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Huh? Let nature take its course? One could only hope for success if one took action. No action meant no hope.

"Have you ever thought of reconciling? After all, both of you went through so much together. You shouldn't separate because of some misunderstandings," Dustin inquired.

He wanted Joan to realize he could be her protector and give her a future she deserved.

"Let's drop that topic. Here, have more food. You've worked hard recently." She took a slice of pepperoni pizza and placed it on his plate.

Her thoughtfulness moved him. It had been some time since Joan opened up to him.

Despite that, she saw it as a normal interaction between friends.

"Let's dive in!"

As usual, Jessica was drunk. She was trying to pick a fight with Caspian.

"More wine! Quick!" she demanded.

"You're such an embarrassment. It's time to bring you back," Caspian said.

"Back where? My parents are not around, so what's the point of heading home?"

He stared at Jessica and felt his heart ached.

"It's okay, I'm here. Don't worry." Caspian stroked her hair.

"Stop nagging and give me more wine! I want more!" she shouted and tried to grab his glass.

"Jessica. It's time to go back!"

It annoyed him when women tried to drink, especially Jessica, who kept crossing his boundaries. Even though he had romantic feelings towards her, he would never break his principles.

"Caspian, you're so overbearing! Why won't you let me drink?"

"Because I like you!"

The room went silent as they stared at each other, unsure of what to say next. Meanwhile, Larry was deep in his own thoughts at the window and was clueless about what was happening.

"Give it to me!" Jessica continued.

Smash!

Caspian snatched her glass away and threw it on the floor.

The atmosphere in the room turned awkward.

"Let's go!" He helped her up.

"Let's go, Larry. We have to leave before she acts up again."

Larry spoke little throughout the meal. When he heard Caspian, he stood up immediately and opened the door.

The sight of Dustin and Joan greeted him. They were walking side by side like a sweet couple. Caspian cast them a contemptuous gaze from behind Larry.

"Larry, let's go."

"Don't touch me!" Jessica exclaimed in anger.

Joan halted, turned at the familiar voice, and saw Larry watching her.

Dustin, on the other hand, was glaring murderously at the latter.

Larry, just agree with the divorce! There's no point in struggling. Dustin clenched his fists.

"Huh? Isn't that Joan?" Jessica pointed at her.

Caspian stopped her from getting near Joan in case Jessica picked a fight with her.

Joan was surprised by what she saw.

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Jessica likes Larry, but why is she behaving so intimately with Caspian? There was a mixture of hope and disappointment in Joan's eyes as she watched the trio.

"Ah!"

Suddenly, Jessica shrugged off Caspian's arms and threw herself into Larry's embrace.

"It still feels the best to be in Larry's embrace," she said smugly.

Although their relationship was platonic, from Joan's perspective, it was the exact opposite.

"Alright. We have to go!" Caspian grabbed Jessica.

"No! Is that Dustin? I have something to tell you." Jessica approached Dustin, who retreated a few steps in unease.

Is she trying to create a scene? Dustin crossed his arms and maintained a safe distance from her.

"Why are you retreating? I'm not gonna eat you up. Come here, let's talk. Why did you approach Joan? Are you trying to tear Larry and her apart?" Jessica demanded as she grabbed him by his tie.

She must be crazy! He was suppressing the anger that was boiling inside of him.

"Hey, Larry. Are you going to let her continue?" Dustin directed.

Caspian nudged Larry and pointed to Joan. Larry walked over to Joan after hesitating for a few seconds.

Before he could speak, Dustin pulled Joan away.

"Dustin, what are you doing?" she demanded.

"Are you stupid? What if that mad lady hurts you?"

Jessica would never hurt Joan. She only wanted to teach Dustin a lesson.

Larry was crushed as he watched their vanishing silhouettes.

Is she happy with Dustin?

"Larry, stop looking! Let's go!" Caspian said to break his thoughts.

Go? Where? Larry scoffed.

I'll head to the office instead!

"Stop. Why would Jessica hurt me? Furthermore, she's drunk!" Joan shrugged off Dustin's hands.

"You're angry?"

The last thing he wanted was to upset her.

"I'm going home."

That night in his office, Larry lay on the sofa and wrestled with his emotions.

Norton Corporation was facing a crisis that could shake up Larry's position in the company. Is it time to let Joan go?

Meanwhile, Joan was in bed, staring at the ceiling as Larry's crestfallen expression replayed in her mind.

What was he going to say? Joan took a deep breath in an attempt to stabilize her emotions.

Dustin was gloating as he stared at the documents on his desk.

Norton Corporation was about to end up in his hands. That was his gift for Joan and his dream.

Caspian headed to the gym after he sent Jessica home.

Though that was a peaceful night, all of them were troubled by their own affairs.

Everything unfolded naturally, yet abruptly.

Fate was a mysterious thing that revolved around the same people after coming full circle.

"Mr. Norton, the shareholders are having meeting now," a flustered assistant informed Larry who was sitting calmly on the sofa.

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He had anticipated for such this day to arrive. Those scheming people couldn't wait for him to step down.

"Alright," Larry replied after some thought.

It was not his style to run away from the inevitable.

The meeting room quickly filled with people. Even those shareholders who rarely made an appearance were present.

"Mr. Norton, it's time for you to step down. We don't want you to tire yourself out unnecessarily," one of them stated.

"Exactly. Mr. Norton, it's time for a change," another chimed in.

"A young man like you will be successful no matter where you go."

Those shareholders continued to mock him mercilessly. Larry was unaffected because he was used to their inconsiderate behaviors. They had no intentions to look out for him anyway. To be exact, they were against the Norton family.

Slam!

A man barged into the meeting room aggressively.

It was Dustin.

The shareholders stood up in unison and welcomed him with bright smiles.

"Mr. Silverman is here. Please, sit take a seat!"

"Yeah, Mr. Silverman, please."

They buttered up to Dustin and ignored Larry. A few shareholders sympathized with the latter but did not dare to speak up.

Dustin smirked and walked toward Larry with a conceited look on his face.

"Mr. Norton, you may rest from now on," he announced and tossed the Share Transfer Agreement to Larry in despise.

Everyone was stunned to see the document.

"He found it and got some shares as well."

"He's extraordinary."

Larry smirked at the agreement.

What is he smirking at? Did he know it was faked? It's impossible. Other than the two involved, there were no other witnesses. Dustin was suddenly anxious.

"Mr. Silverman, the future of Norton Corporation is now in your hands," Larry said intentionally.

He would get this company back one day, but he had to stay low for that time being.

"Mr. Norton, don't worry. You're still the second-largest shareholder. We look forward to having you back anytime. Since Norton Corporation is now under my care, should I change it to Silverman Corporation?" Dustin mocked as he glanced at the shareholders.

The room turned silent. Those shareholders did not dare to play along with him.

"Of course, the biggest shareholder gets to decide," one stated boldly.

"Yes, of course!" another chimed in.

Larry narrowed his eyes at the ones who agreed with the change of the company's name.

What a bunch of materialistic fools! He turned and left the meeting room.

Back at his office, Larry crafted a plan in his mind while he packed.

"Mr. Norton, please don't leave," one of the staff pleaded.

"Yeah, Mr. Norton, we hate to see you go."

"Mr. Norton, what are we gonna do when you're gone? We've worked hard along your side all these years."

A dozen of the staff were reluctant for him to leave.

He had groomed them into elites himself, but he had let these loyal employees down.

To establish the company's reputation in the earlier days, the staff had to work overtime. Many even forfeited their holidays and weekends. However, they did it willingly because they trusted his leadership.

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"Everyone, I was a little harsh on you. I hope you can understand and forgive me. From now on, you must work hard together as the future of Norton Corporation depends on you," Larry said emotionally.

"No, Mr. Norton, if you really leave, we will also follow you."

"That's right. We'll leave with you."

Several colleagues made it clear that they were all in this together.

"No, you'll stay here. You're not allowed to go anywhere!" Larry ordered.

His departure was temporary, so he could find out the truth. He wasn't a fool to leave his company to an outsider.

"Whoa, so sentimental. Whoever wants to leave, leave. I won't stop you. We're in no shortage of staff anyway," Dustin suddenly barged in and declared.

"No, they're just here to bid me farewell," Larry hurriedly explained while glaring at those men who had said the wrong thing on impulse.

"Larry, from now on, this office is mine. You should..." Dustin trailed off and shrugged.

So? What does he want to say? Is he showing off? How ridiculous! Larry smiled and left the office.

"Larry!" Caspian shouted from the car that was parked at the company entrance.

Larry looked at him suspiciously, somewhat surprised.

"Why aren't you with Dustin?"

"You, Larry Norton, are my one and only boss in this life," Caspian stated with burning loyalty.

However, Larry did not want to implicate his buddy..

When Caspian joined Norton Corporation, he signed an agreement that stipulated a minimum service of five years in the company. He still had to fulfill that clause.

At that moment, he did not what Larry had gone through, so he could not comfort him.

After a long deliberation, Larry decided to go to a hotel instead of home.

In his hotel room, he stared at Joan's phone number on his phone screen and hesitated for thirty minutes before he finally dialed the number.

"I agree to a divorce."

The short sentence hit Joan like a ton of bricks, leaving her suffocated.

We're divorcing. Lying on the bed, she stared at the moon through the window and got lost in thought.

Why can't he give it another shot? Why can't he hold on a while longer?

She finally fell asleep from exhaustion after crying her heart out.

She woke up early the next day. After seeing Larry's phone number on the call log, she realized it was not a dream, but a reality.

"Joan, wake up! Time for breakfast!" Delilah yelled from the kitchen.

"Coming."

"What's wrong? Why are you having dark circles under your eyes?"

"He's agreed to a divorce," Joan murmured, looking tired.

Delilah was dumbfounded. What? Is that man really letting go of Joan? Forget it. Since it doesn't work out, there's no point in keeping the marriage. Perhaps divorce might be a mercy for them.

"Alright. Look at me. I'm doing fine without having a man in my life, aren't I?" Delilah comforted.

However, Joan was heartbroken. She really loved him. It never occurred to her that they would get a divorce.

"Come, let's eat." Delilah led her to the dining table and handed her a glass of milk and a sandwich.

As Lucius had already gone to school, they were the only ones at home.

Finally, Joan could not hold back her tears anymore and burst out crying.

Her sobs tore at Delilah. She wanted to call Larry and chide him, but it was all too late.

What was said could not be unsaid. Larry wasn't a heartless man. He must have thought it through before he agreed to a divorce.

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"Alright. Enough with the crying. Men are nothing. Without them, we can still live a wonderful life," Delilah consoled her while patting on her back.

Despite that, Joan still found it hard to move on.

"Joan Watts, can you grow a spine? Why miss him when he no longer loves you? Why do you have to make yourself suffer?"

Her words instantly knocked some sense into Joan.

"Okay. I wanna eat now. I wanna live well." Then, she immediately stuffed an egg into her mouth and chewed it.

That's right. Why must I put myself in misery when he's doing fine?

After breakfast, she went to the Civil Affairs Bureau, where Larry was waiting for her on the sofa in the lobby.

He can't wait at all, can he? Joan snorted coldly; a trace of disdain in her eyes.

I guess he's gonna marry Jessica after our divorce.

"You're here," Larry greeted in a low voice.

"Yeah. I don't want to keep you waiting."

However, the fact was that she only left the house after some time.

"Have the two of you thought it through?"

"Yes," Larry replied straightforwardly.

Joan turned to look at him, feeling surprised. He can't wait to get it done, can he?

Soon, their divorce certificate was ready.

Looking at it, Joan felt a lump in her throat as tears welled up in her eyes. She tried her best, but she could not hide the sadness on her face.

"Um, let me drive you home," Larry offered as they stood at the entrance of the Civil Affairs Bureau.

"It's okay. I'll go back on my own. You should go to Jessica." Then she turned around and left.

Larry was a little reluctant to see her leave.

It turns out she's been getting the wrong idea about my relationship with Jessica. Forget it. Let it be. He got into his car and drove away.

"Is it over now?" Delilah asked while grabbing Joan's arm, feeling concerned.

"Yeah, it's over."

Taking the divorce certificate, Delilah could feel all her hopes shattering.

"Joan, leave everything and go on a trip. Lucius and I will be fine."

Joan turned to look at Delilah seriously. Suddenly, a sense of aggrievement welled inside her.

That's right. I've given up a lot of things for this family and work.

"But..." She faltered.

"But what? Just take some time off to relax. You can start over when you come back. Or you can go to a place you like and start a new life there."

Although Delilah could not bear to let Joan leave, she found it harder to see her sad.

After a long chat, Joan finally decided to go on a trip.

Other than Delilah, no one knew about her trip.

Meanwhile, Dustin was sitting in Larry's former office, flipping through the document on the desk with a gloating look on his face.

You're finally gone, Larry!

However, the staff outside the office were sorrowful.

"Hey, do you think Mr. Norton will be back?"

"No idea. But why did he leave? He's still the second-largest shareholder of the company."

"Stop making wild guesses. Mr. Norton will definitely be back. I believe in him. He won't abandon us," the assistant ran over and asserted in a hushed voice.

"Really? When do you think he'll come back?" Dustin suddenly appeared behind them and asked loudly.

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The staff were embarrassed and did not know what to say.

"You must be Larry's former assistant. You're fired," Dustin announced while pointing at the assistant.

A deafening silence filled the air.

"Um, Mr. Silverman, we were just joking..."

"If you don't want to end up like her, you need to shut your gap," Dustin warned viciously.

What a difficult man. There was a look of anger in the eyes of the staff.

"You don't need to come to work tomorrow." He turned around and left.

The others looked at the assistant sympathetically, unwilling to see her leave.

"It's okay. You'll continue to work hard here. Trust me, Mr. Norton will come back one day," the assistant cheered them on.

The next morning, Dustin gathered all the employees for a meeting to issue an ultimatum. He welcomed those who stayed to work for him, whereas those who were not on his side were free to leave the company.

It was a realistic yet normal announcement.

Majority stayed because they believed Larry would return one day.

"Mr. Silverman, are you free tonight? My daughter admires you very much and wants to befriend you. I wonder..." a shareholder walked over and asked in a low voice.

"No," Dustin rejected without waiting for him to finish his sentence.

It had been days since he last saw Joan. He immediately got up, took his phone and left his office.

"Mr. Silverman, I still need you to sign on two documents!" a man shouted behind him.

"Later!" Then, he vanished from the man's sight.

"Hey, Ms. Young, where's Joan?" Dustin asked excitedly.

He wanted to tell her he was the president of Norton Corporation to impress her.

"She's gone out," Delilah replied slowly.

Huh? Where to? He looked around suspiciously, feeling somewhat surprised.

"Mr. Dustin, I haven't seen my mom for a long time," Lucius mumbled as he suddenly emerged from his room.

What's going on? Dustin instantly had his guard up.

"Ms. Young, what exactly is going on?" he whispered after taking Delilah to a corner.

"Stop asking. She went on a trip. Don't you go and disturb her." After speaking, Delilah turned to leave.

Did she leave because of her divorce? Clenching his fists, Dustin was hurt that she did not inform him.

I'm still an outsider to her. A look of helplessness flashed across his eyes.

For years, he had been trying to get closer to her by gradually insinuating himself into her life, to no avail.

Meanwhile, Larry had disappeared without a trace. Caspian called him every day, but his calls went answered.

"Oh, well, he's a grown man. What are you worried about?" Jessica said while patting his shoulder.

"Shut up. You're annoying," Caspian suddenly snapped.

Whoa, how dare he vent his frustration on me? Jessica twisted his ears and shot him a displeased look.

"Caspian, you're getting bolder now, eh? How dare you snap at me?"

"Alright, alright. Um, Ms. Zimmer, I apologize for my earlier remark. Sorry."

Suddenly, the phone on the table rang.

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It was a call from Larry.

"Hurry up. It's Larry. Answer it," Jessica exclaimed as she tossed the phone to Caspian.

"Hello, Larry, can you hear me? Where are you? Are you doing well? Do you need my help?" His string of questions touched Larry.

Bromance is probably the only constant in this world.

"I'm fine. I need your help to keep an eye on Norton Corporation and report to me should anything happen. Don't worry, I'll be back soon." The line went dead.

"Hello? Larry? Are you still there? You're done but I'm not!"

Caspian was fuming as he stared at his phone.

He simply wanted to make sure that Larry was doing well. To his dismay, the latter hung up on him after giving his order.

"What did he say? What's wrong?" Jessica nudged him.

Without the pestering of Dustin and Caiden, Joan felt happier, even though she lost Larry.

She learned to be optimistic.

The thundering roar of the torrents of water gushing from the magnificent waterfall left her in awe.

There are more beautiful things in this world than love.

For some inexplicable reason, the majestic sight washed her worries away.

During her trip, she went to the beach, climbed mountains, watched the sunset and sunrise, rode a bicycle, held stray cats and dogs on the side of the road, and ate local delicacies. Every minute was a bliss.

She had been wanting to travel on her own for a long time, but she pushed her desire aside.

"Ah!"

All of a sudden, a girl was heard shrieking nearby.

Joan followed the source and saw a girl lying on the ground. With her hands over her knees, she seemed in pain.

"Are you okay?" Joan tried to help her up, but the girl was too weak to stand.

Therefore, she scooped the latter in her arms.

"Will you feel tired carrying me like this?" the girl suddenly asked.

Although it was a simple question, Joan was moved.

"I'll be fine. Where are your parents?"

"I came here by myself."

Joan was stunned.

She looks to be about fifteen or sixteen years old, but she's traveling alone?

"Doc, she's hurt. Please dress her wound," Joan shouted while placing the girl on the bed in the hospital.

She was relieved to hear that it was not a serious injury. A typical teenager would cry from the pain, but this girl merely knitted her brows in silence.

"If it hurts, just cry. You'll feel better," Joan reminded her in a soft voice.

"It doesn't hurt at all," the girl assured with a smile.

What a strong child! It suddenly reminded Joan of her son.

What would Lucius do if he finds out about my divorce from Larry? Will he be as strong and optimistic as this girl?

"Why are you traveling alone?" the girl asked curiously.

"What about you?" Joan retorted after a moment of hesitation.

The girl instantly blushed.

"I wanted to forget someone."

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She's in love at such an early age? I can't believe it! Joan was intrigued.

"Would you like to tell me your story?" she asked while brushing the girl's hair.

"Yeah."

After leaving the hospital, Joan brought the girl to her hotel after they decided to be travel buddies.

"Tell me, is he your first love?" the adult teased.

"Yes. He's outstanding, handsome and tall..."

It looks like this girl has fallen in love, hasn't she? Joan smiled.

She wouldn't encourage puppy love. However, the experience could be a source of motivation for some.

The two of them got along well. During the trip, Joan seemed to put the unpleasant things behind her as they chatted and joked around.

"What did you say? Joan's disappeared?" Caiden shouted into his phone in the living room. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Jaden, who was on the other end of the line, was displeased with his attitude.

How could he pin the blame on me? Besides, I learned about Joan's departure from a friend by chance.

"So? Where is she?" Caiden asked anxiously.

"I don't know." The line went dead.

I must find out what is going on! Caiden took his jacket and ran out.

"Ms. Young, open the door!" He pounded on the door.

In the room, Delilah rubbed her eyes, feeling a little groggy.

"Who's there?" She yawned and put on a jacket.

"Ms. Young, it's me. Open the door!"

Caiden? Why is he here in the middle of the night? Delilah furrowed her brow in displeasure.

"Are you wake the whole neighborhood? What do you want?"

As soon as Delilah opened the door, he barged in to search for Joan.

He went from room to room, including the bathroom and kitchen, but she was nowhere to be found.

She's gone.

Delilah instantly knew his motive for coming.

"Joan's left. You should forget her."

"Where is she? Ms. Young, can you please tell me?" Her arm was hurting from Caiden's tight grip.

He's too obsessed! When did he become so impulsive?

"Well, take a seat first. Let's talk." Delilah pointed at the sofa.

"Can we talk after you tell me where is Joan? I wanna find her."

So what if you can find her? She doesn't even want to see you! Delilah cast him a disdainful look in silence.

"Hi, do you know this person?"

"Hi, have you seen the man in this photo?"

"Hi, do you know where he is now?"

With an old photo in his hand, Larry asked the passersby anxiously.

After leaving Norton Corporation, he tried every means to find the elusive shareholder, who had disappeared for a long time. He couldn't believe the shareholder would sell his shares to Dustin. Fortunately, he obtained an old, yellowed photo from another elderly shareholder after much hassle.

"Sorry. I don't know him."

"I've never seen him. Sorry."

"No, you should look for him elsewhere."

He gradually became disheartened.

How am I supposed to find him with just an old photo? Where should I start?

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It was getting colder. Larry could not help but shiver when a gust of wind blew past him. Watching the dazzling headlights from the stream of vehicles, he was suddenly filled with a sense of helplessness.

"Sir, do you want some candy?" a boy offered.

Squatting down slowly, Larry looked at the boy seriously.

"You can have it. I'm not hungry." He smiled for fear of scaring the boy.

"Are you sad? When my mom's sad, she'll get Dad to tell her a story. You can call your partner and ask her to tell you a story. Then you won't be sad anymore," the boy suggested playfully.

Although it was some nonsensical words of a kid, Larry felt sad.

My partner? She's lost. I wonder if she's lost her way, or if I lost her.

"Sure. You need to be a good boy at home, okay?" Larry smiled while patting the boy's head.

"I've always been good. My grandma said that I can only marry a good girl in the future if I'm good."

The conversation warmed Larry.

"Baby, what are you doing? Come, we're going home!" a woman shouted.

"Coming," replied the boy.

Then he reminded Larry, "Mister, don't forget to call your partner and ask her to tell you a story. Otherwise, you'll be very cold."

The latter smiled when he saw the boy turned around and made a funny face.

Afterward, he pulled out his phone and launched his contact list.

He finally convinced himself to dial Joan's number after a long hesitation.

"Joan, your phone's ringing!" the girl, who was on the bed, shouted in the bathroom's direction.

"Who is it?"

"Larry!"

Suddenly, the water ceased running in the bathroom. The next second, Joan ran out wrapped in a bath towel, took the phone, and went back to the bathroom.

The girl was dumbfounded. It took her a long time before she came to her senses and burst out laughing.

"Hello, Larry."

"How are you doing?" Joan nearly wept at the sound of his voice.

How could I be fine when we're divorced? Holding back her emotions, she tried to recompose herself.

"I'm okay. What about you? How are you recently?"

"I'm... okay, too," Larry replied hesitantly.

Well, how could he not be with Jessica by his side? A trace of disappointment appeared in Joan's eyes.

"Um, be careful while you travel."

"Okay. I got it."

It was an awkward conversation.

They obviously missed each other, but neither dared to say it out loud; they were obviously still in love with each other, but they refused to admit it. What was left between them was silent wistfulness.

"Is she doing fine?" Joan blurted softly.

Larry collected himself quickly after a dazed moment.

"She said that she's fine."

"Hey, Joan, who was that? Your boyfriend or husband?" the girl teased Joan.

Despite her young age, she's quite mature.

"Alright. Hurry up and sleep," she replied while tussling the girl's hair.

The next morning, Joan lay in bed as she looked at rays of morning sun and smiled. The cause of her good mood might be Larry's call the night before.

"Joan, are you awake?" the girl shouted from outside.

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"Hey, you're up early!" Joan replied. She's never got up so early.

After washing up, the duo went for breakfast.

"Where do you want to go today?" Joan eyed the girl seriously.

Since she had no preference, she would go with the girl's choice.

"Well, I wanna go skiing."

What kind of hobby is this? Joan was surprised.

Not that she did not want to go, she found the sport dangerous.

"Um, are you sure?"

"Yes. I've long wanted to do it," the girl affirmed while drinking her water.

Alright. We'll go then. Joan agreed reluctantly.

The ski area looked deserted, probably because it was a weekday. The girl looked around and suddenly yelled at the sky, scaring Joan, who flashed her a smile.

"Come on, Joan. Let's ski. How about we have a match?" the girl challenged while clapping her hands.

The terrifyingly steep slope was intimidating.

"I don't know how to ski, so I'll play by myself here. You can go ahead." Joan sounded embarrassed.

"Uh, let me teach you first."

At her insistence, Joan had no choice but to agree.

I can do it! She cheered herself on.

"Wow, Joan, you're quite a quick-learner!" the girl exclaimed after a while.

Joan suddenly found skiing fun, so she slowly warmed up to it.

I can take Lucius skiing in the future. A smile of satisfaction crept across her face.

"Alright. I'm gonna let go. Joan, you need to practice on your own, okay?"

Joan straightened her back and mustered up the courage to give the girl a nod.

Everything went smoothly, and she was delighted to learn the technique in no time.

"Ah!" she suddenly shrieked and fell down.

"Joan! Joan, are you okay? Here. Let me help you up." The terrified girl was by her side.

However, Joan couldn't move a muscle as she lay in the snow.

What's happening? There was a trace of horror in her eyes. I can't lift my elbow!

"Joan, wait here! I'm calling the ambulance." The girl immediately made a call on her phone.

After some time, Joan arrived at the hospital.

The doctor put her on an IV drip as she lay in bed, sound asleep. The girl sat by the bed and kept a vigil.

"You're quite a strange pair. The adult suffers from a fracture, but the kid is fine," a nurse muttered. The girl suddenly felt guilty.

"Uhm..." Joan slowly opened her eyes.

"Joan, you're awake? How are you feeling? Are you in pain?" The girl was in tears.

"Why are you crying? Look. I'm fine now." Joan stroked her hair.

What's so fine? Your arm's broken. The girl wept guilty.

"Alright. Stop crying. I know that my arm's broken. What did the doctor say? Surgery or a cast?"

Despite her calm demeanor, Joan was on the verge of breaking down deep down. If Larry were there, she would have cried her eyes out in his arms. However, the one in front of her at this moment was just a child.

"Joan, you hate me now, don't you?" the girl asked.

"Silly girl, why should I? Accidents happen. Enough with the crying. Let's see how the doctor is going to treat me."