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Flora rushed up to them and said courteously, "Hello, Mr. Norton. Dr. Lowry is waiting for you to handle the bill."

"Thank you." Larry turned and left.

"Hey! What are you up to? You'd better not cause a ruckus. This is a hospital!" Flora gave Dustin's elbow a shove.

"No, you've got it wrong," Dustin explained. "I wasn't causing a ruckus. Besides, that punk's the one who came to me..."

He was already in a bad mood, but now, it had worsened.

Still, had Flora not come over in time, the two men could have ended up getting into a real fight.

"Joan! What a coincidence. What are you doing here?" Caiden appeared surprised, acting as though he and Joan had met by accident.

Joan was taken aback. Why are we bumping into each other so frequently these days? We work in completely different fields, and we don't even go to the same places. But for some reason, we keep meeting in certain common venues. It's so bizarre!

"What a coincidence, indeed. What are you here for? Are you not feeling well?" Joan asked softly.

"Yeah. I haven't been doing too well lately, so I'm here for a check-up."

He just returned from abroad, and he doesn't have any family apart from Jaden. It must be pretty tough on him.

"I see. Let me know if you need any help. I owe you one, anyway." Joan patted the man on the shoulder like a close buddy.

"Really?"

"Of course. As long as I'm able to," Joan promised, thumping her own chest with confidence.

Little did she know what Caiden was actually up to.

You're going to regret it. Caiden smirked deviously.

The two exchanged a few more words before parting.

"What took you so long?" Larry asked as she returned to the ward.

"Oh, I bumped into Caiden. He's not feeling well, so he's here for a check-up."

Is this all just a coincidence? He's not actually up to something, is he? Larry gazed out the window with narrowed eyes, looking rather desolate.

Delilah knew how he felt, but she chose not to bring it up.

"How is Lucius, Joan?" she suddenly asked.

"He's doing pretty well, Ms. Young. Don't you worry. Larry takes good care of him every day, right, Larry?" Joan turned to the man by the window.

Yet, Larry was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he didn't hear her.

"Larry!" Joan called out to him.

"Huh? What is it, Joan?" He hurriedly turned around.

"What were you thinking about? Anyway, it's time to go. Lucius is almost done with school." Joan began to feel slightly unhappy.

Crap! I lost track of time.Larry finally snapped back to reality.

"Okay. I'll be off now. Call me if you need anything," he instructed before running out the door.

What's with him? Why does he seem so distracted? A crease appeared between Joan's brows.

Is he tired from everything that's happening at work?

"All right, now. Don't overthink it," said Delilah.

"Okay," Joan replied with a smile. "Here. Have some fruits, Ms. Young."

Larry spotted Caiden from a short distance right after leaving the hospital. Despite not having met the latter in person before, he had seen photos of him. Similarly, Caiden had also come across Larry's pictures and understood him well.

The two were practically rivals.

"Mr. Norton?" Caiden greeted as he turned his head.

"Hello," Larry responded magnanimously.

He knows who I am, right? Caiden looked up slightly. There's nothing this guy can't do—whether it's in the corporate world or in life. That means he does know about my past.

"Hi. I'm Joan's... junior from school. Caiden Owens." The man extended his right arm right away.

Larry gazed at the man standing in front of him.

Hmm... He does have a good face and body. A fine man, I must say. It's just a shame he's fallen for someone he shouldn't have.

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"I've heard about you from Joan. Thank you for saving her." Larry took Caiden's hand in response.

The two men instantly felt the warmth and force from each other's hands.

Heh. He's a pretty strong one! Larry smirked.

"It's no problem. It's just something I should've done," Caiden replied.

What a joke. She's MY woman. Any man who's ever helped her has my gratitude, but this is the first time I've ever heard someone say that it's something he "should've done".

Yup, he's no regular guy.

Should I treat our handshake as a declaration of war?

"Oh, uhh... I should let you know that I just came back from abroad not too long ago. There are lots of things I haven't familiarized myself with, so I'll be asking for Joan's help quite a bit." Caiden spoke confidently as though it was only natural that Joan helped him out.

Larry froze briefly before returning to his usual composed self. He would only appear too petty if he were to look any different.

"That's fine. I believe she'll help you out as a way of returning the favor," replied Larry.

Of course she'll help me—as long as you don't get in my way, thought Caiden.

"Caiden! Come on in!" A woman called out from not far off.

"Oh, your girlfriend's calling for you." Larry pointed to a car nearby.

Having looked her up previously, he knew that the woman was Noelle Ford. She had secretly liked Caiden for many years.

"She's not my girlfriend," Caiden responded immediately.

Larry smirked with a hint of disdain in his eyes. It honestly didn't matter to him whether or not Noelle was Caiden's girlfriend.

"Come on, Caiden! What are you waiting for?" Noelle continued to cry out.

Caiden turned to glare at her impatiently.

"You should go. Don't keep her waiting." Larry smiled intentionally.

"Hey, she's not..."

Before Caiden could finish, Larry had already left.

Why does this girl keep showing at the wrong time? How did she even know I was here? Did that punk, Jaden, tell her?

Suddenly, his phone rang, and it so happened to be Jaden calling.

"Hey, Caiden... I have to tell you this. My sister's... gone looking for you. You'd better hide!" Jaden stammered nervously.

"She's already found me," Caiden replied before immediately hanging up.

On the other side, Jaden froze.

We're screwed. Someone always gets hurt whenever those two meet. Forget it. I'd better save my energy for when it's time to console one of them.

Meanwhile, Larry got into his car and headed straight for the village. Caiden's face constantly surfaced in his mind as he drove.

He could tell that Caiden was no ordinary guy; the latter probably had an influential background but was merely hiding it.

"Hey, Caspian, use some connections and find out Caiden Owen's real background. The more detailed, the better."

"Haven't I sent you a copy?"

"I want his real information, not the fake background he used back in school!" With that, Larry hung up.

Does that mean Caiden has two different backgrounds? Caspian scratched his head.

Ever since Delilah received her treatment, Joan's mood improved by the day, and the entire family became filled with hope and determination.

"You must be tired, Joan. I'm sorry for the trouble," Delilah said with gratitude.

"What are you talking about, Ms. Young? Don't you remember how you used to take care of me every day back when I was recuperating?" Joan smiled.

She was a sentimental woman, and she certainly knew how to be thankful for what others had done for her. Joan knew that Delilah had a rich past; the latter had merely chosen to forget it. They were both such piteous women, so they naturally understood each other.