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"You shouldn't wait anymore. She won't come. Who knows what she's doing behind your back? Perhaps she's busy with her dirty deeds." Jessica had gone too far, yet she was totally unaware of herself being rude.

Sitting behind his desk, Larry was pulling a long face. The man was obviously angry at her rude remarks.

He uttered bluntly, "Ms. Zimmer, I hope you think twice before you say anything. Don't you think you're too unmannerly for a lady who comes from a respectable family?"

He hated it when people bad-mouthed Joan. She might have done something wrong, yet no one but he had the right to criticize her.

Disregarding his warning, Jessica continued to provoke him, "What, you still don't know about it? Didn't she tell you that she's busy taking care of another man? Oh, Larry, she doesn't have the time to bother about you."

What is she talking about? There are no other men at home. Well, Lucius is still a boy.

Larry rose to his feet. "What are you trying to say?"

"I see you're mad. It seems like she didn't tell you, huh? I'd better not get myself involved in this. I'm leaving now." With that, Jessica left Larry's office.

What's going on? Where is Joan? What is she doing right now? Didn't she promise to come to my office?

Feeling worried, Larry made a call to Caspian. "Caspian, I need you to go and look for Joan," he ordered coldly.

Meanwhile, Caspian felt unsettled when he received the order. Did something happen to Joan?

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The man's features were laced with worry as he drove his car to carry out the instruction.

After hanging up, Larry called Joan more than ten times. To his disappointment, the woman didn't answer any of his calls.

Gloom veiled his face as he hurled his phone onto the sofa. There was a murderous look in his eyes.

Meanwhile, in the hospital. The nurse shoved a small plastic bag full of medicine into Joan's arms. "Here, this is the patient's medicine. Three times a day according to their dosages. Come and look for me when he finishes them."

Just then, the man lying on the bed called her softly, "Joan."

Hearing his voice, Joan turned around and walked closer to his bedside.

"Do you feel better now?" she asked with her voice full of concern.

After all, Caiden had saved her life before. She couldn't help feeling worried about him when he got injured.

"Joan, why are you here?" Caiden asked feebly, though there was a hint of smugness shining in his eyes.

"The doctor called me, saying he couldn't contact any others on your contact list, so he asked me to come to the hospital. You shouldn't move around. Tell me what you need, and I'll help you with it." With that, Joan made Caiden lie down on the bed when the latter tried to sit up.

"I need some water," he requested. "I haven't drunk any the entire night."

"Alright, I'll go get some warm water for you. Wait here, and don't move around," Joan once again reminded him before walking out of the ward.

"Arghh— "

Outside the ward, a patient holding a thermos flask ran into her. At that instant, Joan's arm was scalded by the hot water, causing a small area of her skin to blister almost immediately.

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The patient immediately apologized, "Oh no, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean it."

"It's fine," Joan said with suppressed emotions.

Having seen everything that had happened, Caiden bellowed at the patient, "Hey, are you blind? Watch where you're going! Didn't you see someone walking in front of you?"

Then, the man struggled to get down from the bed and slowly made his way toward Joan.

"Are you alright? Does it hurt a lot?" he asked worriedly. His heart ached to see the painful blisters on her arm.

"I'm fine. You shouldn't get out of bed. Don't worry. It's nothing serious." With that, Joan helped Caiden to the bed and made him lie down.

At that moment, Caiden couldn't help feeling dejected when she tried to stay strong and hide her injury from him. She was always considerate, and she wouldn't afford him the chance to take care of her.

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I'd rather her show her weakness or whines in front of me. Why must she always put up a tough front? A trace of disappointment appeared in Caiden's eyes.

Or, will she only show her soft side in front of Larry?

In fact, Caiden had guessed it right. Larry was the one and only person to whom Joan would vent all her emotions. Likewise, she felt free to show her melodramatic side in front of that man.

Suddenly, Caiden's head snapped up. He then asked an unexpected question, "I have a question. Do you mind me calling you by your first name?"

Joan hesitated for a brief moment, but a composed expression soon appeared on her face.

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“Of course not,” she replied with a hint of awkwardness.

Actually, only her friends and family got to call her by her name. Caiden, on the other hand, was only one of her many juniors in university back then. Yet, since they had graduated, she was no longer his senior, so she had no justified reason not to let him call her by her first name.

“Joan, didn’t you go home last night?” Caiden asked.

In fact, not only did she not go home, she didn’t even get to sleep the entire night. The nurse said there had to be someone to take care of Caiden and constantly check on him. Since she was the only one here with him, she needed to stay up all night.

“No, I stayed here last night.” Then, she asked, “Are you hungry? I’ll go buy you some food.”

For some reason, Caiden suddenly brightened up, his eyes shining with joy. “I’m craving a croissant,” he uttered smilingly.

He was happy as long as Joan was there with him.

Soon after, the woman grabbed her purse and left the ward. Caiden watched as Joan’s figure vanished from sight. He succumbed to his curiosity when he took her phone, which was on silent mode, from the bedside table.

As expected, there were a lot of missed calls from Larry.

Larry Norton must be worried sick. That’s what I want – to make him anxious and wait in agony! Caiden clenched the blanket at the thought of the other man.

The weather was nice that day. On the busy street, most of the passersby had coffee or sandwiches in their hands. They were having their breakfasts in a hurry while heading to their respective destinations. It took Joan a long time to finally find a bakery.

“Two croissants, please,” she ordered politely.

“Alright. Here you go.” The bakery owner handed her the brown bag with the croissants.

All of a sudden, he exclaimed, “Ah, it’s you! It’s been a long time, isn’t it?”

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Do I know him? Joan tried to recall the man, but her effort was in vain. The man's face and voice didn't ring a bell with her.

"It's been years since I last saw you. You still look beautiful. I bet you don't remember me, huh? Before this, I owned a coffee shop instead of this bakery. Do you remember? The coffee shop where you and Ms. Barrymore frequented?"

"Ah, I remember it now! It's nice to see that you're running your own bakery. I see you have a lot of customers here," Joan commented smilingly.

"Yes. It's more profitable to run a bakery. Besides, the location is more strategic here. How are you and Mr. Norton doing?" the bakery owner asked.

Joan didn't know how to answer that simple question. Recently, it was hard for her to meet Larry since the latter spent most of his time working overtime in the office.

Nevertheless, she gave the bakery owner a put-off answer. "We're fine. Thanks for asking. I got to go now, see you!"

As she was leaving, the bakery owner called out from behind, "Alright. Get going already. Do come to my bakery next time!"

Actually, Joan didn't recall knowing the bakery owner or the coffee shop that he mentioned earlier.

Have I not recovered all my memories yet after the car accident? Joan felt panicked at the thought.

Fortunately, she still remembered all her loved ones.

On her way back to Caiden's ward, Joan looked bothered. Frustration was written all over her face.

Just then, a doctor approached her and asked, "Ms. Watts, what's wrong? You don't look too well."

"Huh? Um... Well... I didn't wear my coat, and it's a bit cold outside," Joan explained.

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“Do you feel cold? I can lend you my coat...”

Before he could finish his words, Joan was quick to reject him, “There is no need. I was just out buying breakfast. It will not be cold in the hospital. I’m fine, doctor.”

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