Chapter 52 Don't Exert Yourself!

After showering in her room, Cathy changed into a breezy outfit. She shouldered a backpack and went out with Quinn.

On the way out, she knocked on Adrian's door, hoping to bid Adrian goodbye, but the door remained shut for a long time.

Confused, she was about to give up when the door cracked open to reveal a tall and broad man but he was neither Adrian, nor Evan.

Dressed in a set of pale gray pajamas, the man was clearly lethargic and impatient. "What do you want?"

Cathy stared at the man dumbfounded, as her brain struggled to process what is happening.

"I am sorry! I must have knocked on the wrong door." She apologized awkwardly as the man glared at her coldly, before slamming the door.

Cathy did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Last night flew by in a flurry of nervousness. In the morning, she rushed back to her room in a hurry as well, hence it was natural for her to make a mistake.

The hotel room doors look the same, after all.

Cathy sighed exasperatedly. "Could Adrian be in the room to our right?" Cathy mumbled to herself, before turning around to see Quinn staring wide-eyed at the closed room door.

"Cathy, that was Flynn Jasper!"

"Who?"

"My idol, Flynn Jasper! He is the best actor in the industry!"

Quin gripped Cathy's hand with tears in her eyes. "I came here to meet him! He is the ambassador for Ocean World's Holiday Season! He must be here to host some events!"

Her voice trembled with emotion. "I did not expect Flynn to be in the next room! He is just as charming, even without makeup! His tousled hair and sleepy look could kill!"

Cathy rolled her eyes at Quinn. "I don't think he has killer looks."

Flynn was nothing compared to Adrian.

She grabbed Quinn's hand and ran to Adrian's door.

After a couple knocks on the door, someone opened the door.

Evan beamed at her. "Are you here for Mr. Bolton, Madam? I knew you would take care of him because you are kind and loving."

Cathy stared at him for a moment. "I am here to bid him farewell. I am going to Ocean World now."

This time it was Evan's turn to stare at Cathy.

A deep voice rang out from beyond the door. "Take care."

Cathy peeked into the room through the gap between the door and Evan's body to see Adrian sitting cross legged on the sofa.

She could almost feel his elegance and kindness. It was enough to make her heart hammer within her ribs.

She knew she was right - Adrian was better looking than Flynn!

"You need to take care too! Don't overexert!" She yelled before dashing away with Quinn in tow.

Evan sighed as he watched Cathy get into the lift. "I thought that Mrs. Bolton would stay back since you got hurt, but she left without hesitation."

"My injuries are not so severe as to require her to take care of me. Furthermore, I was hoping that she would be able to go out more." Adrian's curt response made Evan purse his lips in dissatisfaction.

"You were hoping that she would stay back too, didn't you?"

Adrian's hand trembled when he heard Evan's comment.

He looked up at Evan, his eyes deep and unsearchable. "Was I?"

Adrian's gaze was cold like a blade, forcing Evan to look away in shame. "Oh... I guess not."

Once he managed to wrench a response from Evan, Adrian turned his attention back to the document he had been observing.

Evan sighed, both relief and despondent as he gazed at Adrian.

Despite wanting Cathy to take care of him and loving her presence, Adrian was unwilling to tell her how he feels.

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It was crowded in Ocean World! Dressed in a bikini, Quinn bounced her way to Cathy with two bottles of water.

"Didn't we agree to wear bikinis? Why are you dressed like that?"

Cathy glanced down at her conservative looking swimsuit as she took the bottle from Quinn. "Isn't this fine? No one said we must wear bikinis at the beach."

"You have a wonderful figure. What a waste to cover it up..." Quinn pouted, making Cathy smile.

There was a reason why she did not wear a bikini.

From her pregnancy five years ago, she had gained stretch marks, and a scar from the cesarean.

Her child was so unusually large that her attending physician had made a joke, saying, "You might have triplets in there."

Cathy laughed at the doctor's words and said her child must be extremely smart and mature, and yet...

Taking a deep breath, Cathy shook her head, as if trying to shake away the painful memories.

Then she joined Quinn as they jumped headlong into the exciting activities at Ocean World.

She spent the whole day either screaming or listening to Quinn's screeching.

The women spend their whole day at Ocean World, racing through almost all the activities available. At the end of their adventure, they were one of the last few people left in the theme park.

After catching their breath, they went to the washroom to clean themselves off.

"I am sorry. We didn't get to contact your target today – he didn't come, I guess."

Right before Cathy began her shower, a woman walked into the washroom.

"Don't worry, the park is empty. No one will hear our conversation."

Cathy's hand paused mid-air when she heard those words, but what the woman said after made

her freeze in panic.

She said, "I stabbed his shoulder last night. Despite his wound, he avoided the hospital, which means that he is sitting this out at his hotel."

"I cannot enter his hotel – the security is too tight there."

"You want me to strike him through his lady? How did you know that his lady was here?"

"Okay. Send me her photograph."

Cathy felt a lump was caught in her throat.

Based on her deduction, the woman was talking about Adrian.

He was stabbed in the shoulder last night and avoided the hospital, just like the woman had mentioned.

And Adrian's lady, Cathy, was now the next target!

Shuddering, Cathy hugged her arms in fright as she thought about the assassin outside.

She leaned into the corner of the shower, covering her mouth to prevent any sounds from coming out of her trembling lips.

Meanwhile, the woman continued her conversation on her phone.

After some time, the entrance door to the washroom creaked open and a loud shout filled the washroom as Quinn yelled, "Cathy? Are you done? Why are you so slow? How are you still showering? I've called my parents to tell them about our whereabouts."

Oh no.

Despite squatting in the corner of the shower, Cathy sighed despondently.

The moment Quinn walked into the washroom; the woman hung up her call and glared at her. "Who are you looking for?"

"My friend." Quinn said before knocking on the doors of the shower stalls one by one. "Cathy, why are you so slow?"