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"Joan, stop talking!" shouted Caspian suddenly.

Blood was dripping from the corner of his lips, and his arms and legs were full of injuries inflicted by those men. He was panting, and his eyes were glowing with feral aggression. Nonetheless, he was not physically able to do much.

"Are you trying to save him? Joan Watts, you can't even see yourself, so why are you still putting on an act and pretending to be nice?" growled the man coldly as he turned to stare at Joan.

"Do whatever you want with me, just let her go," repeated Caspian with his head down.

Pfft, what an honorable man! Too bad he placed his loyalty in the wrong person.

"What is the relationship between the two of you? Is she really worth it? Are you really sacrificing your life for her? The two of you aren't having an affair, are you? But even if you were, it makes sense, I guess. After all, Joan Watts is nothing but a slut who has seduced countless men," insulted the man directly.

"Shut your mouth! Joan is not the kind of woman you think she is," howled Caspian.

Huh, he's pretty adamant about protecting her.

"My, my, you must fancy her a lot, huh? Do you find her incredibly stunning? Come, let me take a closer look. I'd like to see for myself just how sexy your figure is. How did you get so many men to fall for you?" said the man as he approached Joan slowly, his eyes glowing with lust.

What is he trying to do? Joan instinctively backed away. Her emotions were running wild.

"What? Are you too chicken to face me? Aren't you supposed to be really good? Don't be shy. I'm a man too, so come play with me. I'm curious about how you'd satisfy me," said the man.

"Don't you touch her!" growled Caspian from behind.

Unfortunately, his words were simply ignored.

The man had already diverted all his attention to Joan and couldn't care less about Caspian's threats.

"What are you doing?" Joan asked fearfully, mixed emotions overwhelming her.

I don't think I've ever felt this scared before. At that moment, all Joan could think about was Larry. She was worried that she would never be able to see him again, and she was worried that she would not live to see the next sunrise.

"Come over and let me have a taste of your body. I am actually great at satisfying women, you know," said the man as he pulled her into his arms.

"You b*stard, let go of her. Don't touch her!" roared Caspian.

"Let him go," demanded Joan. She was trembling when she pointed at Caspian.

The man stared at her, then at Caspian, who was pinned down behind him. An evil grin slowly crept onto his face.

"Do you take me as a three-year-old? I'm not an idiot. Besides, he did this to himself," said the man as he tried to take her clothes off. "Come on, then. Let me see how good you are."

"Let go of me, you despicable jerk!" Joan choked out. She was struggling and sobbing, but she didn't dare to attack the man because she was worried about Caspian.

"Why? Don't you girls love bad boys like me? This makes things exciting, doesn't it?"

Rip!

The man had torn Joan's coat off. CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES <u>https://t.me/NovelsFuns</u>

"Ah!"

Joan suddenly ambushed the man by biting hard on his arm.

"You b*tch! How dare you bite me? F*ck you. You're so dead!"

Slap! A harsh slap landed on Joan's head, and she saw stars.

"It is your honor that I am willing to f*ck you!" howled the man.

"Let Caspian go," requested Joan weakly with her head down.

She was exhausted at that moment, and she didn't have the energy to fight the man anymore.

"Or what? Who do you think you are? Ordering me like that," growled the man before he kicked her.

Joan stumbled backward and fell to the ground.

"Joan! Are you okay? Don't worry about me. I'll be fine!" Caspian called out.

But there was no way Joan would heed his words, for she already felt too much remorse toward Caspian.

"Is this not exciting enough for you? Come then, let's do it in front of him," said the man before he dragged her toward Caspian.

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"Don't touch me," growled Joan. She used every bit of strength in her to push him away, but she soon discovered that she was so weak that she couldn't even walk right.

Rip! Rip! The man tore off her clothes one piece at a time.

"Stop! Let her go. Come after me instead!" shouted Caspian angrily.

Joan was pinned in the man's embrace, helpless as he played with her. Before long, all that was left on her were her short pants and her bra. Her fair skin and alluring figure were presented for all to see.

"You really are sexy. No wonder so many men fell for you," commented the man as he nibbled on Joan's neck.

"Let me go," begged Joan pitifully.

"No way. I will have you!" replied the man. He pulled her close in his arms, and with his free hand, he caressed her body endlessly.

"Let go of her! Joan, hang in there!"

Caspian's face was twisted in anger. Nonetheless, there wasn't anything he could do.

"Stop!" Just then, a familiar voice sounded from behind everyone.

When Joan turned to look, she finally saw the face she had been longing to see, and her lips instinctively trembled.

"What do we do now?" asked a subordinate who had rushed over.

"Is he on his own?" asked the man.

"For now, it looks like he is alone."

"Then we'll just gang up and run him down," replied the man before he slowly approached Larry. "What's up?"

"What's up? You've kidnapped a kid and are now trying to rape a woman. What do you think is up?" growled Larry in response, his eyes glowed with murderous intent.

He had been suppressing his anger for a while because he knew that they outnumber him by ten to one. Given the difference in manpower, they could easily kill him. As such, he had to buy some time for his men to rush over.

"So? What does that have anything to do with you?" challenged the man.

"It has everything to do with me! Joan Watts is mine."

"Mr. Norton, please be aware of one simple fact. Joan Watts is no longer yours. The two of you are divorced," reminded the man.

What a bunch of stupid pests. They know who I am, and yet, they are still stupid enough to act so arrogantly?

"Who's paying you to do this?" demanded Larry. He was deliberately interrogating the man to buy more time.

"That definitely has nothing to do with you," said the man before he laughed.

"Let Joan and Caspian go now, and I won't come after you lot for what you have done. If you don't, I will cripple every single one of you," threatened Larry with a straight face on.

Hearing that, Caspian knew then that Larry was truly infuriated. It had been a while since I last saw Larry looking that fierce.

"Stop joking around, Mr. Norton. Are you sure we're the ones that are about to be crippled? Maybe that honor belongs to you," refuted the man before he scoffed at Larry.

"Is that so?" said Larry. In the next moment, over a hundred men showed up behind him. Every single one of them was armed with blades.

"Wait! T-This is just a misunderstanding. Mr. Norton, t-this is all just a joke. I was simply messing with you. Haha, come now, there's no need to make such a big deal out of it, am I right?" said the man. He was quick to change his stance and admit defeat when he saw how many enemies he was facing. In fact, his tone resembled that of a person who was begging for mercy.

You're only realizing your mistake now? Caspian turned his face around. He looked at the men, whose faces were painted with a beautiful shade of horror, and grinned.

"What? You're only begging for mercy now? A little too late, don't you think?"

Larry waved his hand, and his subordinates rushed over right away to grab the man before beating him senseless. Since Larry had already said that he would cripple them, he was not going to hold back.

"Larry..." murmured Joan from some distance away. Her eyes were half-closed, and she was wrapping herself up with her arms when she slowly fell.

"Joan! Wake up!" yelled Larry as he held her close.

Joan simply lay motionless.

Soon, the situation was under control. Their enemies were now lying on the floor, crippled. Larry wanted to teach them a lesson and give them a constant reminder of what would happen if they go after the woman he loves.

"I'm sorry, Larry," apologized Caspian with his head down when they were inside the hospital ward.

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"What are you apologizing for?" asked Larry as he shifted his gaze to Caspian who was lying on the bed.

"I didn't keep Joan and the kid safe," answered Caspian in a guilty tone.

What an idiot. He's already wounded to this extent, but he is still worried about that.

"That's enough. Stop overthinking it. Just focus on getting better," replied Larry.

Truth was, Larry was rather angry with Caspian's decisions and actions. Yes, I did order him to protect Joan, but he was not supposed to sacrifice his life.

Everything should be done in moderation and after careful consideration. Caspian lacks the ability in strategizing and solving problems without resorting to throwing punches.

"How is Joan? Is she feeling better?" asked Caspian.

"She's fine. She's still unconscious, so I will head over and see how she's doing now. Get some rest," instructed Larry before he left Caspian's room.

"How is she, doctor? Is she alright?" asked Larry as he stared at the doctor.

"She's in shock, so try not to let her out of the house too much for now," informed the doctor. He then added, "Take care of her and pay attention to her emotions. Wild sways in moods would not be beneficial to her recovery."

As he gazed at the woman on the hospital bed, Larry felt his heart ached for her.

He had gotten to the bottom of it all. The culprits had already confessed that the head of the Owens family, Keith, was the mastermind.

"Larry..." muttered Joan as she shook her head in her sleep.

"I'm here, Joan. Wake up," said Larry. He rushed over quickly to hold her hand.

"Larry!" shouted Joan suddenly as she sat up. Her eyes flung open, and she stared blankly ahead for a moment.

"Joan, you're okay now. Trust me. It's all in the past," promised Larry as he stroked her hair gently.

She couldn't hold it in anymore. She snuggled into Larry's arms and cried her eyes out.

"I-I thought I'd never see you again. I thought I'd die, and I thought you don't love me anymore..."

All her suppressed anger and frustration flushed out of her lips in that instant.

"Silly girl, that will never happen. I'm here now, and everything will be better," cooed Larry as he gently stroked her back.

"Where's Caspian, Larry? Is he alright? He got beat up because he tried to save me," blurted Joan as if she had suddenly recalled something.

"He's fine. Don't worry, and don't overthink it. I've already settled everything," replied Larry.

Meanwhile, the man in question was currently lying on the bed in the other hospital ward and was resting with his eyes closed.

Bang! The door was suddenly flung open.

Caspian was about to open his eyes to check who it was when a woman suddenly leaned on his chest and cried aloud.

What is up with this woman now? Did someone bully her? Or did she fail to bully someone?

"What's wrong? Tell me," said Caspian as he stroked her back to comfort her.

"Caspian, does it hurt?" asked Jessica softly while wiping her tears away.

I-Is she worried about me? Caspian was surprised. Huh, I didn't think this woman actually cares that much about me.

"It did hurt quite a bit earlier, but I'm alright now," answered Caspian slowly.

"Look at you. Your face, your neck, your arm, your legs... There are wounds everywhere. It must hurt so much. I told you not to go, but you insisted on being a hero. Now look at the state you're in. Are you happy now? You're hospitalized!" growled Jessica angrily before she pinched his arm hard.

"That's my boss' wife. I have to save her, even if it meant sacrificing my life," replied Caspian.

Jessica got jealous at that.

Why must he go to this extent to protect her? She's only his boss' wife. It's not like she's his wife. Could it be that this assh*le actually have feelings for Joan? Suspicion flashed past Jessica's eyes as she glared at the man before her.

"Just say what you want. What's the point in glaring at me like that?" said Caspian.

"Do you really only see Joan as your boss' wife?" asked Jessica without beating around the bush.

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