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After half an hour, Jay and Lilith arrived. Jay had prepared to pick Irish up from the airport, but he heard the news about Cassie on the phone. He called Lilith again, and they quickly arrived at the hospital.

As he saw Irish, he had the idea that she would be in the hospital overnight, so he called his parents and told them that she wouldn't be home tonight. Mary understood Irish and Cassie's friendship, so she was also angry at Fredrick's behavior. She even expressed her intention to kill Fredrick.

Jay got a headache listening to her and finally persuaded her not to cause any new problems.

Daisy quickly returned from her assigned task, and she brought two sets of clothes back to the hospital. Joseph persuaded Irish and Roy to change their clothes. When they left, he shot a glimpse at Fredrick and slowly walked to him, stopping in front of him.

Fredrick was still leaning against the wall motionlessly. His coat was also dirty from his fight with Roy. Joseph looked down at him and said lightly after a while, "It's because of Irish that you broke up with Cassie." He didn't pose a question but said it in an affirmative tone.

Fredrick's hands quivered, and he stared at Joseph with a complex expression.

Joseph's next words became simpler and firm, "Fredrick. I warn you. Do not let Irish know that you like her."

Fredrick blinked slightly, suddenly sneering, "What makes you entitled to warn me?"

"Your love for her isn't reasonable. What's more, you will make Irish bear a heavy burden if she knows." Joseph put his hands into his pocket and said slowly, "I think you understand this."

Fredrick kept sneering. "Joseph, don't you put a heavy burden on her?"

"My love is more acceptable than yours," Joseph said directly, with an aggressive coldness in his eyes. "According to what I know about Irish, she would rather tolerate some scolding from others than scramble for the same man with her best friend."

Joseph's statement made Fredrick quiver slightly. He stared at Joseph but didn't respond immediately. After a while, he stood up slowly and cleared up his messy white coat, then sneered and said, "Your love is more acceptable? I want to ask you how acceptable it is. If I'm not fit for her, are you? Do you really know her? I can tell you that no woman who is subjected to these rumors could still be satisfied. Your love for her is not going to bring her happiness, only disaster."

"If that is a professional suggestion from a psychologist, then I should say thanks." Joseph remained calm, facing this situation. "But if you're only saying that as a man, then don't think it's necessary for me to accept it from a loser."

Fredrick looked at him angrily, gritting his teeth.

"We are all adults now, and we all know clearly what we should do and what we shouldn't. If I were you, I would not have let things go this way."

"Joseph, it is still a bit early for you to show off in front of me."

Joseph laughed, "You're wrong. I have never shown off anything to others. Dr. Fredrick, it will be impossible for you to still be upright and good in Irish's eyes after what happened to Cassie today. What I just said is not an order or persuasion, but pointing out your concerns and giving you a conclusion. That's enough."

Fredrick silently clenched his fists and stared forward.

Daisy was very insightful, and the clothes she bought for Roy were very suitable for him. As he returned after changing, he saw the light was still on. He felt even more worried and paced nervously. Joseph walked forward, looking at the time, and then patted his shoulder to comfort him.

Roy was still so anxious. After a while, he spoke in a low voice, "Why does the procedure last so long?"

"Don't worry, I've just asked York. Cassie has lost too much blood, but there is sufficient blood in the bank. Don't worry." After talking to Fredrick, Joseph called an expert in the hospital who kept in contact with him. However, Roy was still nervous about it.

At this time, Daisy came forward and covered the microphone on her phone, saying to Joseph in a low voice, "Mr. Dover. The directors are still waiting at the Group headquarters. In addition, Manager Law from the Development Sector and Director Ward from the Planning and Promotion Sector are looking to give reports about mine M100-2 to you..."

"Wait a moment," Joseph commanded without thinking.

Daisy didn't know what he was waiting for, but she could not say any more to him, given his attitude. She could only pick up the phone again and say, "Mr. Dover has something to deal with. Yes, he needs some more time."

She walked a little farther away, and her voice became lower.

Joseph waited for a while and looked at the time again. He asked Roy, "Why haven't Irish come out?"

Roy had no energy to think about his question, so he just shook his head weakly. Joseph immediately walked to the lounge, which was at the end of the corridor.

The door was closed.

Joseph walked up to the door, knocking on it.

There was no sound inside.

Frowning, he just pushed the door open and walked in. The lounge was not large, facing southwest, so as he opened the door, he could see a view of the last rays of the setting sun. Beside the window was a small, lonely figure sitting on a bench. Her long black hair draped down like seaweed. She raised her face slightly, staring at a white orchid tree whose leaves were blowing in the wind. The light outlined her delicate face, illuminating the sadness in her eyes.

Joseph stopped. Her shadow was elongated by the sunset, showing an inexplicably beautiful portrait of loneliness. From the moment he arrived at the hospital to now, she hadn't cried, but her eyes were red.

He would rather see her crying than see this lonely figure in front of him. He stood at the door for a few minutes, then closed the door, slowly walking forward.

As he walked towards her, he could feel her sorrow more clearly.