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Lately, Dustin was so busy in the supermarket that he didn't even have time to go home.

"What's wrong? Why did Ms. Young faint?" he questioned upon arrival.

Joan replied meekly, "We have no idea. She told us she wanted to take a nap, but she's not waking up. I was afraid, so I called you."

"Don't be afraid. I'm sure Ms. Young's fine. Let's send her to the hospital now." With that, Dustin carried Delilah and dashed toward his car.

The sky was pitch black by now and the moon and stars were nowhere to be seen. It was a slightly horrifying sight.

"Mom, Mr. Dustin, will Grandma be alright?" Lucius was sniffling in the car.

"Lucius, don't cry. Your grandma will be fine," Dustin hurriedly consoled him.

Joan remained silent, her gaze fixed on Delilah. She was really scared that something might happen to the elder woman.

"What did Ms. Young do today?" inquired Dustin suddenly.

Joan recalled how Delilah loaded the pots into the car, but this was part of her daily workload.

"Noelle came by today on behalf of her company to retrieve their plants," she replied coolly.

I can't believe that woman came all the way to our remote village. She's so persistent.

Forget it. This isn't the right time to talk about her in front of Lucius lest he gets the wrong idea.

Shortly after, the car came to a stop at the hospital.

"Doctor, how is she?" Joan gripped the doctor's arms nervously as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Has Ms. Young been operated on recently?" the doctor queried.

"Yes. What about that? Is something wrong with her? What should we do?" Joan panicked instantly. "Doctor, you must save her. It doesn't matter how much it costs. I'll pay for everything."

"Please calm down, Miss. Her condition isn't that serious. Thing is, she should be resting after her surgery. Apart from that, don't let her worry too much. You know how elderly people like her tend to worry a lot. So perhaps you can bring her out for a stroll every day."

So that's what he meant! Joan breathed a sigh of relief.

I thought Ms. Young's in serious trouble!

The three of them could finally relaxed after confirming Delilah was fine.

"Lucius, you should go home. After all, you still have to go to school tomorrow. I will stay here with Ms. Young. Dustin will give you a ride home, alright?" Joan bent down and caressed Lucius' cheeks lightly.

Lucius gazed at Delilah longingly. He was afraid that something might happen to her.

"Mom, is Grandma really alright?"

"She's fine. Don't worry. Didn't you hear the doctor just now? She's just tired and needs more rest." Joan pressed a comforting kiss on his forehead and told him not to worry.

They chatted for a long time before Lucius agreed to let Dustin send him back home.

In the vehicle, Lucius suddenly inquired, "Mr. Dustin, Mom didn't lie to me, did she?"

Lucius was a thoughtful child. His question showed that he was far more mature than his peers.

"Your mom won't lie to you, Lucius. Don't worry. Ms. Young had exerted herself, that's all," he answered.

Meanwhile, Larry had just returned home only to be greeted with silence. No one was in.

Where is everyone? No one's at home. Are they in the garden? He took his phone along as he made his way to the garden.

The garden was dark and eerily quiet.

What's happening? Why is Lucius missing, too? He needs to go to school tomorrow. Suspicion flashed across Larry's eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Dustin!" Lucius' voice rang out from the gate.

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"It'll be fine, Lucius. She just needs some rest. Don't worry." Dustin ruffled the boy's hair affectionately.

"Okay, Mr. Dustin, I trust you." Lucius flashed a grin in response.

Larry had witnessed the entire exchange.

Why did he send Lucius home? Where is Joan and Ms. Young? He hurried toward the gate.

Soon, the car drove away as Lucius walked into the yard. Larry stared at the car before walking into the yard.

"Lucius!"

"Dad, you're finally back!" The boy threw himself into Larry's arms.

"What's wrong? Did you cry? Your eyes are swollen. Did someone bully you?" Larry asked, the concern in his voice evident. He reached out to pinch the boy's cheeks.

"Dad, you have no idea how scared I was. Grandma fell asleep on the couch and we couldn't wake her up. Mom was scared, so she called Mr. Dustin..." The boy proceeded to explain everything to him.

"What happened then? How is she now? Is she alright?" Larry immediately picked him up.

"She's fine, Dad. That's why Mr. Dustin gave me a ride home."

I can't believe she called Dustin instead of me. Disappointment engulfed Larry's heart.

He thought Joan would turn to him for help, but clearly, he was no longer her first choice.

"Dad, what's wrong? Do you feel unwell? You look pale," came Lucius' concerned voice.

"It's nothing. Lucius, it's time for you to go to bed. You have school tomorrow, remember?" Larry ruffled his hair and reminded him.

He decided to take care of Lucius that night and visit Delilah the next morning.

"Alright. Good night, Dad!" Lucius ran into his bedroom obediently.

When Larry took his phone out, he realized that Joan had called him earlier.

Could it be that I missed her call? Ah, I must have been too busy at work to hear my phone vibrate.

The next morning, warm sunshine filled the house. Lucius rolled over and struggled to get up.

"Dad, I'm ready. Don't forget to visit Grandma today," Lucius took Larry's hand and reminded him.

"Got it, don't worry. Remember to sleep early tonight." Larry bent down and patted Lucius' head.

Arriving at the hospital, the place was crowded as usual.

"Mr. Norton, you're here!" A doctor hurried over to greet him. "Are you here to visit Ms. Young?"

"Yes. Which ward is she in now?" asked Larry.

When he walked into the ward, Delilah was lying in bed with her eyes closed. She was hooked on an IV drip, and Joan was dozing on the side of the bed with Dustin's jacket covering her body. As for Dustin, he was snoring lightly on the couch.

The very scene stung Larry's eyes. As expected, Dustin came back here. He was worried about Joan.

Probably hearing the footsteps, Joan woke up. She stretched lazily and opened her eyes slowly.

"Huh? You're here," Joan rose to her feet hastily.

She nearly toppled onto the ground in her haste. Luckily, Larry held her and smoothed her fringe gently.

"When did you arrive? Have you eaten? I'll buy some breakfast for you." Joan made to leave the room.

"Don't go anywhere. Rest right here. I'll go," said Larry as he patted Joan's shoulder.

Meanwhile, Dustin had been awake for some time, but he refused to look at the couple acting lovey-dovey. As such, he kept his eyes shut and pretended to be asleep.

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"Mm-mm."

"Ms. Young! You're up. Are you feeling better? Does it hurt anywhere?" Joan clutched Delilah's hand in concern.

After Delilah saved her life, they had lived together for a long time. Hence, she thought of Delilah as family and couldn't bear to part with her.

"Look at you. Why are you so worried? I'm fine, aren't I? I was just too tired and wanted to sleep longer. Why did you send me to the hospital? Don't do that again, you hear? I was only sleeping, mind you," Delilah pinched her cheeks and chided.

Seeing how Delilah had regained her energy, Joan couldn't conceal her delight. She didn't mind being rebuked by Delilah as long as the latter was healthy.

"Ms. Young, you have no idea what a scare you gave us last night," Dustin strode over and declared.

Oh, so he's the one who sent me here. I thought it was Larry. Delilah sighed in disappointment as something flickered in her gaze.

No matter how busy he is, he should at least take Joan's feelings into account. She reckoned that Joan must've called Dustin after failing to contact Larry.

After all, she knew Joan too well. Larry was the top priority in the latter's life.

"Hey, I'm starving. Why don't you head out to buy some food?" Delilah turned to Dustin and suggested.

"Oh, sure. Wait a minute, didn't Larry go earlier?" Dustin returned.

"I don't like his preference. He's going to buy some oily stuff again. I want to eat a simple sandwich," Delilah replied on purpose.

Joan immediately understood that Delilah was trying to send Dustin away to talk to her in private.

"Dustin, since Ms. Young wants to eat some sandwiches, please help and buy a few. Also, help me get some coffee," she told Dustin.

"Alright, got it." Dustin stood up and hurried out of the ward.

He would always dash to carry out Joan's requests.

Now that only Joan and Delilah were left in the ward, they gazed at each other silently, as if they were trying to guess each other's thoughts.

"Why was it Dustin instead of Larry?" Finally, the woman in bed spoke.

"I tried calling Larry last night, but he didn't pick up. You were pale and didn't answer to our calls, so I got scared and called Dustin instead," revealed Joan.

Hmm, I must've been too exhausted last night.

"Don't worry. I just needed some rest. Look, I'm fine now." Delilah waved her arms.

Joan knew Delilah was forcing a smile to placate her.

"Ms. Young, you're up." Just then, Larry strode into the ward. "Here, I've bought some breakfast. I didn't know what you want, so I bought a little of everything." He handed the food he bought to them.

Larry had bought a spread of everything available.

"Mr. Norton, you must be terribly busy. Do you really have time to visit me? I thought you're going to sleep in your company every day?" chided Delilah.

Larry knew that her words were spoken for Joan's sake. But he had no choice as he needed to handle everything himself. Otherwise, a slight mistake might affect his company's reputation.

"Of course not, Ms. Young. I'm just a little busy lately," Larry tried explaining.

"Yeah, you're so busy to the point where you don't even have time to answer your phone," came Delilah's reply.

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"Well, in the end, someone else came to help anyway," Larry retorted.

He was clearly upset. Even Joan was rendered confused by his sudden retort.

"Ms. Young, here's your sandwich..." Dustin walked into the ward and came to a stop when he spotted Larry.

"Look, someone else bought food, too," Larry said sarcastically.

An awkward silence ensued. Even the nurses who walked past the ward couldn't help but gave them curious stares.

"What is going on? They are acting strangely. Who is that woman married to?"

"Hey, stop gossiping. It's none of our business. Come on, let's go."

With that, they hurriedly scurried away.

"Joan, can I get discharged from the hospital now?" Delilah's sudden question broke the silence.

"Huh? No, Ms. Young. You should stay here for the time being. I'm worried that your body is still too weak," said Joan softly.

Nonetheless, Delilah thought it was better to go home. After all, things were awkward here.

"I'm fine. Just tell the doctor that I'll leave this afternoon," Delilah stated firmly.

Knowing that no one would be able to change Delilah's mind once she had made her decision, Joan left the ward reluctantly to inform the doctor.

"Hey, what's wrong with you both?" Delilah inquired the moment Joan left the room.

Larry strode to stand in front of the window gloomily.

He wasn't in the wrong, so there was no need for him to feel guilty or repent.

Dustin knew what Delilah meant, but he also felt he did nothing wrong. He drank with Joan as she was in a foul mood, and they spent a night in a hotel after both of them got drunk. They were innocent, so there was no need for him to apologize to anyone.

"Ms. Young, don't worry about us. Just take care of yourself," Dustin assured her.

If they aren't happy, how could I be happy? Delilah shook her head and exhaled sharply.

Young people nowadays tend to complicate things, especially their relationships. I'm too old to give them advice.

"Why do you people like to torture yourself and others? I don't get it," she reprimanded.

Indeed, they liked to torture each other as though life would be stale without any torture. But as a matter of fact, life would be stale if there was no love, and love was the most torturous thing on earth.

Many people remained faithful to their loved ones no matter how many obstacles they went through. Some people would give up halfway, while others would wait patiently for the perfect timing. One good example was Dustin.

Love wasn't a need. Only those in love would understand. Perhaps only they would understand the sorrow and happiness that could be found in love. Even though it might hurt, they would still enjoy it.

"Ms. Young, you should stop working in the garden. I'll hire a few men to tend to your garden," offered Larry.

Delilah immediately refused his offer. "No, that won't do. That's my garden, and no outsiders are allowed inside."

The elder lady preferred to do everything herself, but her health would be affected in the long term.

"Ms. Young, I think that's a good idea. You can supervise them every day," Dustin chimed in.

Interesting. Is he speaking up for me? Larry gazed at Dustin curiously.

Dustin didn't want to agree with Larry, but he was worried about Delilah's health.

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Delilah hesitated momentarily before agreeing to Larry's suggestion.

Joan came in right then. "Ms. Young, the doctor said you can leave at any time, but you can't exert yourself anymore."

"I know my health condition. You're just being too paranoid." Delilah chuckled.

There was no way Joan would not worry. After all, Delilah had been operated on, and she was no longer young. Not to mention, she still had to tend to her garden and refused to stop working. I need to persuade her to rest, Joan decided.

After that, both Larry and Joan felt a growing sense of awkwardness. They realized they didn't speak much to each other.

"Ms. Young, I need to return to my company." With a nod, Larry excused himself.

"Hey, will you come home tonight?" Delilah queried.

Larry replied, "I'm not sure. It depends."

"I'll ask Joan to deliver lunch to you, alright?"

"No need, I'm not hungry. And I'll be busy during dinner, too." He stalked out right after saying that.

"Hey, Um, I think I should still prepare lunch for you. You didn't eat anything this morning, right?" asked Joan carefully after following him out the ward.

She remember that? Then why did she forget to explain what happened previously? Larry snorted.

All I want is her explanation, but she refused to say anything.

"No need. I'm not hungry." After saying that, Larry left without a backward glance.

Why is he acting so cruel and snobby? I'm prepared to give him an explanation, but he keeps tormenting me.

Forget it. I'll explain to him later.

"What's wrong? Have you explained things to him? Do you need my help?" Dustin walked out of the ward and asked.

"Huh? It's fine. I can explain to him myself," Joan replied.

If Dustin came between her and Larry, things would get really complicated.

"Alright. I'll head back to the supermarket now. I'll be back this afternoon to pick you guys up."

With that, only Joan and Delilah were left in the ward. They were engrossed in their own thoughts as sadness flitted across their faces.

Suddenly, Delilah blurted out. "Joan, why did you choose to torture yourself?"

Huh? That's a weird question. Joan looked up, utterly perplexed.

"If I were you, I would have cut ties with other men who obviously harbored feelings for me. You don't want this to end up in a mess, do you?" Delilah reminded her.

She's right. But Larry's doing the same thing. He's also involved with that Jessica Zimmer. I mean, there's no way there's absolutely nothing between them, right?

"Hurry, call Larry now. Are you seriously gonna waste time not talking to each other?" Delilah grew increasingly irritated.

Why would I call him? He should call me, right? Joan was reluctant.

I know I was wrong to drink with Dustin. I didn't explain to him in time, but he did the same! Did he explain his relationship with Jessica? No!

"No, I won't. I'm tired. I'm going to take a nap." Joan stalked away.

My, my, why is she so stubborn? Larry's handsome and accomplished. Isn't she afraid other women would take him away from her?

"What's wrong with you? It won't hurt to call him," Delilah tried convincing Joan.

Alas, Joan refused to give in. She thought that Larry shouldn't be so petty, being a man and all. At the thought of Larry and Jessica, fury rose in her heart.

She had seen Jessica in Larry's office more than once. The woman would always bring along snacks or breakfast for him. Those who didn't know that Larry's wife was Joan would think that Jessica was his wife instead.

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"What's wrong? Did something happened?" Delilah asked.

Many things had happened, but Joan didn't feel like telling Delilah.

"It's fine, Ms. Young. We'll be fine after some time," Joan assured her.

However, Delilah thought otherwise. She knew that someone else might grab the chance to break Larry and Joan up while they were giving each other the cold shoulder.

Even though Larry was trustworthy, he was still a man.

Delilah wasn't worried about Joan, for Joan only had her eyes set on Larry. She might've spent too much time with Dustin and Caiden, but they were just friends.

"Aren't you afraid someone else might take him away from you?" demanded Delilah.

Huh? Why would I be afraid of that? Joan chuckled in response.

Larry loves me. He's not some playboy.

"Joan, human beings are complicated. You two might have gone through a lot and created beautiful memories together, but none of you can be certain you won't fall out of love with each other."

She added, "Keep watch on Larry. Of course, I don't mean you need to monitor him 24/7, but you didn't even interact with him earlier. Isn't this too much?" Concern tinged Delilah's voice.

They were both furious earlier, so Joan decided to wait till she calmed down.

"Ms. Young, you shouldn't worry too much. Right now, you need to take care of your health. Larry and I will reconcile after his company is back on the right track." Joan patted Delilah's shoulder in consolation.

Fine. They should settle it themselves. Delilah sighed and walked out of the room.

Joan was certain she would spend the rest of her life with Larry.

Still, perhaps things might take an unexpected twist one day.

Meanwhile, Caspian was talking to Larry in his office. "Larry, it's getting late. You should go home. It has been a while since you spend time with Joan."

"I have work to do. So I won't be going home tonight," came Larry's calm reply.

He's not going home again? Why is he so diligent? He should balance his life and work. Besides, Joan might complain if this keeps happening.

"Uh, I think these aren't urgent. You can continue working tomorrow. Why don't you go home for today?" Caspian suggested carefully.

"Get straight to the point. Don't beat around the bush," said Larry without even looking up.

Hearing that, Caspian parted his lips to say, "Well, I think you haven't really talked to Joan in a while. We've solved the manufacturing company's problem, so we can relax for now before you start on another project..."

Why is he being such a nag? Larry frowned. Joan didn't say anything. So why is he trying to persuade me to get off work?

Sometimes, Larry wondered why Caspian, being a man, would act like how a woman was acting—being detail-oriented.

"I mean, am I right? Joan sacrificed a lot to marry you," Caspian waffled on.

Larry felt like stopping him but thought the better of it.

Forget it. I'll just let him vent his frustrations out.

"Larry? Hey, are you listening?" Caspian came closer to Larry.

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"Yes, I'm listening," replied Larry slowly.

He had been listening without registering the words.

"Alright. I'll go on, then."

Right then, Jessica stepped into the office and interjected, "Stop babbling nonsense. Men should focus on their careers before their families. Larry can get another wife, no problem. He can take his pick out of many girls out there, including me."

Ugh, another annoying person! Larry took a deep breath and carried on with his work.

"Hey, Ms. Zimmer. It's late. Why are you here?" Caspian spun on his heels and greeted her.

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"Oh, I'm here to have dinner with Mr. Norton and talk about our collaboration," was her reply.

Seriously? Back then, when Norton Corporation wanted to partner up with them, their representative refused to show up. Why is she here to discuss a partnership all of a sudden?

Is this another trap? Larry studied her warily.

"Ms. Zimmer, it's getting late, so we should talk about this tomorrow," he responded cautiously.

Jessica glanced at him and stalked over arrogantly.

She insisted on discussing with him that night, no matter if he liked it or not.

"Why? Are you refusing to work with us?" she retorted.

Larry was firm. "I have something on at home."

There was no way he would stay to discuss a partnership with her as he had already found a suitable manufacturing company. Thus, there was no need to keep in touch with the Zimmer family.

Larry gave them plenty of time to consider, but they didn't even bother to give him a reply. Now, even if they were reaching out to him, he couldn't be bothered to give a d*mn.

"Are you rejecting local manufacturers now that your business is expanding?" Jessica sneered.

Larry scoffed.

What a joke. Her family was the one who betrayed me in the first place!

"Yep, you're right. I don't like working with someone who had betrayed me," Larry mocked.

His answer was crystal clear.

"Are you upset, Mr. Norton? You might've partnered up with the biggest manufacturer abroad, but you can't be certain they will continue collaborating with you, can you? Isn't it better to have a local backup manufacturer?" Jessica offered.

Caspian nodded in agreement, but Larry was unconvinced. Even if the foreign manufacturer terminated their contract, he still wouldn't partner up with the Zimmer family.

Once he made a decision, he would go ahead no matter what the result would be. Besides, Norton Corporation was capable enough of finding another partner.

"I need to go. You guys can talk." Larry turned to leave.

He had to admit that Caspian and Jessica seemed like a great match, so he decided to let them spend some time together.

At first, Jessica might reject Caspian, but as long as he held on, she would eventually cave in and agree to be his girlfriend.

After all, women were emotional, including those who worked in the corporate world. Jessica, especially, was someone who lacked security.

Strangely, Jessica's father had been out of reach for some time. Larry shook his head and strode out.

As Caspian and Jessica were left alone in the office, the air turned awkward in an instant.

"Why don't I treat you to dinner instead?" Caspian suggested.

At the moment, Jessica was shaking with rage as Larry had rejected her invitation right in front of Caspian.

That was humiliating!

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"Come on, let's drink together." Jessica stormed out on her platform heels.

The nightclub they went to was crowded. Everyone seemed excited to be there. The crowd came here for the same purpose—to vent their stress from work.

It was normal to feel stressed out living in this fast-paced city. One might even suffer from depression, so people chose to relax in the nightclub after work. Jessica often frequented places like this when she was upset to divert her attention.

"Ms. Zimmer, maybe we should leave," yelled Caspian over the uproar. "It's already so late."

Why is he being so fussy? I'm having fun here, but he's annoying the hell out of me. Jessica shot him a look full of disdain.

He can leave by himself. I'm here to relax.

"Ms. Zimmer, the music is too loud here. Why don't we go somewhere else?" Caspian continued, concern evident in his voice.

However, this was her favorite nightclub, so Jessica refused to budge. What a country bumpkin.

Caspian used to frequent nightclubs previously. But after he got married to Nancy, he stopped coming to these places even after they were divorced.

Countless sexy ladies were dancing to the loud music while the men stared lecherously.

Caspian was worried that something would happen to Jessica here.

After all, she was too gorgeous to go unnoticed.

Meanwhile, Jessica had settled down in a corner as she swayed along to the music while sipping on her drink. She was careful enough to pick a seat in the corner.

"Hey, Ms. Zimmer. Let's go. It's too chaotic here," reminded Caspian.

Ugh, how annoying. He can leave if he wants! Why is he talking nonstop?

"Enough. You can leave now," Jessica declared.

Huh? She isn't going to leave?

"What about you?"

"I'm going to drink here. Caspian, from now on, don't talk to me. I'm in a foul mood!" Jessica announced and finished a glass of liquor in one gulp.

Did she seriously just down a whole glass of liquor?

Caspian immediately zipped his mouth shut. After studying the noisy crowd, he calmed down and decided to stay with Jessica here.

"Do you want to have a drink?" Jessica inquired, her gaze glassy.

"No, thanks. I'm going to drive you home later," came Caspian's calm reply.

Oh? What a responsible man. Jessica scoffed silently. Such a pity that he isn't my type.

"I need to use the washroom." Caspian stood up and left.

Not far away, a young man with blond hair asked his friend, "Hey, what do you think of that girl sitting in the corner?"

"Mm, not bad. Let's go."

Two plump men took their glasses and headed toward Jessica.

"Hey, Miss. Are you here alone?" The older man sat beside Jessica and placed his arm over her shoulder.

"Who are you?" Jessica squinted her eyes and asked.

She was slightly tipsy now.

"I'm your friend, here to accompany you," replied the man.

"Scram! I only want Larry!" she screeched before shoving the man away.

"Hey, open your eyes and look carefully. I am Larry!"

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Hmm? Is Larry here? Jessica tried to open her eyes to see who it was, but she was too weak to do so.

"Hey, Jessica, where are you going?" Right then, Caspian showed up and inquired nonchalantly.

The other two men scanned him curiously.

"Who are you? And what does she have to do with you?" they guipped rudely.

Who are they? Does Jessica know them?

"I'm her friend. Who are you?" Caspian retorted icily.

Clearly, the men were after Jessica. It was a normal occurrence in a rowdy place like this.

"Sorry, we're also her friends. Let's go." The men reached out to drag her away.

Really? I don't think so.

"Jessica, wake up!" Caspian shook her arm forcefully.

"Hmm?" Her eyes fluttered open. "What's wrong?"

"Do you recognize these men?"

If they were indeed her friends, he couldn't beat them up. But if they were lying, he would make sure they pay the price.

"What? I don't know them. Where's Larry? He was here a while ago," Jessica mumbled.

Caspian parted his lips in disbelief. Is she crazy? There's no way Larry's here. After all, he said he would be going home earlier.

"Right. She doesn't know you, so hands-off," he announced.

He despised men who tried to take advantage of women. They might be acting on instinct, but it was still unacceptable for them to harm women.

"A piece of advice—stay out of this. She belongs to us tonight. If you want her, I can send her to your place tomorrow morning," the man joked as his lips curved up into a smirk.

Scoundrels! Rage boiled in Caspian as he clenched his fists tightly.

These two despicable idiots are nothing but disgrace to all us other men.

"Hey, you're not Larry. Get your hands off me!" Jessica tried to pry the man's hands off her.

Seeing that she was regaining her senses, Caspian's gaze softened.

Why is she drinking so much? It's not like she can't live without a man, right?

"Miss, we came to an agreement earlier. How could you go back on your word? We've been waiting for you patiently!" the man told her, his hot breath landing on her face.

"Who the f*ck agreed to go with you? I only agreed because you said you're Larry. Obviously, you're not Larry. So why the hell would I go with you?" Jessica burped and rebuked harshly.

B*tch! I guess we're doing this the hard way, huh? The man was used to girls chasing after him, so he couldn't believe that Jessica was rejecting his advances.

"No, you need to leave with me tonight!" he insisted menacingly.

Jessica was still struggling to free herself. "Let me go!"

Without hesitation, the men dragged her out of the nightclub.

"Hey! Stop right there!" Caspian dashed after them.

"What? You wanna fight?"

"Let her go, and I'll pretend nothing happened," Caspian declared arrogantly.

The men immediately burst out laughing. There was no way they would let her go.

"I'm sorry, friend, but she's ours." After saying that, they pounced on Caspian together.

As for Jessica, she was left slumped on the ground. Her eyes were shut as though she was asleep.

Caspian could easily take the two men down, for he was skilled. Yet, he had no idea help was about to come their way.

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"Boss!" Suddenly, a man on a bike came to a stop ahead of them.

"Help is here!"

At that, over a dozen men with brandishing clubs were marching over to Caspian.

What the heck? Are they ganging up on me?

"Nice. Hurry up and teach him a lesson!" the man pointed at Caspian and announced.

The group of men promptly rushed over and attacked Caspian at once.

In the end, Caspian was defeated.

He collapsed on the ground in a pool of his own blood with wounds all over his body.

"Boss, how should we deal with him?"

"He should thank his lucky stars that he's still alive. Let's go."

They kicked him several times before stalking away.

On the ground, Caspian mumbled weakly, "Jessica..."

Currently, Jessica was sleeping peacefully behind the garbage bins. Luckily for her, the men couldn't find her anywhere. Thus, they left without looking back.

Looking up, Caspian realized that the sky was painted an inky black. He couldn't even see the moon or stars anywhere. He whipped out his phone hastily.

"Larry, I'm hurt. Please come pick me up..." Upon hearing his plea, Larry cut the line and dashed out of his room.

"Hey, it's late. Where are you going?" Joan was shouting behind him.

"I need to head out. Don't wait up for me," he responded coolly.

Who the hell dare to hurt my subordinate?

Thud! He hit his steering wheel as fury flashed across his gaze.

"Doctor, how is he? Is he badly hurt?" Larry queried worriedly.

The doctor answered, "Luckily, he works out often. Otherwise, it'll take him a long time to recover. Look, there are wounds all over his body."

Larry glanced at Caspian's shirt that was stained with blood and felt his heart break at the sight.

Right then, Caspian moaned. "Ugh..."

"Where is Jessica? Larry, how is she doing?" he asked the moment he opened his eyes.

Larry sighed at the obviously love-struck Caspian.

"I haven't visited her yet. But don't worry, she's fine," he assured Caspian and patted his shoulder.

He didn't even need to visit her to know that she was perfectly alright, for Caspian had taken the beating for her.

"No, I need to see her for myself." Caspian struggled to sit up.

"Hey, stop it. Don't forget that you're hurt. Stay here, I'll go look at her now," Larry responded and stepped out of the ward.

Feeling irritated, Larry couldn't help but sigh. Must he only listen to me after I had lost my temper?

In another ward, Jessica was snoring lightly in bed.

Will you look at that, she's sleeping soundly!

"Mm? Larry? Why are you here?" Jessica opened her eyes slowly. "Wait, where am I? This isn't home," she muttered in bewilderment.

What happened last night? I remember I went to the nightclub. But I don't remember anything after that. Shit, did I do something horrible in the nightclub? That thought shocked Jessica greatly. This... is the hospital? Did I beat someone up?

"Larry, what's going on? Why am I in the hospital?" she hurriedly got off the bed and demanded.

Seeing that she knew she was in the hospital, Larry reckoned that she was now sober.

"Don't you know what you did last night?" he returned impassively.

He couldn't hide the contempt in his voice, for Jessica had kicked up a fuss when she was intoxicated last night and even implicated Caspian.

"I went to the nightclub last night. Oh, where's Caspian? I remembered he was with me. Did he go back home?" She huffed angrily, "Seriously? He has no sense of loyalty."

Hearing her complain, Larry snickered and said nothing. She should look in the mirror. Look at her dark circles and lipstick stain on her cheeks. She must've had tons of fun last night. If possible, Larry wished he would never have to see this woman again.