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Well, there is, but I find it really irritating!

"What are you going on about? You're the only one I love," Larry assured.

"Who are you talking to?" Della demanded in a booming voice as she walked in out of the blue.

Hmm? Why is there a woman's voice? Unease flooding her, Joan stared at the cell phone in her hand suspiciously.

"Hello? Where are you now, Larry?" she inquired.

"I'm handling some matters outside. I'll be hanging up, okay? I've still got some things to do." After saying that, Lary hung up the phone.

"Hello, Larry? Hello?"

"What's wrong? Did something happen?" Delilah questioned in concern while instantly rushing over.

"Huh? No, everything's fine," Joan replied softly.

Who exactly is that woman earlier? She didn't sound familiar at all, so I probably don't know her. Tilting her head, she plunged into deep contemplation as she gazed at the moon outside. God, I should've agreed to remarry him back then! Look what happened now! Everyone knows that he's currently single, so there must be tons of women eyeing him!

At that very moment, regret swamped her.

"Was it a woman?" Della asked without shying away.

"How did it go?" Larry queried in a low voice, deliberately changing the subject.

"Answer my question first. Who was on the phone with you earlier?" Della demanded brashly, making it obvious that she was peeved.

"It was my wife," Larry answered, loud and clear.

There's nothing to hide. I love Joan, and she's my only wife in this lifetime! As for Della, I can merely regard her as a close business partner or friend.

"You're married? That's impossible! As far as I know, you're divorced," Della mumbled as she slowly walked over to the sofa and sat down.

I've already investigated every single detail about him. I know when he started dating, who he dated, as well as when he got married and divorced like the back of my hand!

"Yes, I'm indeed divorced now. However, my ex-wife and I are going to remarry very soon," Larry admitted.

His reply was exceedingly honest and resolute, so much so that a sense of defeat suddenly overwhelmed the woman on the sofa.

No, I must have him! Ever since young, everything I want has always belonged to me in the end!

"Let me tell you, Larry, you must listen to me now that you're asking me for a favor," she drawled.

Hmm? What trick has she got up her sleeve now? All at once, the man on the hospital bed put up his guard.

"What do you want me to do?"

At that, the woman got to her feet and sauntered toward Larry. There was a trace of tenderness in her eyes, yet it was also tinged with a veiled gleam of icy coldness.

"You're mine, now and forever. In the future, you can only marry me!" Della declared ruthlessly.

The oppressive aura and vicious air radiating from her had Larry shuddering imperceptibly. CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES <u>https://t.me/NovelsFuns</u>

I've always heard that Della Duff is a person who would do anything at all to attain her goal. Of course, her goal has always been her ambition and aspiration career-wise though she has never once violated the law. Indeed, my meeting with her today has proved that this woman is truly something else. Damn it! She's really a competitive woman who can't accept defeat. However, I'll never yield!

"Please get your facts straight, Ms. Duff. Despite my divorced status now, I have a girlfriend. Thus, please don't pester me anymore. Also, I'm very thankful to you about Mr. Lancaster's matter, but you don't need to intervene anymore either." As he said that, he turned away to gaze out the window and ignored her pointedly.

Well, well... He's quite ballsy! Della studied him with a faint smile on her face. I like him all the more now!

She then smirked meaningfully before leaving the room.

As Larry stared at her back, he heaved a long sigh. God, problems are truly coming at me one after another! He knew that massive trouble was gradually heading his way, but he was afraid Joan would get the wrong impression if she were to learn about it.

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Despite that, Joan will probably understand my character, yes? Larry's brows furrowed slightly, and his expression turned grim.

"What should we do now, Ms. Duff? Do we still keep watch here?" a burly bodyguard at the door of the hospital room asked.

At that question, Della glanced over her shoulder at the hospital room as a flicker of hesitation flashed across her eyes.

"Continue to keep watch here." After saying that, she left.

One day, you'll fall for me, Larry Norton! Her determined gaze had the people around her instinctively backing away several steps.

"Who's that woman with such a powerful aura?"

"I don't know, but you can tell that she's rich. After all, she even has a boy toy."

"Really? Are you saying that the man in that hospital room is her boy toy?"

A few nurses were gossiping in hushed tones in the corner of the corridor, all wearing nosy expressions on their faces.

All of a sudden, Della stopped in her tracks and marched toward the director's office. Her eyes blazed with a murderous look.

"Ms. Duff? Why are you here?" the director exclaimed with a bright smile as he bolted to his feet at once.

"Dismiss the few nurses in the corner of the corridor!" Della ordered bluntly.

Upon hearing that, the director was instantly taken aback. Huh? What did those few nurses do to offend this woman before me that she's so incensed right now?

"The reason being, making up stories and spreading rumors about other people indiscriminately during working hours. Thus, there's a problem with their character." As Della said that, she pushed open the door and left the office.

Her arrival and departure were like a gust of wind, there a moment and gone the next. Meanwhile, the director stared at her disappearing back with envy in his eyes. Then, he picked up his glasses and ambled toward the aforementioned corner.

"Really? Surely not? She doesn't seem to be that kind of person."

"Why not? For a woman to have accomplished so much, she must have traded it with her body, and it was likely multiple times at that."

"Don't run your mouth. She seems quite decent."

The few nurses were still gossiping without the slightest inkling that disaster was mere seconds away.

"The lot of you don't need to come to work anymore. Pack your things and leave," the director enunciated disdainfully after having gone over to them.

In a flash, the few women were stunned. What on earth happened that the director himself is here to dismiss us?

"Today isn't April Fools' Day, so please don't joke with us," a woman, who was usually friendly with men, said with a chuckle.

"I'm serious. Don't blame me for it, but blame your mouths that just couldn't stay zipped." After the director had said that, he made to leave.

"Wait... But what did we do? We've always been conscientious and responsible. Why are you suddenly dismissing us when we've been working so hard?" a nurse inquired beseechingly, grabbing his arm at once.

"Because the lot of you have offended someone. Besides, this hospital doesn't need people like you. We need capable and reliable nurses, not people like you who gossip every day. Alright, that's all I'm saying on that matter, so go and pack your things. Remember, no matter where you go in the future, don't simply talk about others."

All at once, understanding dawned upon the few nurses. Oh God, it was the woman with the powerful aura who got us fired!

"What should I do? My mother will definitely kill me if she learns that I've been dismissed by the hospital!"

"I'm in the same boat. I've finally gotten a job, so my father will surely reprimand me again now that I've suddenly been dismissed."

As the director looked at the few dejected women some distance away, he shook his head.

They have only themselves to blame since it was a mess they brought upon themselves! Besides, Della Duff isn't someone to be gossiped about. Ah, they're just too young to know better!

In the hospital room, Larry remained lying on the bed. As he stared at the photo in his hand, his lips curved into a smile every so often.

It was a photo of Joan.

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Joan must have heard Della's voice earlier, yes? Should I explain things to her?

"So, what's your plan?" Della asked as she sashayed in.

What plan can I have? In my current condition, I won't be able to do anything. Larry merely kept mum. He didn't want to talk to her, let alone see her.

"Why, are you angry?" Della questioned bluntly.

Of course, I'm angry! I really don't want to disappoint Joan, nor do I want to owe her a favor!

"Just leave, Della. I'll settle my problem by myself," Larry declared loudly.

Even if I can't settle it, I'll give my all to save Mr. Lancaster!

"Then, tell me how you're going to settle it. With your status, connections, and capabilities here, you definitely won't be able to save Malcolm Lancaster. As for Matthew Lancaster, I've gone to see him, and he's clearly an extremely cunning man. Thus, it'll be very challenging for you to keep him in check if you're unfamiliar with his tactics," Della drawled softly.

She was indeed right, for Matthew had always been a vicious person who never played by the rules. Instead, he kept changing up his methods simply because he was afraid that he would become predictable to others.

"That's none of your business!" the man on the hospital bed snapped.

"Larry, it's because you don't want to owe me a favor since you're afraid that you can't repay me, no? In that case, just pledge yourself to me. As I said, I like you, so you must marry me in the future!" Della insisted.

Is she mad? How could she simply say such a thing? Furthermore, who would dare marry a woman like her?

"Listen carefully, Della. I, Larry Norton, love Joan Watts alone. In this lifetime, I'll only marry her," Larry stated resolutely.

"It's okay. I'll go and have a chat with her. She'll definitely back away," Della declared confidently.

In an instant, Larry panicked. "What are you planning to do? I'll show you no mercy if you dare harm a single hair on her head!"

Haha, how ridiculous! What can he do to me for the sake of that woman when he isn't even capable of resistance now?

In response, Della walked over to the bed and tucked the covers around him with a perpetual smile on her smile.

"So, how are you planning to punish me at that time? Well, it doesn't matter anyway. I'll already be yours by then, so I'm willing to take whatever punishment you dole out," she murmured devilishly as she flirtatiously brushed a finger under his chin. Thereafter, she left.

Damn it! Wasn't that something I should've done to Joan instead? At that very moment, Larry felt entirely useless. Regret swamped him. If I'd known this would've happened, I would've had Caspian come over instead!

"Keep a close eye on him and make sure that he stays put. Otherwise, I'll be holding you responsible," Della threatened as she walked away.

"Understood!"

Considering the sluggish progress of things, Caspian was very much worried back in Chanaea.

Joan had no idea that Larry went abroad to resolve a problem, so she naturally regarded his trip this time as a run-of-the-mill business trip. Caspian, however, knew about the danger all too well, so he had been anticipating Larry's return every day. Alas, he hadn't seen any sign of him after such a long time. For that reason, he grew increasingly anxious.

"Why isn't Larry back yet? Has something happened to him?" Jessica asked loudly beside him, her expression one of extreme agitation.

"That's not likely since he said everything was going smoothly the last time he called," Caspian assured.

Crash! All of a sudden, the cup in the man's hand slipped to the floor and splintered into thousands of pieces right before their eyes.

"Look how careless you are! What's playing in your mind that you're always looking distracted?" Jessica grumbled under her breath.

Well, she's right. I just can't shake off the extreme unease and trepidation within me no matter what I'm doing recently. Yet, I can't tell what exactly I feel that way.

"What's wrong, Caspian? Are you not feeling well? If so, let's go and get you checked out at the hospital, okay?" Jessica urged anxiously, instantly taking his arm.