

Unfinished 81

Chapter 81

When the CCTV footage of over ten minutes ended, everyone looked at each other. Although the exchange isn't quite intelligible, judging from Luca Matthew's expression, it's obvious that the two women were telling the truth. I never expected him to be such a person.

Luca's knees grew weak. An immense wave of helplessness surged within him, and he imperceptibly inched closer to Harriet as though grasping onto his last glimmer of hope.

Meanwhile, Harriet's expression was utterly grim. Never have I thought that this b*stard would be such a flirt. He's whispering sweet nothing to me while hooking up with other women on the side. Staring at him, she slapped him right across the face.

Her slap was much stronger than Kate's, so much so that Luca felt half his face had gone numb even as a buzzing started in his ears. He gazed at her imploringly. "Miss Harriet, I'm sorry. Actually, I was only doing so to drive her away—"

Before he'd even finished speaking, Harriet cut him a severe look. "Shut up!" Then, she looked at Eugene. "I'm sorry, President Nolan. It was my brother's fault."

Eugene's face started darkening even as he stared at her with a frosty look in his eyes. "Who exactly is your brother? Is he the president that he can have any woman sleep with him?"

Embarrassed by his remark, Harriet inhaled deeply before saying, "He's an artist with Metrostar Entertainment. I invested in his recently premiered movie and felt an affinity with him, so I took him on as a brother. I never thought he'd be so insensible. Since he's at fault in this incident, I'll hand him over to you, President Nolan. Just do with him as you see fit."

Eugene gave a nod of satisfaction. "I'll spare your life for President Grant's sake."

Upon hearing that, Luca panicked and hastily tugged at Harriet. "Miss Harriet, please save me. Miss Harriet—"

Harriet shook off his hand hard. "Think of a way to save yourself, for I can't save you," she remarked indifferently. If it weren't for Eugene Nolan's remark earlier, I would've gotten even with that woman as well. Not only does this idiot want to die, but he even wants to drag me down with him!

Luca frantically pleaded, "I'm sorry, President Nolan, I didn't know that they're your friends. Please spare me this once."

"You were incredibly conceited earlier. If I weren't here, would you have spared them this once?" Eugene commented placidly.

Luca kept bowing and apologizing. "I'm sorry, President Nolan. I know I was wrong. I'm from Metrostar Entertainment, and President Cohen is probably acquainted with you. President Nolan, please spare me for President Cohen's sake."

Olivia who'd been sitting quietly beside Eugene suddenly interjected, "Go ahead and call President Cohen to see whether he'll intercede on your behalf." Upon hearing this, Luca froze. Lifting his eyes, he stared at them blankly, uncertain whether she was being serious. "Go on!" Olivia snapped.

Terror-struck, Luca trembled and took out his cell phone to make the call. The call was swiftly connected, upon which Luca hurriedly said, "Mr. Cohen, this is Luca Matthews here. I accidentally offended President Nolan from Nolan Group. Please intercede on my behalf. I'll definitely work hard to prosper the company in the future. I beg you, Mr. Cohen."

A man's voice drifted out of the phone. "Hand the phone over to President Nolan." Luca was startled for a moment, having not expected that things would go so smoothly.

Not daring to give Eugene the phone, he merely placed the cell phone on the coffee table in front of Eugene and put the call on loudspeaker. "President Nolan?"

"President Cohen," Eugene greeted reluctantly. In actual fact, they weren't all that close, nor did they usually interact. He merely knew of the existence of such a company and such a person.

“Nice to meet you, President Nolan. I’ve heard about Luca’s incident, so I hereby apologize to you first. It’s my company’s mismanagement that has caused you trouble and hurt your friends. I’m not trying to ask you to spare him, but I just want to express my stance on this matter. From this moment onward, Luca Matthews is no longer Metrostar Entertainment’s artist, so just handle him as you see fit, President Nolan!”

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Eugene was a touch surprised, for he’d thought that Marcus Cohen would utter a few imploring remarks. While he couldn’t have changed his mind, he had to answer the call for Olivia’s sake. I didn’t expect Marcus Cohen to be such a straightforward person that he gave his artist up without even asking what had transpired. The corners of his mouth lifted a fraction. “Sure. Let’s get together sometime.”

Marcus’ voice drifted out of the phone. “Okay. I’ll leave you to do your work first, then.”

The corners of Olivia’s mouth twitched unbidden. This cousin of mine is really smart. He’s making his stance clear to Eugene Nolan when I’ve obviously related everything to him via WhatsApp. She deliberately had Luca make this call so that he would harbor no illusions. Metrostar Entertainment couldn’t possibly allow an artist of his character to stay since he’d started puffing up before even achieving anything much.

After hearing the exchange, Luca’s eyes rolled back into his head, and he almost passed out from fright. He persisted in apologizing while bowing. “President Nolan, I’m sorry. Ladies, I’m sorry. I’ve realized my wrongdoing now.”

Olivia threw him a placid glance and remarked indifferently, “How did Metrostar Entertainment produce such trash like you?” After saying that, she turned and looked at Eugene. “President Nolan, since he has been fired by Metrostar Entertainment, he’s been suitably punished after all. So, let’s just drop it at this.”

“Is this even punishment? The two of you are fine only because he was impeded by the situation, not because he has repented and decided not to take it further,” Eugene commented placidly.

Sighing, Olivia replied, "I know. If you hadn't been here today, the ramifications might have been disastrous for me and Kate, but it's tantamount to career suicide now that something like this happened to him at the height of his career. Thus, I don't want to pursue this matter further."

Harriet was also a tad worried. While she hadn't raised a hand against them, her attitude earlier was one of retaliation, so it was a matter of a word from Eugene if he wanted payback from her. Hence, she promptly said to Olivia, "Miss Maxwell, I'm really sorry. I mistakenly took Luca's words for the truth and thought that he was bullied. I then wanted to retaliate on his behalf without having understood the truth, so I owe you an apology as well."

Looking at her, Olivia took a deep breath. "As I said, we both wanted to retaliate on behalf of our friends, so I don't mind. I just have a kind reminder for you—not everyone is worthy to be considered a friend. Some people aren't deserving of your kindness!"

Harriet nodded. "You're right. I still need to improve my judgment of others," she hurriedly replied. Olivia inclined her head slightly without saying anything further.

Eugene glanced at Luca, who appeared to be a lamb awaiting slaughter, his gaze blank and helpless. "I'll let you off this time for Miss Maxwell's sake, but keep your distance from her in future."

Almost bursting into tears from the immense joy, Luca bowed low to him as though he'd been granted amnesty. "Thank you, President Nolan! Thank you, ladies!"

Aleena, who'd witnessed the entire debacle from a corner, gritted her teeth so hard that they almost shattered. Why is there such a big difference in his attitude? I wanted to sit with him, but he disdained me. When Olivia Maxwell went over, however, he promptly called her over to have a seat and even helped to avenge her, getting into a snit for her sake. Why? I like him so much! How am I inferior to her? Her nails unconsciously dug into her flesh, but she didn't feel any pain, her eyes brimming with undisguised hatred.

"Aleena, who's that woman? Why does Eugene seem so protective of her?" The woman beside her stared at them in bafflement.

Aleena snorted. "Protective? Not at all. She just knows some medical skills and happened to have saved Eugene's grandfather, so Eugene regards her quite highly."

“No matter the reason, there’ll be sparks if she keeps putting herself into Eugene’s path, so you can’t just sit around and do nothing,” the woman urged.

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Aleena said nothing, but she was inwardly mulling over the woman’s words. Perhaps I’m too well-mannered. I should just employ a more direct method. D*mn you, Robin, for failing to do such a trivial task!

After the fuss at the cocktail party, everyone looked at Olivia and Kate differently. The most blatant evidence was the fact that everyone seemed friendly with them, with increasingly more people handing them business cards and even expressing their hopes of a collaboration if the opportunity arose in future. Actually, everyone was of the same mind—these two ladies are Eugene Nolan’s friends. After all, no one dared to offend his friend.

Kate was ecstatic. Never have I thought that my magazine and I would become renowned in such a way one day.

Meanwhile, no one dared to report the incident at the cocktail party on this night since Eugene had spoken. When they were leaving, Eugene offered to send them back, but Olivia declined. The two women then hailed a taxi home.

Staring the upturned corners of Kate’s mouth that just wouldn’t go down, Olivia couldn’t resist saying, “Alright, just laugh if you want to do so.”

Kate laughed unceremoniously. “Ha ha... Don’t you think it was a blessing in disguise that I got slapped? Many celebrities expressed their interest in collaborating with me today, so I think I don’t need to worry for the next six months.”

Olivia burst into giggles. “Your success in taking advantage of Eugene’s influence today far exceeded my expectations.”

Grasping her hand, Kate declared solemnly, "I know you're the person I should be thanking most. If it weren't for you, Eugene Nolan wouldn't have known me from a stranger on the street, much less be friends with me. D*mn it, I'm Eugene Nolan's friend! I've decided to advertise your designs for free without asking you for a single cent in the future."

Olivia shot her a glare. "You may want to do so, but I may not be interested."

Looking at her dubiously, Kate asked, "Can't you be a smidge more polite?"

Olivia clung to her shoulder. "Why should I? Considering our relationship now, talking about money will only ruin our friendship!" Kate was rendered speechless.

Meanwhile, Eugene went straight to Ruby Palace after leaving the cocktail party, having been pestered endlessly by Alex and Hayden since the incident during the cocktail party came to their knowledge through some unknown individual.

Upon seeing him, everyone in the room hollered, "He's here, he's here!" Eugene was then forced onto the sofa. Knowing that he disliked women, none of the women dared to go forward and tease him.

Since Alex was the master player here, he called out to a female guest relations officer (GRO), "Serenity, hurry up and pour Mr. Nolan a glass of wine. I'm sure he didn't get enough to drink at the cocktail party earlier."

Flashing Eugene a smile, Serenity Morris sensibly poured him a glass of wine before placing it on the table in front of him. "Here you go, Mr. Nolan." Then, she returned to her post. The GROs in Ruby Palace were all insightful ladies, so they usually wouldn't go up to their clients unless summoned upon noticing them talking.

Eugene took out a cigarette from the packet of cigarettes and lit it with a snap of the lighter. Then, he leisurely took a puff, upon which a cloud of smoke enveloped his devastatingly handsome face. "Hurry

up and cut the b*llshit!"

“What’s wrong? Are you in a bad mood? But didn’t you save the damsel in distress?” Alex remarked with a chuckle.

Likewise, Hayden teased, “It’s probably because the damsel didn’t pledge herself to him.”

Eugene shot them both a glare. “Is saving the damsel in distress just for the express purpose of having the damsel pledge herself to me?”

At this, Alex looked at Hayden. “If it’s not to have her pledge herself to him, why did he save her?”

“So that she’ll pledge herself to him in the future,” Hayden tacitly answered with a chuckle.

All at once, Alex gave him a thumbs-up. “Absolutely brilliant!”

Eugene flicked his cigarette ash into the ashtray. “Stop using your filthy thoughts to appraise my actions! What do you know?”

Sneering, Alex urged Serenity, “Quick, play a song to purify my filthy thoughts.”

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Serenity nodded with a smile. Then, she sat down a fair distance away from them with her lute in her arms. In no time, the crisp and sweet strains of music floated in the room. Meanwhile, the other ladies exclaimed jokingly, “Don’t purify yourself, Mr. Road! We love you as you are.”

Chuckling, Alex remarked, “That makes sense. Mr. Nolan here is chaste, so I’m your only hope. How does the saying go again? If I don’t sacrifice myself for the greater good, who will?”

“Pfft...” The ladies giggled, while Eugene shot him an affronted glare. “You should have a care lest I throw up at that gross remark!”

Unfazed, Alex leaned close to him with curiosity written all over his face. "So, what exactly happened? I heard that you even crushed Harriet Grant? Isn't there a collaboration between Grant Group and Nolan Group?"

Downing his glass of wine, Eugene replied with utter distaste, "She can't manage her brother well, so I kindly helped her out!"

"Her target was Olivia Maxwell, so what has it got to do with you?" Alex asked in feigned bafflement, craftiness concealed in his eyes.

"Could I have just ignored it when she was right beside me?" Eugene retorted.

Alex arched an eyebrow even as he smirked slyly. "Really? Do you just like her that much?"

Cutting him a glare, Eugene stubbornly declared, "What that man did was practically slapping me across the face right before me, so I just didn't like him. What has it got to do with liking her?"

Alex curled his lips and exclaimed, "Cut that crap! Did you think I don't know you? When have you, Eugene Nolan, ever loved poking your nose into someone else's affairs?"

"He just had to come and seek death, so what could I do?" Eugene shot back.

Alex exchanged a look with Hayden. "You're sure you don't like her?"

"He can't admit it even if he does. After all, Eugene is the kind of person who's used to being pursued."

After snubbing out his cigarette in the ashtray, Eugene demanded with a disdainful look, "Do you two even know what liking someone means?"

The two of them shared a look before they burst out laughing. "Indeed, we've never saved any damsel in distress, unlike you."

“Let me ask you this—what were you thinking back then?” Alex asked.

“Nothing,” Eugene answered perfunctorily.

Alex’s expression turned knowing. “That’s it. It’s game over for you. It’s exactly such subconscious action that’s most terrifying! It seems like you’ve been taken down without you even having realized it.”

Eugene was rendered speechless for the very first time. Actually, he was thinking at that time. When he heard that the man wanted Olivia to sleep with him, his only thought was to kill that man. Perhaps it was because they’d been teasing him, but he abruptly recalled the time when he saw her during the grand competition. I was truly happy back then, delighted even. Could it be that... I have really developed feelings for her?

The next day, Olivia was in the studio, keeping an eye on things since the renovation was about to be done when she suddenly received a call from Eugene just moments after she’d arrived, asking her to

go over to Ruby Palace. While he didn’t specify the reason, she knew that he wasn’t the kind of person who’d ask her out for no reason, so she readily agreed and drove over to Ruby Palace right away.

Since she’d been here once, she was familiar with the place. The moment she went in, she noticed a huge crowd gathered in the lobby. As she was wondering what was happening, she heard a woman’s furious bellow. “Ben Roberts, what do you take me for? A back-up lover? Aren’t you on a business trip?”

Stifling his anger, the man proclaimed, “I just came back, okay? She’s just a client, so you don’t need to get all suspicious.”

After taking two steps further, Olivia caught sight of the person who was speaking at a single glance. The man was casually dressed in black, his expression as dark as charcoal. On the other hand, the woman was wearing a red dress, her face brimming with profound ire. Meanwhile, the woman standing beside the man was Anna.

Recognition dawned upon her. Aren’t these two people the couple I bumped into when I bought a car? Ben Roberts and Jessica Smith. Huh? Are they crashing now? Inexorable joy inundated her. I just knew that they’re going to crash and burn sooner or later. She then squeezed further to the front.

Her face bright red with fury, Jessica sneered. "A client? Ben Roberts, I'm truly impressed that you managed to cook up such an absurd lie! Which part of her screams client?"

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Reaching out, Jessica grabbed Anna and lambasted loudly, "Come out, d*mn it! You have the guts to seduce a man, yet you don't have the guts to admit it? You're hiding behind a man like a coward!"

Anna surreptitiously tugged at Ben as she murmured pitifully, "You've misunderstood. We were really discussing business."

Livid, Jessica clutched at her and demanded, "Fine, then! Tell me, what did you two discuss that took an entire night?"

"No, I'd just arrived. Mr. Roberts said he was in the room, so I went there to meet him, but you then arrived," Anna quibbled.

Raising her hand, Jessica slapped her across the face again. "So, it's a requirement to strip when you two discuss business? If you continue quibbling, I'll tear your tongue off!"

Anna hid behind Ben, covering her face with both hands. At this time, Ben, who'd been keeping silent, grabbed Jessica's wrist. "Jessica Smith, you should stop while you're ahead. Must you make such a fuss and make this common knowledge?"

Jessica shook off his hold with much effort, her eyes blazing red with fury. "What do I have to fear? Since you two cheaters aren't at all afraid, why would I be afraid? I want to let everyone know that you're a scumbag, and she's a home-wrecker!" As she said that, she took out her cell phone to snap their pictures.

"Ben!" Anna exclaimed before hiding behind the man's back in terror.

Similarly panicked, Ben snatched the cell phone in Jessica's hand and smashed it to the ground, glaring at her furiously. "That's enough!"

Staring at her cell phone that had been smashed to smithereens, Jessica asked with forced calmness, "Ben Roberts, you are determined to protect her, yes?" Ben remained expressionless, but he shielded Anna behind him. This unconscious action instantly infuriated Jessica, and she sneered, "If you hand this woman over to me today, I'll let this matter slide. Otherwise, I'll call off our engagement!"

Inhaling deeply, Ben suppressed the fury within him and stretched out his hands to embrace her. "Alright, stop making trouble for no reason. I've said that there's nothing between us. I'll explain further to you at home."

Jessica slapped his hand away, her face crumpled in disappointment. "If there's nothing between the two of you, why are you shielding her to such an extent? You think I'm a fool, yes?" After saying that, she reached out to grab Anna. "Come over here. D*mn you!"

Terror-stricken, Anna hurriedly dodged. Losing his cool, Ben extended his hands and shoved her away. "Stop messing around!" It was a rather forceful shove, so Jessica stumbled back several steps before falling onto the ground.

The onlookers all exclaimed in surprise, having not expected them to get physical. At this moment, they moved from merely looking on to urging softly, "No matter what, you shouldn't be getting physical."

"That's right. You should just explain properly instead."

"You should give her some leeway since you're a man!"

As her eyes rapidly stung, Jessica scrambled up from the ground and rushed at Ben as though she'd lost her mind, her fists swinging. "Ben Roberts, you b*stard!"

Caught off guard, Ben took several blows. All at once, he then grew enraged and swung his hand across her face. "Are you not finished with your tantrum yet? Isn't this common to men? I've already explained things to you, so when are you going to cease this nonsense? And you call yourself a socialite? You're no different from a shrew on the street! You want to call off the engagement, yes? Go ahead!" After he'd said that, he wanted to leave while pulling Anna along, but unexpectedly, he was kicked back into the crowd just after having taken two steps.

At the same time, a woman's voice rang out. "It's even an insult to scumbags to label you as a scumbag. Are you even human? You want to make yourself scarce after hitting someone, huh?"

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Frowning, Ben looked up at Olivia who was standing before him. "Who the hell are you? This is none of your business!"

Olivia bent down and helped Jessica whom he'd knocked to the ground. Then, she said languidly, "I just can't quite stand someone like you who'd still quibble despite being in the wrong. Regardless of whether the engagement is of your own volition, you have to acquiesce since you're already engaged. Staying loyal is the least you should do, yet you're even giving excuses for cheating, claiming that it's common for men. Don't drag all men into this. Other men aren't as much of a scumbag as you are!"

As she said that, she looked at Jessica and lectured her patiently, saying, "What's the use of getting angry over such a man? Are you still hoping that he'll return like the prodigal son, so you're not kicking him far away? Haven't you ever heard that a leopard never changes its spots?"

Finding this an inevitable crossing of paths, Anna demanded coldly, "What are you trying to do here? Why are you sticking your nose into this couple's lovers' tiff?"

Olivia looked at her with a sneer tugging on her lips. "Aren't you the reason for this couple's lovers' tiff? Your child is about to go to elementary school, yet you're still so eager to be a home-wrecker? Don't you know that home-wreckers are now the target of public scorn? You're rather smart that you're even planning to take yourself out of the equation after having created the mess. But can you really do that?"

"Don't spew nonsense. We were just discussing a collaboration, and it was this lady here who misunderstood," Anna hastily clarified, her eyes darting at the onlookers.

Olivia threw her a disdainful glance. "You should be saying this to your husband. As long as your husband believes you, no one would care even if you were to claim that you were disco-dancing in the room."

As she said that, she looked at Ben, the corners of her mouth curving into a derisive arc. “Looks like it’s true love, since you even hit your own fiancée for the sake of a married woman!”

Taking a step forward, Ben pointed a finger at her harshly. “Stop being such a hound and mind your own business!”

“Hounds must be rather busy these days, else you two cheating rats would have been long since vanquished!” Olivia countered nonchalantly.

“You’re just asking for it, huh?” Ben reached out to shove her.

All at once, Olivia’s face darkened. Clamping a hand on his wrist, she spun sharply before bending her back to him and exerting strength. The man was then thrown right over her shoulder with a crash.

Afraid that they’d be hit, the crowd retreated a step while inwardly cheering. The pain from the fall was so intense that Ben roared, “F*ck...”

Olivia, however, dusted her hands and walked up to him in a few steps. Then, she lowered her gaze and stared at him. “Don’t you know that you ought to be more gentlemanly toward women? What a scumbag!”

“Ben! Ben, are you okay?” Anna rushed over to help him up. “Ben, let’s go. Don’t bother with this madwoman.”

Staring at them, Olivia murmured, “You haven’t apologized.”

“Olivia Maxwell, will you just cut it out? Is this matter related to you?” Anna thundered, hopping mad.

“If he doesn’t want to apologize, let’s just call the police and have them handle this matter,” Olivia retorted.

Surprisingly, Jessica took a step forward and gazed at them with a smile playing on her lips. "There's no need for an apology. Rather, I even have to thank you for showing me your true colors. I'm truly fortunate that we're merely engaged. Ben Roberts, you love her, yes? I'll see the two of you through. I'll tell my father tomorrow to call off our engagement!"

Ben was taken aback for a moment before he ruthlessly nodded. "Okay! Just make sure that you don't regret it!" As he said that, he turned his gaze on Olivia with a ferocious look that conveyed something along the lines of 'I'll have my revenge' before declaring, "Just you wait!" After saying that, he left in a huff.

"I'll be waiting!" Olivia replied breezily.

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Jessica was worried. "You shouldn't have gotten on their bad side for me. Ben is a petty man."

That didn't faze Olivia. "Well, I'm not easy prey either."

Jessica smiled. "Thank you for what you did, or I would have been humiliated."

Olivia returned a smile. "It's fine. I despise jerks like that, especially abusive ones."

"Did we... meet somewhere before?" Jessica stared at her.

"Yeah, at the 4S shop. We bought the same car." Olivia smiled.

This surprised Jessica. "Oh, I remember you! I was thinking you looked familiar."

"Olivia."

"Jessica."

“I know. My friend told me. You should treat your face. It’s swollen.” A moment later, Eugene called her, and that reminded Olivia of her appointment. Whoops, the show’s fun, but no time to waste now. Jessica had a lot to ask, but Olivia had no time to answer. “I have something to do, so until next time!” Then, she went upstairs.

After coming to the VIP room of the appointment, she took a deep breath to calm herself down before entering. The first thing she saw was Eugene. He was sitting in the center, and today he donned a black shirt. His face was inscrutable, and he was slowly enjoying his cup of tea.

A woman was sitting two seats away, and she was none other than Aleena. Aleena was wearing a lavender dress, her hair tied in a bun. She looked languidly sexy and obviously dolled up. When she saw Olivia, Aleena looked surprised, apparently wasn’t expecting her.

Olivia was equally perplexed, but she greeted, “Hello, Mr. Nolan, Miss Jones.”

“Have a seat.”

Olivia took her seat two spaces away from Eugene. He then poured a cup of tea for her, much to Olivia’s surprise. “Thank you, but please, let me.”

“Stuck in the traffic?” Eugene asked. He had even given her an excuse.

Yeah right, Olivia thought. I was watching a car crash. Even so, she mumbled, “Yes.”

Meanwhile, Aleena looked on with jealousy, and her anger flared. “What is the meaning of this, Eugene?” She held her fury down. Aleena thought Eugene was treating her to a meal with just the two of them because he ignored her last night, so she felt delighted. She had been waiting for him to talk, but even after an hour, he said nothing. Even when she tried to start a conversation, he would kill it in a second. Aleena told herself that Eugene could give her this attitude because of his status. Treating me to a meal is already proof that I’m important to him, so if he doesn’t want to talk, I’ll do it. But he invited Olivia, too? Was everything I imagined just that? My imagination? Was I being full of myself? Humiliation and her scarred pride made her tear up.

Eugene looked at her. If he looked closer, he would have noticed the tears in her eyes, but he didn't. All he did was take a glance and remarked, "Why? Can't I invite anyone else just because I invited you?"

Aleena took a deep breath. "I don't think there's anything worth talking about if it's the three of us here."

Eugene glanced at her. "We'll see about that in a moment."

Chapter 88

Olivia was equally perplexed, but she said nothing. When she noticed Aleena's wetted eyes, what Nathan said came to her mind. Eugene was very defensive of the people he cared about, but apathetic to those he didn't. Ah, it seems that this is an unrequited love. All of a sudden, she felt sorry for Aleena, for she had fallen in love with someone she shouldn't.

Eugene called someone. "Bring him in." When someone knocked on the door a moment later, Eugene only said, "Enter."

When the door was opened, in came Curtis and a man with a silver mask. They were bringing a sack with them, and after they came in, they tossed it on the ground with a thud. A gasp of pain came from within, then Olivia looked at Eugene reflexively. That's Robin in there!

"Open it," said Eugene.

Curtis opened the bag, and out came a bloodied head. If it wasn't for his voice, Olivia wouldn't have recognized this bloody man was Robin. Aleena was ashen now. If Olivia could see this was Robin, she could too, but still she thought, Maybe it's not him. Even so, her heart was pained when she saw his face.

Now she could explain everything she couldn't. Aleena wondered why she couldn't get through to Robin and why Eugene would treat her to a meal, so this was it. She didn't show any expression, but Aleena sneered quietly. So this is just a trap for us. He wants to get back at us for what we did to Olivia.

“Did he say it?” Eugene asked.

The man in the silver mask replied, “Yes, he did. Robin said Miss Jones was worried you might fall for Miss Maxwell, so she asked him to court her.”

A frown appeared on Eugene’s face, and when he looked at Aleena, there was nothing in his eyes. “Do you know what annoys me the most? People who don’t know where they stand. Who I like and who I don’t has nothing to do with you. Who do you think you are to interfere with my business?”

Aleena teared up even more. “Eugene!” she shouted. “I don’t know my place? We’ve been friends for years! How could you say that to me for someone you haven’t known for a week? Robin likes her, so of course, he’s going to court her. I can’t stop him! All I did was encourage him! I did not order him to do anything!”

Eugene looked at her darkly, his tone distant. “You should know what you’ve done. I introduced Olivia to you, so finding trouble with her means finding trouble with me. Do you think out of your a**? If it wasn’t because we’re friends, I would have chased you out a long time ago! You should know I will do that.”

That broke her heart, and Aleena suffocated. Is he really going to humiliate me like that? How could he be so cruel? No, he’s only cruel to me. “Nobody’s finding trouble with her! It was just a joke, and we apologized, so what do you want? Is she so high and mighty that nobody can court her? Or is it because you like her, so you don’t want anyone to court her?”

Eugene frowned and glared at her. He was fuming, for Aleena had crossed the line. Everyone had this rebellious trait, and they would do the exact thing someone didn’t want them to. She keeps saying I have a relationship with Olivia, right? Well, so what if I do? He looked at her and raised his voice, sounding hostile. “You won’t give up until I tell you to, will you?”

Chapter 89

Olivia panicked. Eugene hated it when someone insulted him, and she could imagine what he would say, so Olivia quickly told her, “Miss Jones, of course he can court me if he likes me, but consent is important. Your cousin came to my house and forced me to date him. When I refused, he asked his men to subdue me so he can rape me. They trashed my house, and he said he would f*ck me until I die. Is this how your

family's men court women? If it wasn't for Mr. Nolan's timely arrival, I couldn't have been sitting here now."

Aleena looked at her with fury. "I don't know how he courts you, so why are you telling me that?"

Olivia looked at her. "Nothing. Maybe he took your advice the wrong way, or maybe he took your orders the wrong way."

"You suspect me of being the mastermind? I already told you, no." Aleena frowned.

Before Olivia could reply, Eugene said, "And that's why you're here instead of the hospital. I called you over to tell you that I roughed your cousin up, so if you want an explanation, come to me."

Olivia looked at the tearful Aleena with no sympathy. Crushing on someone wasn't wrong, nor was curbing a bad habit, though she felt annoyed getting caught in this crossfire. Olivia didn't believe it when Aleena denied playing a part in this, so she wouldn't sympathize with her. I've already let last night's matter slide, so this is all on her.

Eugene stood up. "I'll send you back," he told Olivia.

Olivia nodded, but then she refused him.

Eugene didn't allow her to refuse. "Come with me. I need to talk to you about something."

Olivia grunted and left with him, then Curtis and the man with the mask followed. In the end, only Aleena and Robin were left.

Tears fell down Aleena's cheeks, then she lay on the table and cried. He's so cruel. Doesn't he know I like him? How can he do this to me?

It wasn't until Eugene had left did Robin make a sound. Because his mouth was sealed, everything he said was muffled. Aleena looked at him in disgust and wiped her tears away before tearing the duct tape away from his mouth. "Aleena—"

"Don't talk to me!" Aleena snapped. "Are you dumb? Why did you sell me out?"

Robin said sadly, "Aleena, you have no idea what I went through. It was hell, I tell you. Look at my wounds! I thought I would be dead!"

Aleena's dark look was a stark contrast to the crying mess she was a moment ago. "But did you die? No! You almost killed me though! You had one job, and you blew it! How hard is it to bed a woman?! Don't follow me from now on!" She wanted to leave.

Robin panicked, and he held on to her leg while begging, "I did my best, Aleena! That woman knows how to fight, and she beat all three of us!"

Aleena shook her leg to break free from his grasp. "Then f*cking get more men to do the job! Just get her enemies! Right, there's someone you can ask for help from."

On the other hand, Ben and Anna had come out from Ruby Palace and gone into their car for a while. The more Ben thought about it, the angrier he was. I'm not going to take that lying down. Anna glanced at him. She knew Ben might be a flirt who sweet talked everyone easily, but the guy was a chauvinist.

She knew Ben didn't necessarily like Jessica, but her crying scratched his image, so one thing led to another, and this happened.

Chapter 90

Actually, Ben wanted to calm her down, but Jessica's hostility irritated him. He was going to let her cool off a bit before calming her down, but Olivia barged in halfway through. Now he was humiliated, and it would be hard to get Jessica back. If Jessica canceled the marriage, his dad and aunt would kill him.

Actually, Ben wanted to calm her down, but Jessica's hostility irritated him. He was going to let her cool off a bit before calming her down, but Olivia barged in halfway through. Now he was humiliated, and it would be hard to get Jessica back. If Jessica canceled the marriage, his dad and aunt would kill him.

As he worried himself over this matter, Anna approached him and acted coy. "What should we do, Ben? Will Olivia tell everyone about this?"

Ben's face fell. "So what? We did nothing anyway!" he said impatiently.

Anna thought about it and nodded. Ben was right, for they didn't do anything in public.

"You know that woman?" Ben asked.

At the mention of Olivia, disdain showed on Anna's face. "She's my half-sister. Seven years ago, she slept with a beggar after she got drunk, and she was pregnant with a b*stard. My dad thinks she's a disgrace, so he sent her overseas. She only came back recently, but for some reason, I bump into her everywhere I go."

Ben cupped her chin and snorted. "Does she have a grudge against you?"

Anna leaned against him and raised her chin. "Not openly."

"So she does hold a grudge against you."

"Well, I arranged that beggar to sleep with her that night."

Ben bit her lip. "I knew it. You're naughty."

Anna felt a stab of pain from her lip, and she wanted to get back at Ben, but he pushed her away. "Don't mess around. I have to go to the Smith Residence after this."

“And I don’t have to go home? Look at what you did. How should I explain this?” She glared at him.

Ben grinned. “Just say it’s because you were craving for some meat.”

Anna rolled her eyes. “And you say I’m naughty. Well, you’re the big bad here.”

“We’re the same, actually.” Leaning forward, he kissed her again. “Go home. I have to go back now, or it will be bad if Jessica tells on me first.”

Anna was an understanding woman, at least in affairs. She knew when she should make her move and when to retreat. This relationship with Ben would go nowhere, and she knew it. All she wanted was to get the praises and passion that was lost in her relationship with Hugo, so she didn’t mind this.

“Call me when you can.” She went out of the car, then Ben’s car drove toward the Smith Residence.

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When Eugene and Olivia came down, they saw Jessica sitting on the lounge’s sofa. “Why are you still here?” Olivia was surprised.

Jessica came over, smiling. “I’ve been waiting for you.”

“Do you need anything?” Olivia frowned.

“I’ll be waiting for you in the car,” Eugene said calmly.

That was directed toward Olivia, so she grunted. She wanted to refuse, but when she remembered he had something to tell her, Olivia didn’t say anything else.

Jessica stared at Eugene. “What’s your relationship with him?”

"I treated his grandfather's illness," replied Olivia.

"Just that?" Jessica asked.

"Yeah. What else do you think it is?" Olivia frowned.

"That's Eugene Nolan. The Eugene Nolan. I've never heard of him waiting for anyone. It's always the other way around," exclaimed Jessica.

Olivia was speechless. "Yeah, because you want to talk to me. What do you need?"