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"Larry, you should have some breakfast. Otherwise, your body won't be able to function at its best," Caspian reminded as he placed the food in front of him.

It had been a few days since Larry had slept at home. He had resorted to taking naps in his office before waking up to continue with work.

The issue at hand was far too tricky, and he barely had time for meals. If it weren't for the reminders from Caspian and his assistant, he would have forgotten when to eat or when to knock off.

"Take it away. I don't have any appetite," Larry muttered while rubbing his temples in a bid to make himself more awake.

"Hey, you've been like this for days now. I'm worried about you." Caspian looked at the other man in concern.

"I'm fine. How's the manufacturer's daughter? Has she come back?" Larry asked. He had a plan in mind and was counting on the woman to return to get it started.

"No. But I heard her flight's tomorrow."

Upon hearing that, relief washed over Larry. He was going to do everything within his power to get his biggest manufacturer back. After exchanging a few more words and again reminding Larry to take care of himself, Caspian left the office.

Larry turned his gaze to his phone lying silently on the table. He picked it up and scrolled through, only to realize there were countless missed calls from Joan.

An instant wave of guilt came over him as he thought about his family. He hadn't been back in a while now, and he wondered how they were coping in his absence.

After much hesitation, he finally decided to head home to check on them. It was the only way to put his mind at ease.

"Good morning, Mr. Norton!"

"Morning! Mr. Norton!"

He had only just stepped out of the building when the employees of Norton Corporation started filing in one by one and greeting him enthusiastically.

"Have you heard? Mrs. Norton was seen shopping with another man. I think they were shopping for children's' clothes... "

"Seriously? I hope not. Mr. Norton has been toiling at work for his family. How could Mrs. Norton do something like this?"

"Who knows. Sometimes when women get too lonely, they throw caution to the wind and..."

Larry immediately stopped in his tracks when he heard his employees gossip among themselves.

Joan, what have you done now? He raised his head to the sky, closed his eyes, and took in a deep breath.

With everything happening at work and home, it was no surprise that Larry's anxiety had gone through the roof. All he could do now was try to calm his nerves as he headed home to see his wife.

Meanwhile, Joan was also tossing and turning in bed, too high-strung to fall asleep.

Why hasn't he come home? Why isn't he picking up my calls? The more she thought, the more worried she grew. Is there so much to do at work that he just couldn't come home, not even for one night? But he has been busy before, and he still made it home, didn't he?

Or maybe...

Joan's eyes darkened as she thought of the worst-case scenario. Larry, if this is because there's another woman, I'm not going to let you off! Rage boiled inside her as she clenched her fists tight.

All of a sudden, she heard the door to their room open, causing her to sit up immediately.

"You're awake?" Larry asked after a simple greeting.

He was so exhausted; all he wanted was to have a good sleep.

"Why haven't you been back in so many days? I've missed you to death," Joan asked, her voice a little upset and whiny.

Oh, she missed me? Is that why she went shopping with another man? Larry looked at his wife, his gaze a mix of sadness and exhaustion.

"Larry, what's wrong? Are you too tired?" Joan asked as she massaged his shoulders.

"Yes, a little. I'm going to sleep for a bit." With that, he got into bed and fell asleep.

Seeing him in such an exhausted state broke Joan's heart.

What has happened to the company? What could be so serious that he couldn't come home for days? If he wasn't going to tell her, she was going to have to find out herself. With her mind made up, she took her phone and left the room to make a call.

"Hello, Dustin? Has the company run into some problems?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes. A few manufacturers recently called it quits with Norton Corporation, including the biggest one that had the longest working relationship with them. But don't worry. Larry's handling it. I'm sure he'll resolve it soon."

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Now that she had gotten the whole story, Joan was at a loss for words.

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A sense of guilt washed over her almost immediately. It had been so many days, but instead of finding out what had happened with the company, she still flooded him with daily calls. She felt as if she had only been adding to his burden.

After exchanging some pleasantries, the two of them ended the call.

Dustin stood at the window as he looked at the cars go by downstairs, his eyes blazed with menace.

He was the mastermind behind it all, determined to bring down Larry and the entire Norton Corporation. It was the next best option since Dustin couldn't become the largest shareholder and have Larry at his beck and call.

Larry, get ready to kiss your precious company goodbye!

His thoughts were disturbed when Jory suddenly entered the room. "You were looking for me?"

"Oh, you're here early. It's nothing much. I just wanted to have a little chat with you." Dustin smiled.

At that, Jory eyed the man in front of him suspiciously. He knew Dustin wanted to talk to him for a reason, and with every passing minute, the man got even more intrigued.

He was fairly certain Dustin was up to no good again.

"Out with it. What do you want from me?" Jory asked.

Dustin raised his eyebrows, impressed. Only someone like Jory would be able to discern his motive right away.

"I've got the contacts of a few manufacturers. They've just quit working with Norton Corporation, so I was thinking of recommending them to you... "

After some time, Larry finally opened his eyes. He wasn't sure how much time had passed until he realized it was already dark out.

After a full day of much-needed sleep, the man had finally regained his vigor.

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"Are you up? Come have some food," Joan urged while still being busy in the kitchen.

"Something smells so good, Mom! I love your cooking!" Lucius exclaimed as he ran out of his room excitedly.

Larry looked at the enthusiastic little boy and was a little surprised.

"Lucius, have you bought new clothes?"

He seethed as he thought back to the employees gossiping earlier that morning.

"Yes, Dad. Caiden bought these just for me!"

A kid's world was always so much simpler. Lucius had no idea about the repercussions of his words, but Joan trembled upon hearing it.

She knew Larry wouldn't be happy about it, so she hurriedly explained, "About that, I was shopping when I bumped into Caiden. He was also there to buy stuff, so we ended up shopping together... "

And then she let Caiden buy clothes for Lucius? Larry eyed his wife suspiciously, feeling a little upset.

In the past, she never accepted anyone's gifts, especially if they were from other men. So... Why did she make an exception for Caiden now?

The tension would have gotten worse if not for Delilah suddenly walking in. "Larry? When did you get back? I haven't seen you in days."

Delilah's recovery was well on track, and she could even leave the house now. She had been spending most of her time outside in the garden tending to her plants, so she hadn't paid much attention to Larry and Joan. However, she did know that Larry hadn't been home in a long while now.

"Work has been pretty hectic these days, Ms. Young."

Delilah looked at both Larry and Joan, the air around them dripping with awkwardness and tension. She could more or less guess what was happening between the two of them.

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"You should have said so earlier! I'd have gotten Joan to bring you clean clothes. You haven't been home for so many days. I'm sure you must stink by now," she joked, trying to break the tension.

Joan was overcome with embarrassment upon hearing her words.

Larry hadn't been home in so many days, yet she had never once gone to the office to check on him. There was no denying that she hadn't done her part as a wife.

"No need for that. I'm sure Joan has been busy too," Larry replied in a low voice.

"I'm hungry, Mom. Can you hurry?" Lucius whispered, interrupting the conversation.

"Yes, of course. This is your rice, Lucius. Be good and finish all your food, so you'll have the energy to finish your homework," Joan instructed gently as she patted her son's head.