he found the way she looked at the moment to be very pleasant to the eyes.

After a while, she stood up and looked at him. "I suspect somebody added a small amount of medication in the old man's food to increase his blood pressure. As you know, people with cerebrovascular diseases are most sensitive to sudden increases in their blood pressure. If it only happens once or twice, nothing might come out of it. But, if it happens over a long period, the walls of the arteries will become thin. If that happens, the old man's life will be endangered!"

His expression was dark and solemn, and his eyes were dangerously narrowed. However, he said nothing.

"Have you thought about how you're going to catch the culprit?" she asked.

He replied, "There are surveillance cameras in the Nolan residence."

"If you know about it, won't the people who tampered with the old man's food know about it too?" she asked again.

Upon hearing that, Eugene frowned. That's true. It's not going to be easy to catch a culprit that was actively avoiding the surveillance cameras. "Then, let's interrogate them one by one!"

"That will just tip the culprits off."

He gazed up at her. "Do you have a way to catch them?"

Olivia studied her surroundings. Old Man Nolan's room was the easiest place for somebody to avoid the surveillance cameras as well as everybody else. Then, she pointed at a small ornament on the

bedside table. "If they can do it once, they will do it again. As long as you don't alert them to it, you'll be able to catch the culprit."

He immediately understood what she meant. "Okay."

As they talked, Old Man Nolan, who was lying on the bed, gradually opened his eyes. He looked at the people around him in confusion while he was still a little drowsy; the first face he saw was Olivia's. A look of surprise flashed across his face before he understood what was going on. "Doctor Maxwell?"

Olivia nodded. Then, she started removing the needles from his shoulder, smilingly saying to him, "Grandpa, how do you feel?"

Old Man Nolan smiled and nodded. "I'm good; just a little tired and disorganized."

She laughed, coaxing him, "That's normal. You overslept. It's already noon. You slept so much you nearly scared your family to death."

Feeling happy after being coaxed, he smiled. "They just like making a fuss out of nothing!"

Still, she sternly warned, "Grandpa, you can't act so willfully next time."

Eugene stood by the bed with his hands in his pockets, glancing down at the old man on the bed. Although he looked like he normally did, there was a trace of joy and relief in his eyes.

In response, Old Man Nolan smilingly replied, "I got it! I'll sleep less next time!"

Upon hearing that, Eugene smiled silently. As if you can sleep less just because you want to.

The atmosphere of the entire room became warmer simply because the old man had woken up. Until... Olivia answered a phone call that destroyed the warm atmosphere within the room.

"What?! How is my child doing?" Olivia was so frightened that she stood up abruptly and her complexion drained of color immediately.

“Alright, sure. I’ll be there immediately.”

Eugene looked at Olivia with a serious expression. “What happened?”

“According to the teacher, North was beaten up by several other students. I need to go and check on him.” Then, Olivia looked toward Old Man Nolan. “Grandpa, take good care of yourself. I’ll come and visit you when I have the time. I need to go now.”

Old Man Nolan looked rather distraught too as he hurriedly asked, “Is North okay?”

“I don’t know. I’m going over now!” Olivia said as she kept away the things she brought over with her.

After that, Eugene said, “Don’t rush. I’ll go with you!”

She subconsciously rejected his offer. “There’s no need for that. Grandpa just woke up, so you should stay by his side.”

“Let’s go. There are lots of other people here. Besides, it’s not easy to get a taxi here.” He had already picked up her bag for her.

Old Man Nolan was very anxious. “Bring the child over later so I can see him too.”

Olivia replied, “Okay, Grandpa. Don’t worry; North is fine. We’ll be back later.”

The moment they pushed open the door, they saw Jade waiting by the door. “Jade, Grandpa is awake. Please make something for Grandpa to eat.”

Jade looked excited. “Grandpa is awake? I’m going to see him.” After that, she rushed into the room.

Afterward, the two of them left the Nolan Residence and headed straight to the kindergarten.

At the moment, the teacher in charge of the class was waiting by the school gate. When she saw Olivia arriving, she came up to greet them with an apologetic look. "Miss Maxwell, please don't worry. It wasn't serious."

Olivia was not in the mood to listen to the teacher's pleasantries. Thus, she asked anxiously, "Where is he?"

The teacher replied, "In the classroom. I wanted to bring him over to the school infirmary, but he refused to go. He was adamant about making me call you, saying that you are a doctor."

Olivia did not reply. Instead, she walked in the direction of the classroom. When she sent North to school for the first time, she went there once. So, she still vaguely remembered the location.

On the other hand, Eugene had on a calm expression, suppressing his anger as he asked, "Who hit him?"

The teacher answered while walking, "They were children from the older class."

"How many of them were there?"

"Three."

When he heard that, he sucked in a deep breath in surprise. How did both mother and son get harassed on the same day?

As they approached the classroom, they heard a woman's voice coming from inside. "Were you the one that hit my grandchild? You ill-mannered little rascal! Do you think you're amazing? Hurry up and apologize to my grandchild!"

This voice is very familiar. Doesn't this voice belong to Florence?

Olivia instinctively reacted even faster. Rushing over, she kicked the door open and saw several people surrounding North.

Moreover, Florence was holding a book in her hands, using it to hit North on the head. On the other hand, North stood motionless. Pressing his lips together tightly, his face indicated that he was suppressing his anger while trying to reason with them. "They hit me first!"

At that moment, Olivia was completely dumbfounded. How could there be such evil people?

When she walked in, she grabbed a cup from a table by the side and hurled it at Florence. Consequently, the cup hit Florence unerringly in the face. Florence let out a yelp of pain, and the cup shattered when it landed on the ground

By then, Olivia had arrived. Lifting her leg, she kicked at a woman wearing a short-sleeved shirt, who was ganging up on the child. At the same time, she roared furiously, "What the hell are you doing?!"

"Hey! Why are you being violent?!"

Another man stepped forward to grab Olivia, but Eugene grabbed the man and threw him to the side. Then, he held back his anger as he asked, "What is this? Since when did a fight between children evolve into a competition of strength between adults?"

## Chapter 60

The woman, who was kicked, climbed up from the ground, saying, "You started it first! You hit Aunt Florence first! How old do you think she is?"

Eugene was glowering. "Are you telling me that you adults were not ganging up on a child?"

Florence arrogantly said, "We were disciplining him. Since his mother doesn't know how to educate her child, we decided to help her out. What do you think you're doing?"



“I see. I’m sure you won’t mind if I help you educate your child too, right?” As he spoke, he reached out and grabbed Mitchell, who was standing by the side, then he lifted him off the ground with one hand.

Mitchell dangled mid-air, feeling so terrified that he burst into tears.

Eugene glared at him with a seething expression. “Why are you crying? You cry now, but why didn’t you cry when you were bullying others? Don’t you know that a fight should be done one-on-one? Ganging up on somebody is a cowardly move!”

At the same time, Florence was shocked. Then, she rushed over and tried to snatch Mitchell away like a madwoman. “Who do you think you are to educate him on our behalf?!”

In response, Eugene, who was holding the little fatty by his clothes, broke free from Florence’s hold and turned Mitchell away from her. “Do you have to ask? Why didn’t you ask yourselves that when you were disciplining somebody else’s child?”

She choked on her anger. She had not expected Olivia to arrive so quickly, much less bring a man with her. “He bullied my grandchild first. Look at those wounds on his face!”

Upon hearing that, he glanced at the little fatty and sneered, “It was three on one, and you still managed to end up in this condition? I can’t believe you have the nerve to cry. What’s more, you even asked the adults in the family to help fight your battles. Aren’t you embarrassed? Were you raised to be sold for the meat on your bones?”

“How can you say that?!” the woman in the short-sleeved shirt yelled angrily.

He coldly replied, “No matter what I say, it’ll still be better than what you did! It makes me wonder if there are any adults in your family!”

The teacher glanced from one to the other, feeling utterly dumbfounded. Just now, these parents had been at the school infirmary tending to their children’s wounds. Therefore, she stepped out for a bit to meet Olivia. Who could have known that these parents would come into the classroom in such a short while and even raised their hand against a child?

“Everyone, please don’t fight. Let’s check on the children, alright? Nothing is more important than the children’s wellbeing!” the teacher said.

On the other hand, Olivia completely ignored the fight going on as she held North tightly. She was so scared that her entire body was trembling, and she rubbed at the wound on North’s head. In a panicked voice, she asked, “North, are you okay? Don’t scare me, alright?! Where does it hurt? Don’t hide it from me; let me see!”

North glanced at the others and pretentiously said, “My head hurts! I feel dizzy!”

“Don’t worry. Let’s go to the hospital.”

Then, she bent down intending to pick him up. However, he struggled against her and refused to move. After that, he moved his little head closer to her.

Just as she was feeling confused, she felt his hot breath blowing against her ear. “Mommy, I ripped my pants.”

She was surprised, then immediately understood. No wonder he refused to move. His pants are ripped and he is afraid of embarrassing himself.

“No problem.” After saying that, she stood up, took off her jacket, and tied it around his waist. “It’s not a problem if we do this. We need to tend to the wound on your head.”

Touching the bleeding wound on his head with his little hands, North leaned over to her ear and whispered again, “Mommy, to be honest, I’m feeling fine. Besides, I beat them up pretty badly too!”

For a moment, Olivia didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at the situation. “Even so, we should take a trip down to the school infirmary.” With that, she bent down and picked up her son. “Mr. Nolan, I’m going to tend to his wounds.”

Eugene grunted in reply and threw the little fatty to the ground.

Mitchell was so scared that his legs felt like rubber. Thus, even after he was thrown to the ground, he remained limp.

Then, Eugene looked at them expressionlessly. "Go back and wait for it. You will pay for everything you did today!"