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Joan was flabbergasted at what Jessica was capable of.

"Piss off and leave us alone!" Jessica barked at the man.

Damn b*tch! This is not over! The man rubbed his nose and scuttled away.

"Jessica, that was incredible! When did you learn all these moves?" Joan asked in amazement.

"Caspian was worried that someone might take advantage of me when I get drunk, so he insisted that I take this self-defense class. I've only just started not long ago. Isn't this great? I'll protect you from now on!" the woman proudly declared.

That was some really good move. But the thing is, she's not entirely sober right now. Joan let out a resigned sigh and fell silent.

Meanwhile, the man who almost got his arm broken by Jessica reappeared at the scene with more of his kind.

"It's them!" the man announced loudly while pointing at Jessica and Joan in the corner.

"What are you doing?" Joan studied the men and grew anxious.

Jessica, on the other hand, was already dozing off on the table.

"Such a pretty girl with a nice curvy body. Only if her temper was better." A man who appeared to be the leader walked over and commented.

"I'm not drunk! Whoever says I'm wasted will be sorry!" Without any warning, Jessica picked up an empty wine bottle and aimed it at a young man who stood merely yards away.

"Ahh!" The man winced in pain as blood started to trickle down from his head wound.

Turning her head back to their table, Joan found Jessica to be nodding off again, as though she did not just hurl a beer bottle at a thug and break his head. Joan's jaw dropped in astonishment.

Can anyone be this sober and hammered at the same time?

"Son of a b*tch! Wait till I—" the young man said while charging toward Jessica.

"Stop it!" The older man called out.

All of the man's underlings froze on the ground as they waited for their leader's instruction.

Such a unique woman; so feisty even in her sleep! Very interesting. The man continued to gaze steadily at Jessica, who appeared to have passed out on the table, and smiled to himself.

"Boss, what do we do now?" a man asked.

"Leave us. I'm okay by myself here," the man ordered. His eyes were glued to Jessica the whole time.

The few of his men were caught by surprise. In normal times we would have settled the issue and on our way out by now. Something is off with him today.

"So, um, we'll just go?"

"Yeah, and don't come back here or wait for me." The man waved at his underlings and gestured for them to retreat.

Joan was baffled by the unexpected turn of events in the last few minutes.

What is going on here? Is this person planning something else in his head?

"Jessica, wake up!" Joan raised her voice while patting Jessica's back.

"Miss, can't you see that your friend is very tired, and she needs to rest right now?" the man commented casually.

What's up with this person? Joan ignored the man and continued to rouse Jessica from her slumber.

"Oh, Joan, what's your problem? Stop being so uptight and let your hair down a little. We're here to have fun and enjoy our lives, aren't we? Come on, let's drink!" Jessica held out another glass of wine and exclaimed boisterously.

"You're right!" The man, too, raised his glass and clinked with hers. Joan could not help but gape at the sight.

"You totally get me, my friend. She keeps worrying that someone is going to attack us in the dark. Can you tell her that she worries for nothing? We're living in a society where people are more civilized and educated now, aren't we?"

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"You're absolutely right. I must say, I really admire your attitude," the man complimented.

What exactly is happening here? Are they just two peas in a pod, or this man is harboring something malicious intent in his head?

"Excuse us, but she has had enough to drink for today. It's time to go home," Joan said to the man and took over the wine glass from Jessica's hand.

"I'm not drunk. I'm still sober!"

The man looked at Jessica and thought she was a cute drunk, whereas Joan had begun to feel uneasy at the pair's exchanges.

"Are you sure you have had enough?" The man questioned.

"You got it, my friend. I've had a lot of fun today. Let's hang out again next time," Jessica said while slapping hard on the man's shoulder. The woman then stood up and gestured at Joan to leave.

"Where are you going? Are you abandoning me?" The man cried after them.

"What abandoning rubbish are you talking about? It's getting late now, don't you need to go home?" Jessica turned around and yelled at the man as though he had asked the dumbest question.

Jessica was probably the only person in the world who dared to point a finger at a mobster boss and gave him a lecture. Joan shuddered at her friend's unruly manners, but soon composed herself, although she could not hide a glimpse of embarrassment in her eyes.

"Oh dear Lord. We should really go now," Joan pleaded with Jessica.

"What Lord are you talking about, Joan?" Jessica lowered her head and almost tripped over herself.

"Why don't I give you ladies a ride home?" The man said while making his way toward them.

"That's okay, um, Boss. I'm still sober, so I have no trouble getting us back home." Joan immediately declined his offer.

"Boss? Who are you calling, Joan? I'm the boss who's going to take care of you from now on!" Jessica announced loudly while patted on her chest.

The man was thoroughly amused by what he had just witnessed.

I've never seen such an adorably childish woman in my life. Suddenly, the man extended his right hand and pulled Jessica into his arm. The playful look in his eyes intensified.

"How about I call you Boss instead?" the man whispered into Jessica's ear.

Their bodies were almost adjoined as their eyes locked for several seconds.

"Are you saying that you want to be my lackey?" Jessica put her palms on the man's face and asked.

The man only smiled and nodded. This woman is going mad! What's with this lackey business in this pickle of a situation? If Caspian learns of this he is going to go through the roof!

"Jessica, we really need to move our feet now! There are many things for you to settle tomorrow," Joan reminded aloud.

"Oh, that's right. I have to get up early tomorrow. I need to get some sleep!" Jessica suddenly proclaimed and the two finally left in tandem.

The man fell into deep thought watching the women disappear from the corner of his eyes.

The nightclub was still loud and rowdy. But he had lost all interests.

"Say, you look rather lonely. Care to have a drink with me?" A woman in a mini skirt and low-cut tank top walked over and put her hand directly on his chest.

The man pulled her into his embrace. The woman appeared to really enjoy herself when a chilly voice rang, "From now on, stay away from me." The man then flung the woman away without any emotion.

"Jasper, are you alright?" A few of his lackeys rushed in to check on their boss.

"Jasper, the two of them just walked off. Should we-"

"No, let them go. And nobody lays a finger on them, you get it?" Jasper growled.

"Yes, Sir!" The booming sound of which startled a few onlookers.

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"Also, find out all the drunken girl's information. I want to know everything about her."

After leaving the nightclub, Joan helped Jessica sit down on a park bench. "Are you alright? Let's just rest for a bit here."

"I don't understand, why did you drink so much? It's not like you need to wash down a heartbreak or anything," Joan murmured.

"Joan, I'm so sad. It hurts so bad." Jessica revealed her true feelings all of a sudden and started sobbing in Joan's arm.

What on earth is happening? She was fine all day long, and now she just turned sorrow without any warning sign?

Instead of pushing her for answers, Joan comforted the weeping woman by patting softly on her back. It was quite a while before Jessica managed to gather herself.

"Jessica, tell me what's going on," Joan said while holding onto Jessica's hands.

"I'm okay. Just needed to blow off some steam that's all." Jessica sniffled and wiped off the tears on her face.

"Silly woman, do I look like a three-year-old to you? You can tell me anything. Is Caspian mistreating you? If yes, I'll call him up right now—"

"No, Joan. It's not him. It's a relative of mine. She called me up today and just lashed out at me over the phone. She said I was a shameless and ungrateful b*tch..." Jessica finally confided in Joan.

According to Jessica, when her parents were still around, they had supported many of their relatives financially. When they passed away and Jessica was in need of financial help to jump-start her business, all the family members began avoiding her as though she was a contagious infection. It was Larry who had helped her recover most of the debts from them. Many of her relatives started to hold grudges against her ever since then.

"It's okay, stop crying now. I'm sure they are just stuck in their own way that's all," Joan continued to comfort her softly.

"They even cursed me and said they wanted me dead. But they are all my closest family members!" Jessica's voice choked up again.

Ironically, family bond is the strongest, yet most fragile relationship in the world. Joan sighed helplessly. Her heart ached at the sight of her friend in such distress.

"Jessica, listen to me, you have absolutely nothing to feel sorry for. There's no way we can please everyone, so what we can do is focus on doing the right thing. The truth will speak for itself," Joan spoke softly.

Joan could empathize with Jessica because she, too, had been deeply hurt by someone she trusted most.

Someone Joan thought as her best friend had been backstabbing her at every possible turn. This evil woman was none other than Gabriella Ward.

"Alright now, let's give Caspian a call so he can take you home," Joan suggested.

"No, I don't want him to see me in this mess."

Amused by Jessica's reply, Joan let out a chuckle and helped her up to wave down a cab.

"Enlighten me, why don't you talk to Caspian about how you feel? You may feel better after letting it out."

"His work burden is as heavy as it is without me piling on with my own problems," Jessica complained.

"That's nonsense. I'm sure Caspian will lend an ear if you allow him."

In the meantime, Caspian arrived at a hospital ward. "Larry, what happened to you?" he asked anxiously. I had a bad feeling that something was off with him. Now I finally know why.

"It's complicated. I'll let you know in a minute, but can you promise not to mention any of this to Joan?" Larry said calmly.

Caspian had always been loyal to Larry and never disobeyed his order. Given Larry's condition, Caspian agreed that it would be a good idea to keep this from Joan and Jessica so they would not worry about him.

"Here's your meatloaf," said a well-dressed woman who just walked into the ward.

Caspian looked quizzically at the beautiful woman in great figure.

"Who's this? Aren't you going to introduce us?" Della looked at Caspian and then turned to Larry.