

Heiress's 365

Chapter 365

The next morning, Justin dropped his work when he heard about

Ryan's car accident. Worried, he rushed to the hospital as fast as he

could.

Ryan lay flat in bed in a VIP ward with a back and neck brace. He opened his mouth as his secretary fed him a sliced apple.

He looked like a pampered child who could not do anything for himself, and his secretary was the maid bearing the brunt of his

demands.

Justin walked into the room and furrowed his brows at him. "Didn't the Hoffman Group recently develop an oilfield? You're acting like you're dry even before you hit 30."

The secretary stepped aside and nodded at the man before giving Ryan and Justin space to talk.

"Holy shit! Are you here to visit me or give me hell? How am I acting dry? I wouldn't need help if I could feed myself."

Ryan broke out in a sweat and grimaced in pain the moment he

leaned over.

"Don't move. Just stay there."

Justin took quick steps to the bed with a long face and laid him back

down.

“Will you wheel me around if I become paralyzed, Justin?” Ryan

scrunched his face and asked.

“You have plenty of girlfriends to do that for you. You don’t need me.”

Justin curled his lips indifferently. “Don’t worry. Even if the only body part you can move is your mouth, you’re the heir of the Hoffman Group. You’ll still have your fun with women throwing themselves at

you.”

“Tsk. You have a point. I have the charisma,” Ryan added.

‘Charisma? Ha, more like the charisma of money.’ Justin thought.

“What did you get yourself into?” Justin asked with a frown.

“You should ask Carrie.”

Ryan huffed, picturing the tiny frame skittering away into the night. It’s her fault that I am in this situation. Carrie should be the one to

wheel me around forever.”

"Explain, Ryan. How is Carrie involved?" Justin scowled.

"Carrie sneaked into the party last night, but she was stopped from entering the hotel. If I hadn't run into her, your ignorant security team

would have kicked your sister out."

"Carrie came last night?" Justin was shocked.

That must be the reason why Ryan called him out of the blue about getting his ducks in a row.

"I was kind to dress her in-"

"You dressed her?" Justin turned pale and raised his voice. He was

ready to pull a punch.

"Don't get me wrong. My secretary dressed her. I didn't touch her."

Ryan was quick to explain, not wanting his limbs to be broken. "I took her to see Ada Wang at the hall, but something got into her when she arrived. She ran out of there like she had lost her mind. I followed her because it's dangerous for a girl to be roaming alone at night. She crossed the road without looking and was nearly run over by a truck. I saved her in the nick of time, but I bumped my back."

"What about Carrie? Was she hurt?" Justin asked worriedly.

"I guess not. The pain crippled me from getting up, but she slipped away before I knew it. She could've at least helped me up. What would I do to her anyway?" Furious, Ryan nagged.

"Ryan, I have told you before not to get any ideas about Carrie."

Justin grimaced. "What happened at my grandfather's birthday party was an accident. Carrie doesn't belong in your world. Keep your

inappropriate thoughts to yourself."

"No, I got hurt shielding her from harm. Have a heart. You're giving me an earful instead of thanking me." Since Ryan could not move, he

looked hilarious sticking his neck out while arguing with Justin.

"Why did you take her to the venue, dress her up, and expose her to

the group of strangers?"

"What do you mean?" Ryan looked confused.

"Carrie has severe social anxiety and autism. She can't deal with

strangers and social events." Justin got emotional, thinking about

Carrie's overly cautious and timid behavior.