Chapter 51 Public Display of Affection is a Habit

Cathy had a dream.

She saw Adrian running out of a great fire with two children in his arms, frantic and panicked.

A lick of fire fell on his pants, but he ignored it as he dashed through the flames.

By the time he left the fiery tomb, he was exhausted to the bone.

Once he had handed his children to the doctors, his exhaustion took over and he fell, unconscious.

"Adrian..."

"Adrian!"

She woke up with a jolt, her own screams echoing through her mind.

"Was that a nightmare?" A man's voice drifted to her ears.

Opening her eyes, she stared at the unfamiliar surroundings in panic for a moment before remembering that she had met Adrian last night.

She had been taking care of him with Evan, and fell asleep with her head in her arms next to his bed...

Looking up, she met Adrian's ocean eyes, but immediately realized that he was working.

Adrian was leaning against the headrest – his left shoulder was bandaged, but his right hand was flipping through a document in his lap.

Cathy frowned at him. Why is he working now? Doesn't he know how injured he was?

She got up and snatched the document away from him. "Rest."

Adrian smiled wanly. "It is just a nick. There are many people waiting for my instructions. They will lose their jobs if you don't let me work."

Glancing at the clock, Cathy pursed her lips when she saw that it was six in the morning. "You

don't have to start first thing in the morning, do you?"

"I am going to go get breakfast."

Cathy glanced at Adrian, before continuing, "After breakfast, you will lay still as I tend to your wounds."

Adrian shook his head in exasperation as this was the first time anyone has ever ordered him around. "I'm fine."

As the successor of Bolton Group, he had to endure his competitors' pernicious actions, and pressure from internal struggles.

Attacks and assassination attempts were daily occurrence in his life – he was used to it.

"You still have to rest."

Cathy pouted and headed out with the documents clutched to her chest. "I will bring this along."

"Bang!" The door slammed shut.

Cathy took Adrian's documents along as she went to buy breakfast.

Evan stared at the door, bewildered... "Should I get the documents back from Mrs. Bolton?"

Adrian closed his eyes. "No, let her have it since she likes holding it."

Evan stared at Adrian, flabbergasted, before adding, "Sir, that document is confidential – it is the Ocean World's yearly financial report..."

Isn't it odd for Mrs. Bolton to bring such a confidential document to buy breakfast? Isn't that a blatant disregard of the confidentiality of the document?

"What do you think? Do you think anyone would recognize that document as a confidential document? She looks quite goofy." Adrian said flatly, silencing Evan.

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After buying breakfast, Cathy dropped the document into the plastic bag containing their food.

On her journey back to the hotel, she encountered the little girl she had met at the market before. This time, she was dressed in pink and had her hair in a bun, as dignified as a young lady in court.

A lady, who looked like her nanny, held her hand as they left the hotel.

Looking up, the little girl saw Cathy and exclaimed, "Pretty lady!" before letting go of her nanny's hand and dashing towards her. "You're here! We must be destined to meet!"

Cathy smiled and nodded, "Yes, it would seem so."

"I am Ariel Jasper. 'Ariel', like the Disney mermaid princess. What is your name?"

Cathy observed the little girl's large eyes and slightly plump face and felt her heart melt.

Bending down, she pulled a bun out as she said, "My name is Cathy Shaw."

"I am a Disney princess, and you could be Princess Cathy from The Patty Duke Show. We could be family!"

Ariel received the bun from Cathy, then in return said, "To thank you for your bun, come have a meal with us! I will ask Uncle Jasper to eat with us too! He is very handsome. I am sure you will like him."

Cathy nearly burst out in laughter. Is this little girl trying to matchmake me?

Finally, she let out an embarrassed laugh. "No, thank you. I have to eat with my husband."

The twinkle in her eyes dulled when Cathy mentioned a husband. "You're married?"

"Little miss!" The nanny caught up to them and grabbed Ariel's arm. "Please don't run away like that!"

"Goodbye, little Ariel!" Straightening up, Cathy waved at the girl before walking away.

As Ariel watched her leave, she felt tears gather in the corner of her eyes.

She had finally met a lady she liked, but the lady was married!

"Little miss, shall we throw the bun away? Mr. Jasper told us to not let you eat things we had not procure." The nanny frowned at the bun in Ariel's hand.

"How dare you!" Ariel rubbed her tears away as she mumbled, "My plan to get a new mother is ruined! Let me have this bun!" Ariel chomped down on the bun immediately.

... Why did it taste good?

"Aunty Zara. I want more of this bun. Please get ten more of them!"

After Cathy returned to the room, she found Adrian dressed and waiting for her on the sofa.

She was astounded by his ability to bounce back from an injury.

Last night, he had been as pale as a ghost and had even fainted.

However, as he sat on the sofa it was evident that all color had returned to his face. There was no hint of pain or injury in his demeanor.

Cathy laid the breakfast on the table and returned the document to Adrian. "Here you go."

"Keep it." Adrian passed the document to Evan. Smelling pastry on the document, Evan nearly burst out in laughter.

Who would have thought a confidential document could smell like a bakery?

Halfway through breakfast, Cathy's phone rang, with the screen revealing that it was Quinn.

"Where are you, Cathy? I didn't see you when I woke up!"

Getting up from her seat, Cathy paced as she explained, "Adrian got hurt, so I went to take care of him last night."

"When will you come back?" Quinn asked after a pause. "We're going to Ocean World at eight in the morning."

However, before Quinn could continue, Cathy opened the door and entered.

"I guess I'll be able to make it." Cathy smiled at Quinn's astounded look.

Quinn could only stare at her silently.

"Why is Mr. Bolton in the next room?"

"Probably because I am his wife." Cathy giggled, making Quinn stare at her gobsmacked.

"You two are making public displays of affection a habit!"