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"Oh, um, your mom isn't feeling well today, so I came back early to check on her." Larry touched Lucius' head and flashed him an affectionate smile.

"What? Mom's not feeling well? Why? Where's she? How's she feeling now? Is she getting better?" Lucius asked, feeling worried.

Joan, who was in the bedroom, was touched at the boy's words.

Perhaps this boy is the only person in this world who will believe me. She bit her finger to keep her emotion in control.

Gasp!

Lucius slowly tiptoed into her room.

"Mom? Are you feeling better?" Lying down next to Joan, he looked at her worriedly, feeling distressed.

"Don't worry. I'm just having an upset stomach. I'm fine. Be a good boy and do your homework." Joan gently stroked his hair with a warm, fuzzy feeling inside her.

After chatting for a while, Lucius went to his room and began doing his homework.

Meanwhile, Larry also went into the kitchen to prepare food.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Glancing at his phone, Larry answered the call.

"How's it? Did the man do anything?" he asked.

"Larry, that man only chatted for a while with Gabriella at the hospital and returned home without doing anything." Caspian sounded dubious as he had a feeling that there was more to it than met the eye. However, he could not find any faults and flaws.

I can't believe Gabriella actually becomes so meticulous and cautious after coming back from overseas. Caspian knitted his brows.

"Keep your eyes on him. Also, get the surveillance footage of the cameras around Ms. Young's house," Larry instructed in a hushed voice.

After giving his instruction, he directly threw his phone on the sofa on the side and took a knife to cut the ribs.

"Whoa, what's going on? Can pigs fly now?" Delilah shouted when she walked to the living room.

"Ms. Young, I'm just trying to cook you a meal," replied Larry.

"Oh, sure." Delilah then went into her room.

Judging from Larry's expression, it seems that he and Joan have reconciled. Delilah smiled in satisfaction. Life's always full of wonders and surprises, but it's beautiful.

Delilah closed her eyes and gradually fell asleep.

Joan did not know how to explain certain things as she did not even know why there would be such surveillance footage. It's impossible that Gabriella set me up as she was in the hospital at that time and could not go out at all unless someone helped her.

Meanwhile, Larry had been sitting on the sofa in the living room smoking with an indifferent look on his face. He was perturbed as he did not know how to resolve the tricky situation in three days.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Larry glanced at the caller ID and hurriedly picked up the call.

"Larry, the surveillance footage has been tampered with, but..." Caspian faltered because he could not restore the original footage.

"Okay." Larry sounded tired.

Caspian knew that he was exhausted. He had been overwhelmed by works recently, so naturally, he was anxious now that he had to deal with such a tricky matter.

"Go and find the expert in this area," Larry said calmly.

He did not believe that Gabriella had such a skill. Besides, her friends were mostly socialites and sons of the rich, and she barely had any friends that had a decent job. Therefore, the greatest possibility was that she hired someone to do it.

Throughout the night, Larry sat on the sofa working with his laptop. He did not have time to sleep, nor comfort Joan. Although Joan did hurt Gabriella in the surveillance footage, he decided to believe the former after thinking about it for a long time.

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However, Gabriella would definitely not let it slide. If Larry could not find out anything in three days, she might really send Joan to the police, which was the last thing he wanted to see. Since the beginning, Gabriella just wants me, so in a sense, I'm the reason Joan's in such a situation.

At the same time, Joan had suffered from insomnia and could not sleep for the whole night, making the dark circles under her eyes obvious.

He doesn't believe me anymore, does he? Joan clenched her fists.

I'm just an ordinary woman with an ordinary family, but why should I go through such dramas? I'm not an actress, nor do I want to act, but I often get involved in some catfights.

Soon, the sun came up. Feeling frowsy, Joan slowly closed her eyes.

The door was pushed open with a creak.

Larry tiptoed up to the bed and stroked the woman's hair gently, feeling distressed.

She must be terrified. It's my fault for being unable to protect her. Leaning over, he planted a kiss on Joan's forehead. She slowly opened her eyes probably because she felt his warmth.

"Did I wake you?" Larry looked sorry.

"No, I just..." Joan faltered.

Knowing what was in her mind, Larry held her hand tightly, trying to soothe her.

"It's okay. Don't worry. I got you, so you'll be fine. Just rest at home these few days, and don't go out. Call in sick. I'm afraid Gabriella will target you," he hurriedly said.

In an instant, a warm, fuzzy feeling filled Joan's heart. So he chooses to believe in me. Tears welled up in her eyes.

"Sleep more. I'm gonna go to work as there are many projects recently. I've already sent someone to investigate the surveillance footage."

He was always so thoughtful that nothing seemed like a problem as long as he was there with her. A hint of sorrow flashed across her eyes. I must be out of my mind when I even suspected him of sleeping with Gabriella and wanted a divorce.

When she was the only one left in the house, she walked out of her room and slumped onto the sofa. Will I really go to jail if we can't find any evidence? The thought made her feel panicky. She could not bear to leave Larry, Delilah, Lucius, and her friends at the supermarket.

Knock knock knock.

The sudden knock at the door startled her.

Who's that? Gabriella? But it hasn't been three days yet. Why does she come so soon? Joan paced up and down in the living room, not knowing what to do.

"Joan, open the door!" Dustin got anxious while knocking on the door.

It's him!

Joan hurriedly ran over to get the door.

"What are you doing in the house? I've been knocking for so long," the man complained in a low voice.

"Oh. Um, I didn't hear it earlier," Joan replied softly.

"So how's Gabriella? Did she find fault with you again? She'll definitely not let things slide, so you'd better go overseas and lie low. You can come back after everything has passed." Dustin gave her a serious look.

She knew that he made the suggestion for her own good, but she thought that she had nothing to be afraid of as she was innocent. Besides, Gabriella might badmouth her if she really went abroad.

"I won't leave. My conscience is clear," Joan replied firmly.

How can this stupid woman still talk about clear conscience? It's already good enough if she can stay alive. A cruel woman like Gabriella won't do this kind of thing easily and sacrifice her baby without being fully prepared.

"Joan, I know you did nothing, but what evidence can Larry find in three days? Will Gabriella, the b*tch, let him find the evidence so easily? Don't be stupid. Her target has always been Larry. If Larry gives in to her demand, she'll let you off. Otherwise, you'll only be sent to the police."