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After Zachary signed the last document, he drawled, "Go."

"Yes." Ben quickly did as told.

Right then, Bruce showed up and announced excitedly, "Ms. Lindberg has moved into Northridge. Morgan arrived first with the kids and had been busy ever since. Ms. Lindberg is on the way there."

"Mm." Zachary promptly relaxed at the news. His tone turned gentle as he said, "The kids told me last night that they'll be spending the night there today. Tell Marino to give them a ride there."

"Yes, I've informed Marino about that." Sensing Zachary's delight, Bruce beamed and asked, "Should you head back home earlier today to keep Ms. Lindberg company—"

"No need," Zachary interjected, his expression turning downcast. "We've agreed to stay out of each other's way."

"Then..."

"Head over to check the villa," Zachary instructed. "It has been empty for a few months, so some pests might've built their nest there. There might also be some wild animals or something inside. The women are afraid of stuff like that, so bring some men along to deal with that. See if they need any help."

"Got it, I'll get to it right away!" Bruce replied and got to work immediately.

After he disappeared out of sight, Ben led Robert and his subordinates in. Robert boomed out from afar, "Zachary, it's hard to meet you in person!"

"Why didn't you inform me prior to your arrival, Sir Robert? I could've picked you up from the airport." Zachary rose to his feet and greeted the old man. "What a surprise to see you in my company!"

Robert threw his head back and guffawed out loud. "I decided to visit on a whim. Sorry for the sudden visit."

"It's fine. Have a seat," Zachary answered politely.

Lucy and the other two secretaries busied themselves with preparing coffee and snacks for the guests.

Ben and Robert's subordinates stood behind their respective employers.

"Zachary, I didn't get to give you a warm welcome in Pillere back then. This time, I brought something amazing for you," said Robert.

He gestured for his subordinates to place two intricate silver boxes on the desk before he opened them carefully.

Expensive jewelry appeared in everyone's sight. The jewelry seemed to be antiques, even to the naked eye.

"These are left behind by a royal princess, and my wife adores them. She kept them locked up and had never worn them, but now, she wants me to give them to you as a token of her apology," Robert revealed, trying to butter up to him.

He added, "The jewelry had been auctioned off for over three hundred million twenty years ago, so their value must've increased by now. Most importantly, there's a legend saying whoever wears them will be blissfully happy in love!"

"Oh, three hundred million. That's an exorbitant amount, even by today's standards," drawled Zachary as he glanced at the jewelry. Calmly, he continued, "As a man, I'm not interested in jewelry. I can't appreciate your gift, Sir Robert."

"You can gift them to your future wife," Robert suggested gleefully. "Then hand them down to your daughters. I promise they'll love this!"

"Right," Zachary mused with a nod. "Thank you, then!"

"You're welcome." Robert was thrilled that his gift had been accepted. "Zachary, I'm here to..."

He trailed off as Lucy showed up with coffee and snacks.

"The coffee here might not be as good as yours," Zachary stated politely. "Have a sip. If it's not good, allow me to offer you a stiff drink."

Robert merely laughed. "Zachary, you're hilarious."

He took one sip of the coffee and glanced around.

Knowing what he wanted, Zachary dismissed Lucy and the secretaries with a wave.

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"I'm here to discuss the Gymnasium Project, Zachary," Robert finally revealed why he was here. "I believe you've read the relevant documents. As the other shareholders are fine with it, we just need your signature."

"The other shareholders are fine with it?" Zachary arched an eyebrow. "Are they waiting for my decision?"

He knew the shareholders wouldn't dare to say a word before he did.

"Ha! Of course," Robert replied with an awkward grin. "You need to approve it."

"Mm, I'm going to be the bad guy." Zachary sipped on his coffee.

"Er..." Robert had no idea Zachary was going to be this difficult. Though he was upset, he had to tamp down his irritation to persuade Zachary.

"You're the most influential person in the corporate world. No one will dare to question your decision, but that doesn't mean you're a bad guy."

"Why not? Signing the document means offending my children's mommy." Zachary didn't bother mincing his words. "If it was someone else, never mind. She's the only person I dare not provoke!"

Silence surrounded them as Robert's brows snapped together. "Didn't you break up with her a while ago?" he asked, confused. "She did that to you, didn't she? Why are you still..."

He paused, changing his words so he wouldn't sound so harsh. "The Nacht family and Lindberg family are at odds, and you aren't related to her anymore. Why are you so afraid of her? I don't get it."

He ended with a careful question.

"I can't help it." Zachary shrugged helplessly. "She's the mother of my children, and they listen to her. If she's upset and complains to them, I'll have to suffer."

Robert was speechless. It was clearly an excuse, but he couldn't find a plausible reason to retort that excuse of Zachary.

"You shouldn't be asking for my signature." Zachary pushed the jewelry boxes back to him. "Instead, go to the person involved. If you don't want her to get involved in the project, go to her personally," he declared with a smile.

"But I—"

"Oh, I just remembered I have an appointment." Zachary seemed torn. "Why don't you join me?"

"No need," Robert responded stiffly. He stood up and made to leave.

"Hey, Sir Robert!" Zachary called, pointing at the silver boxes. "Take these with you. Perhaps you might need it when your son gets you a daughter-in-law."

His words sent a course of annoyance throughout Robert's being.

Robert was wordless with rage as he spun on his heels and marched away.

His subordinates glanced at the boxes, wondering if they should take the boxes with them.

Ben shut the box and handed it to them. "Take it. They are worth millions."

The men grabbed both boxes before dashing away to catch up to Robert.

"Should I send him off?" Ben asked.

"Tell him I can compensate him for the cars I destroyed back in Pillere," Zachary uttered, swirling the glass in his hand slowly.

Ben let out a snort and nodded. "Got it."

He then ran out after their visitors.

Lucy came in to clear up the mess. She offered carefully, "Mr. Nacht, I heard that Sir Louis is in H City."

Zachary was sipping on his wine when he heard what she had to say. He froze and furrowed his brows immediately.

Is Louis here for Charlotte? How could I have missed that? That sly fox must be going all out to get what he wants. He can't do it himself, so he asked for Louis' help to get Charlotte to quit herself?

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Knock! Knock! Someone knocked on the door.

Lucky looked at the monitor and reported, "Mr. Nacht, Dr. Langan is here."

"Let her in," Zachary responded.

"Yes." Lucy opened the door and invited Raina in.

"Mr. Nacht, I have something to report after careful deliberation." Raina whipped out a file and told him, "Ms. Lindberg called me this afternoon. It's about Olivia..."

After hearing what she had to say, Zachary took the file and glanced at it briefly. "It seems pretty hard to invite Dr. Wright here. Do you want me to do it?"

"Of course not," Raina replied with a bitter smile. "Truth to be told, even if Dr. Wright is here, the chances of her saving Olivia are pretty slim. Ms. Lindberg will feel better if she's here."

"Let's do it, then." Zachary made up his mind. "Give me Dr. Wright's number. I'll call her now."

"Yes." Raina gave the said number to him at once.

At the same time, on the way back to Northridge.

Charlotte was gripping her phone, her expression livid. "How could she? I did my very best to convince her and even offered a huge reward, but Dr. Wright refused to say yes."

"Those capable doctors are usually difficult to please," Lupine said with a grin. "She doesn't know your identity. She must be afraid that it was a prank call and rejected your offer."

"That seems plausible," Charlotte answered, her brows knitted together. "Do I have to fly to M Nation and extend an invitation personally?"

"If you leave, what about the kids?" Lupine said hastily. "Though you're usually busy, and Morgan takes good care of them, at least they get to see you at night. Knowing you are here gives them a sense of security. If you leave, they will fret for sure."

"Yes." Charlotte was plagued with worry. "Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie have their father, but the little ones only have me. Their parents aren't with them."

"What if you send Morgan to invite her on your behalf?" Lupine suggested.

"Morgan isn't good at stuff like this." Charlotte thought about it and declared, "Oh, why don't you take two men with you and pay her a visit?"

"But if I'm not here, no one will be here for you. Morgan is busy taking care of the kids—"

"Cut the crap," Charlotte barked.

"Fine." Lupine nodded begrudgingly. She was about to leave to carry out the order when Charlotte's phone rang.

"It's Raina." Charlotte answered it at once. "Hello?"

"Ms. Lindberg, Dr. Wright has agreed to come to H City!" Raina's excited voice sounded from the other end of the line. "She'll be here five days later. I'll be picking her up from the airport."

"That's great! Thank you so much, Raina," Charlotte answered as happiness danced through her thoughts. "You're amazing! I just called Dr. Wright, but she rejected me without even bothering to consider my offer."

"Yes, she's quite difficult," Raina said, shooting Zachary a conflicted look. "If he didn't extend an invitation personally, that doctor wouldn't have agreed to come."

"How did you persuade her to say yes, then?" Charlotte got curious.

"We are acquainted with each other. She must've agreed as I offered her a grand reward," Raina explained carefully.

"I'll bear all the costs," Charlotte offered at once. "I really can't thank you enough for your help, Raina."

"You're welcome. I'll give Peter a call now so he can stop worrying about it."

"Okay. Do it now."

Before Charlotte could hang up, another voice popped up from the other end. "Mr. Nacht, this document..."

Lucy stopped short in fright when Zachary gave her a furious hand gesture.

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Raina ended the call in a hurry and shot Zachary a nervous look. "I-I don't think Ms. Lindberg heard that."

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Nacht. I didn't know Dr. Langan was in the middle of a call," Lucy apologized at once. "Mr. Sterk needs this urgent document, so I..."

"Enough." Zachary took the document and signed his name with a flair. "Leave me alone."

"Yes."

Quiet and peace ensued once again after both ladies retreated.

Zachary continued drinking his wine.

Right then, Ben came back hastily and said, "I've sent Sir Robert off. When I mentioned that you will compensate for the cars, he nearly exploded in rage." He flashed a mischievous grin.

"Find out if Louis is in H City," Zachary ordered gloomily.

"Huh?" Ben was startled. He bobbed his head slightly after realizing what his boss wanted. "I'll do it now."

At the same time, Charlotte stared at her phone, feeling a turmoil of emotions.

That was Lucy talking to Zachary. It means Raina is in the president's office on the sixty-eight floor of Divine Corporation. Raina asked for Zachary's help to convince Dr. Wright to come to H City so she could treat Olivia. No wonder Dr. Wright only agreed to come today. If Raina was capable enough of inviting her, she would've done so earlier instead of waiting until today.

She sighed, realizing she had owed Zachary yet another favor.

Charlotte was deep in thought when the car suddenly rolled to a stop as Jade shrieked, "Eh? Isn't this Sir Louis?"

Her heart sank as she looked up. Indeed, Louis' white Bentley was parked not far away.

"Ms. Lindberg." Lupine turned, waiting for Charlotte's orders.

Her brows scrunched together, Charlotte pushed the door open and got off the car.

At the same time, the door to the other car opened, revealing Louis as he stepped out of the car. It was barely half a month since they last met, but he had lost so much weight and seemed sallow and thin. Contrary to his previous bubbly and youthful self, there was now a dispirited air about him.

The light was gone from his cornflower blue eyes.

He was staring at her as about a dozen expressions crossed his face.

"Louis, you—"

"Let's talk," Louis cut in.

"Sure." Charlotte bobbed her head slightly. She turned to Jade and ordered, "Bring the fish back home. Lupine and I will ride in Louis' car."

"Ms. Lindberg..." Jade was concerned.

"Go," Charlotte said, and there was a finality to her tone that warned Jade not to finish her sentence.

"Yes."

Jade looked at Lupine, who signaled at her with her eyes. Left with no choice, she drove back to Northridge alone.

“Come on. Let’s find someplace quiet to talk in private.”

Charlotte climbed into Louis’ car with Lupine behind her.

Lupine kept her guard up, but Charlotte seemed really nonchalant about this.

She even chatted with Louis casually. “Why did you come to H City all of a sudden? You didn’t even inform me of your arrival.”

“I’m here with my dad,” Louis answered, his voice gruff.

He was a different man now. The smile that used to light his face was gone. In its place was a dark expression.

His words merely served to deepen the frown marring Lupine’s brows.

“Sir Robert is in H City, too?” Charlotte arched a brow. “Is he here to persuade me to pull out of the Gymnasium Project?”

After a few seconds of silence, Louis turned to look at her. “Charlotte, have you ever loved me? Even for a split second?”

“I’ve always thought of you as a friend,” came Charlotte’s honest reply. “Didn’t I say that when we first got together?”

“Okay,” Louis replied with a dejected nod.

“What’s wrong, Louis?” Charlotte shot him an anxious look. “Are you all right?”

“I tried my best to forget you, but nothing worked,” Louis revealed with a hand on his chest, seemingly upset. “I couldn’t sleep or eat anything. You’re the only person I can think of. My heart feels like it’s about to rip apart anytime...”

Seeing how forlorn Louis was, Charlotte felt a stab of guilt. She chided herself for agreeing to marry him. If I hadn’t agreed to marry him, perhaps he won’t be this hung up on me.

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“Charlotte,” Louis uttered and reached out to take her hand. His eyes turned red as he pleaded, “Never mind if you don’t love me, as long as you remain by my side. I want to see you and keep you company every day. Please?”

His antics had Charlotte completely lost. She didn’t know how to respond to his desperate and pitiful plea.

She thought Louis would’ve forgotten about her after some time, but clearly, he was still hung up on her.

“Charlotte, come back to me. Please...”

Without warning, Louis flung his arms around Charlotte and hugged her tightly, rendering her short of breath.

Instead of disentangling herself from his arms, Charlotte allowed him to hold her. She knew she shouldn’t provoke him now by struggling out of his reach.

Just then, a Rolls-Royce zoomed past them. Zachary, who was in the car, happened to see them in a tight embrace.

Instinctively, Charlotte looked up and met Zachary’s gaze. Once she realized the iciness and anger in his eyes, her heart sank. She immediately shoved Louis away.

Alas, both cars had driven past each other by then.

“Charlotte...” Louis reached out for another hug, but Charlotte knitted her brows and snapped, “Louis, if you do that again, I shall get off this car.”

Louis’ hands stopped midair. He fell silent, not daring to offend her anymore.

Charlotte wound up the window and took a deep breath to calm herself down.

Zachary must’ve seen us. I wonder what he thinks of me. Ah, forget it. There’s no way we’ll get back together, so it doesn’t matter what he thinks.

"Charlotte, what should I do so you'll come back to me?" Louis asked tenderly. "I can't live without you."

"Louis, grow up." Charlotte earnestly tried to make him see reason. "Life will always go on, even if we don't end up together. Not every relationship ends in marriage. Though we're no longer together, we can still be friends. Don't be stubborn—"

"I tried," Louis cried. "But I can't do it!"

"You can," Charlotte insisted. "Actually, you should make more friends, especially girls who are amazing. That way, you won't be hung up on me."

"No, you're the most amazing girl in the world," Louis exclaimed. "You're the only girl I love..."

Charlotte fell silent, not knowing what else to say.

"Er, I think that was Sir Louis pestering Ms. Lindberg." Ben quickly spoke up to lighten the situation. "He followed her all the way back to Northridge, so she had no choice but to get into his car. Yes, that must be it—"

"Stop talking." Zachary lowered his gaze calmly, as though what he saw earlier didn't faze him at all.

Yet, Ben saw the flicker of emotions in his gaze.

It's not good to keep everything to himself, Ben thought worriedly.

Lost in thought, he heard his phone buzzing. It was a call from Nancy. Answering it, he greeted, "Hello, Ms. Gold."

"I texted Mr. Nacht, but he didn't reply. That's why I called," came Nancy's gentle voice. "I want to invite him to dinner tonight. Is he free?"

"Er, well..." Ben turned to look at Zachary.

The latter took the phone from him and told Nancy, "Send the address."

"Yes, I'll do that now," Nancy responded, delighted at his reply.

After hanging up, Zachary ordered, "Go to the restaurant."

"Yes." The driver promptly turned the car around.

It was obvious to Ben that his employer was mad, but he couldn't really say anything. He can be with anyone as long as that makes him happy. His condition is deteriorating. If he spends all day brooding, that won't benefit his condition. Though Charlotte upsets him every day, Nancy can heal him. That's good enough. They won't end up together, so they should enjoy each other's company for now.

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Louis brought Charlotte to a restaurant by the beach that they used to frequent.

The restaurant was beautifully decorated, but Charlotte wasn't in the mood to enjoy them. She felt really exhausted.

She had run out of words to convince Louis to change his mind.

The man was still lost in his own world as he grabbed her hands in a pleading manner. "Charlotte, are you still upset over Diana? Mom sent her away. I won't see her again, ever!"

"No, it's not that." Charlotte sighed, feeling weary. "Even if Diana doesn't exist, we can't get back together."

"Why?" Louis stared at her in disbelief. "Is it because of Zachary?"

"It has nothing to do with him." Charlotte gave him an apologetic glance. "Louis, it was all my fault. I should've rejected you and insisted on remaining friends back then. If I had done that, you might've found happiness by now."

Alas, Louis paid no heed to her advice. He was engrossed in his own feelings. "No, you're the only one that can make me happy. No one else can do that."

"Louis..." Before Charlotte could say more, someone greeted politely, "Mr. Nacht, Ms. Gold, welcome!"

"Did you prepare the stuff I requested for earlier?" A melodious voice rang out.

“Yes, but...” The manager glanced at the couple seated by the window, seemingly torn. “They are VIPs, too. We dare not turn them away.”

Both Zachary and Nancy followed his gaze and spotted Charlotte and Louis at the table by the window. The four of them froze in surprise.

What a coincidence!

The sight of Zachary caused Louis to bristle in annoyance. He gripped his utensils tightly as hostility blazed in his gaze.

Seeing Zachary together with Nancy, Charlotte felt conflicted.

If that encounter back in Sultry Night was arranged, this must be pure coincidence. Louis and I decided to come here without making any reservation, but Nancy and Zachary must’ve had a reservation. Looks like they are indeed dating.

Charlotte looked away and put on a calm front, but her grip on her wineglass was so tight it might shatter any minute.

Zachary felt a wave of fury course through him when he saw Charlotte together with Louis.

“It’s fine. We’re friends,” Nancy assured the manager. She took the initiative to greet Charlotte. “Fancy seeing you here, Ms. Lindberg!”

They both made their way to Charlotte. Zachary placed an arm around Nancy’s waist nonchalantly, which came as a surprise to the latter.

“Ms. Gold, we meet again,” Charlotte whirled around and responded.

The sight of Zachary placing his arm around Nancy’s waist went straight to Charlotte’s heart like an iron shard. The pain turned her inside out.

She pretended to stay calm and flashed a smile, standing up to shake Nancy’s hand.

Louis was initially smoking in anger, but the weird situation confused him.

He stared at Zachary, utterly baffled. Why is Zachary with another woman? Charlotte seems unfazed. She is even greeting the woman politely!

“Do you remember who I am, Sir Louis?” Nancy inquired with a smile.

“You are...” Louis couldn’t recognize her.

"My name is Nancy Gold. We've met several times during public events. Perhaps you don't remember who I am," Nancy explained pleasantly. "I didn't expect to see you here. What a coincidence!"

"Oh, I see." Louis regained his composure and looked at them in bewilderment. "The both of you..."

"We're here for dinner," Nancy revealed. "We'll leave you both to your meal, then."

"Mm." Louis bobbed his head.

Nancy led Zachary to the table right beside them and sat down.

Zachary didn't utter a word throughout the entire exchange. He stood beside Nancy silently the whole time.

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"Hey, what was that?" Louis asked in a low voice. "Why is Zachary with Nancy Gold? Are they..."

He trailed off, realizing Charlotte was acting strangely.

Though she seemed at ease before Zachary and Nancy earlier, right now, disappointment was evident on her face.

She hung her head low, cutting her steak into pieces. Her steak was about to become minced beef, but she hadn't eaten any of it.

Louis' brows creased into a frown. He cared about Charlotte, so naturally, he noticed every slightest change in her expression. It was clear as day whom she loved.

She couldn't deceive him.

Still, Louis was delighted to see another woman by Zachary's side, for that meant he had a chance to get Charlotte back.

"Charlotte, you can have mine." He offered his plate of steak, which he had cut into tiny bites.

Taking her plate, which practically looked like minced beef, he said, "You have a weak stomach, so don't skip meals. Have some soup first."

"Thank you," Charlotte answered distractedly.

Beside them, Zachary was almost choking on his rage when he overheard their conversation.

"Sir Louis is so sweet," Nancy whispered.

Zachary pretended not to hear her as he sipped on his wine.

"Don't drink too much," Nancy reminded him gently. "Let's have some tea. I'll brew some for you. I've brought some great tea along."

With that, she summoned the restaurant manager to prepare the equipment.

Zachary didn't reject her offer and gazed at her as though he were admiring a piece of painting.

Anger rose in Charlotte like a tide when she noticed his soft gaze.

"Ah!" Suddenly, Nancy accidentally spilled some tea on her hand.

"What's wrong?" Zachary took her hand. "Let me take a look."

Unable to hold in her anger anymore, Charlotte threw her utensils down, rose to her feet, and marched away.

"Charlotte, where are you going?" Louis called out anxiously.

"The restroom." Charlotte was heading for the restroom. Though she wished to leave at once, that would only make her look really petty.

I insisted on breaking up with Zachary and asked him to stay away from me. Now that he's with another woman, I should be happy for him. I can't let anyone realize I'm dismayed about that.

After stepping out of the restroom, Charlotte saw Nancy washing her burned hand under the running tap water.

Nancy saw her and gave her a friendly grin.

Charlotte's lips curled into a polite smile as she washed her hand in the adjoining sink.

They stood beside each other in a friendly manner, but their hearts were overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

“How are you doing? Is everything fine?”

The women looked up and turned at their shoulders when a gentle voice rang out.

Zachary didn't even bother looking at Charlotte and gave Nancy a concerned look.

“I'm fine.” Nancy grinned, shaking her head slightly.

Zachary strode over to her and took her hand to study it carefully. “It isn't a serious wound, but remember to put some ointment so it won't leave a scar behind.”

“Mm. I shall do that at night,” came Nancy's reply.

“I asked Raina to come here.” Zachary wasn't about to let the matter slide. “You should put some ointment on now.”

“Ah?” His action took Nancy by surprise. “It's just a minor burn. Why did you ask Dr. Langan to come?”

“Go.” Zachary gave her hand a pat. “I'll be there in a jiffy.”

“Mm.” Nancy turned to leave obediently. Before she stepped out, she gave Charlotte a polite bow.

Charlotte kept her head low as she scrubbed her hands violently, as though there was a stain that cannot be removed. Her hands were turning red from the force.

“You shouldn't be scrubbing your hands. Instead, I suggest you scrub your heart,” Zachary suddenly uttered icily.

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“What do you mean?” Charlotte glared at him.

"After doing all you can to escape from the Laurent family, now you want to go back to him?" Zachary demanded irritably. "Did you forget what he did to you just after a few weeks? What is inside that heart of yours? It must be filthy and foolish."

"You're nuts." Charlotte didn't want to waste time arguing with him. "It's none of your business," she declared heatedly.

Having said that, she spun on her heels to leave. Without warning, Zachary grabbed her wrist and pinned her to the wall.

He growled menacingly, "Charlotte Lindberg, if you weren't the mother of my children, I would've stayed out of your matters. Pull yourself together, please. You're a down-and-out socialite from the Lindberg family, so the Laurent family won't be nice to you. You'll merely invite death if this goes on."

"Have you said enough? Let me go!" Charlotte bristled and tried to free herself, but Zachary refused to let her leave.

They were in the midst of a struggle when a furious voice barked, "Let her go!"

Looking up, Charlotte saw Louis standing not far away, breathless with anger. He was glowering at Zachary with his fists balled up.

"You have no right to interfere in our business." The sight of Louis merely stoked Zachary's fury. He declared arrogantly, "Your engagement is over. I was the one who rescued her from your family."

"She's my fiancée! Let her go now!" Louis roared like a ferocious beast.

The more he acted this way, the more infuriated Zachary got.

In response, Zachary held Charlotte's waist possessively and said in a provoking manner, "Your fiancée? She has been mine all the while—in the past, and right now."

"Hey!" Rage ran red through Louis' brain. He whipped out a dagger out of nowhere and aimed right for Zachary. "Die, Zachary!"

"No, Louis!" Charlotte screamed.

Zachary's gaze narrowed as he clenched his fists, ready to retaliate.

Suddenly, Charlotte shoved him out of the way and grabbed the dagger.

Silence ensued. It was as if time itself had come to a standstill.

Zachary widened his eyes in shock as he stared at Charlotte incredulously.

Louis halted in his tracks, shocked by her reaction.

Charlotte held on to the dagger firmly, and the sharp edges cut into her palm.

Blood trickled down and stained her white shirt.

"Charlotte!" Louis shrieked. He released his grip on the dagger, trembling profusely. "W-Why did you..."

"You're crazy!" Zachary sent him flying with a kick before taking Charlotte's hand to stop her from losing too much blood. He swiveled his head to yell, "Raina!"

Raina hurried over at his urgent call. She was dumbfounded by the sight that greeted her eyes. At once, she stopped the bleeding in Charlotte's palm and dressed her wound.

"Oh, dear." Lupine panicked at the bloody scene. "Ms. Lindberg, what happened?"

"I didn't do it on purpose. Charlotte, I didn't mean to harm you..." Louis wailed. "Why did you do that?"

"Scram!" Zachary hollered angrily.

"It was all your fault!" Louis threw the blame on Zachary. "If it wasn't for you, Charlotte and I will still be together!"

His words caused fury to spring to life within Zachary. The latter was about to beat him up when Charlotte tugged at him.

Making sure she had a grip on Zachary's shirt, Charlotte told Louis weakly, "Louis, you should leave."

"Charlotte—"

"Leave!" she growled fiercely.

"Sir Louis, let's go. Don't stir Ms. Lindberg's anger," his subordinates uttered carefully.

Louis crawled to his feet and left with his subordinates in a disheveled state.

"The wound is deep, so I have to stitch it up." Raina bandaged her wound briefly and said urgently, "We have to go to the hospital now."

"Prepare the car!" Zachary ordered.

"Yes." Ben quickly did as instructed.