

Chapter 15 An Unexpected Encounter

Her mind went blank for a moment. Then she quickly rushed back to the hallway.

"Help! Someone has attempted suicide!" she yelled.

The doctors and nurses nearby approached her immediately and she led them back to the staircase. She finally got a clear view of the person who committed suicide. The handsome young man seemed to be in his early 20's and was lying in a small puddle of blood that trickled from his wrist. It was shocking to see his face turn as pale as paper.

The doctors and nurses quickly lifted the young man onto a stretcher. One of his hands had slipped and was hanging off the stretcher. Charlotte was worried his hand might hit the railings, so she quickly stepped forward to place his hand in a safe position.

However, the unconscious young man suddenly moved his hand and his fingers caught hold of Charlotte's bracelet. Before she could react, the stretcher moved and the young man, refusing to let go, broke the bracelet. The beads scattered on the floor, sliding all the way down the stairs. 1

"This is an emergency, please clear the way!" one of the doctors shouted.

Charlotte stood in place and watched the young man being

carried up the stairs. She looked at the puddle of blood on the floor and an old memory flashed through her mind. Her heart pounded rapidly, and she quickly averted her gaze, holding onto the railings as she climbed upstairs.

As she leaned against the door to catch her breath, she suddenly remembered she was previously on the phone with Griffith. She glanced at her phone and saw that the call had already disconnected. She thought of calling back, but she was still in shock, so she decided to leave it for another time.

Shortly after she returned to William's ward, Ava brought lunch, and they ate together. It did not take long before news of the young man's suicide attempt spread throughout the hospital. Driven by curiosity, Ava inquired and sighed. "Rumor has it that the young man is from the VIP ward. He has been suffering from depression and ran out while no one was around. Unfortunately, he was in the midst of an episode and lost control of himself."

The young man reminded her of William, so she empathized and prayed for him inwardly. In the afternoon, they heard rumors saying the young man had been saved.

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Griffith arrived at the hospital around 4 o'clock. A crowd had gathered at the entrance of the ward. An elderly lady was crying in her son's arms. The crowd made way for Griffith as he approached and he looked through the window. The

young man was lying motionlessly on the bed, with a thick gauze wrapped around his wrist. The man who was comforting the elderly woman gestured to Griffith and they both went to the hallway.

Eli Sterling was the second heir of the Sterling Family from Portchester City. He had a good relationship with Griffith.

"How's Benjamin doing?" Griffith asked.

Eli took a puff of cigarette and sighed heavily, "He almost didn't make it. Damnit, this kid is ruthless. The cut was so deep, he'd be dead if someone didn't stumble upon him."

Griffith furrowed his brow and remained silent.

Benjamin's mother was his cousin-sister, and his father was Eli's eldest brother. Both of them were only a few years apart in age. When they were younger, Benjamin would always follow him around, addressing him as 'uncle' to tease him.

"His life was ruined since his mother passed away and he got into an accident, leaving his hands and feet crippled. We thought bringing him to King City, his mother's hometown, would help him recover. Who would have thought it would trigger him."

As Eli's voice fell, someone in the hallway called out to them, "Mr. Benjamin is awake."

The men quickly put out their cigarettes and walked back to

the ward. Benjamin had regained consciousness. As he became aware of what he had done, he looked at the group of people with a complicated expression.

He did not respond despite Eli speaking to him. Suddenly, Griffith noticed a string of beads at his bedside.

Chapter 16 Thank You for Helping

The nurse saw him staring at the string of beads and quickly explained, "Mr. Benjamin has been clutching on to that string of beads all this time. He didn't even let go during the procedure."

Picking up the string of beads, Griffith found it somewhat familiar. He looked at Benjamin and asked, "Where did you get this?"

Benjamin's eyes lit up, and he struggled to reach out his hand. Griffith placed the string of beads in his hand.

Eli said jokingly, "Could it belong to the girl that found you?"

Benjamin pursed his lips and nodded.

Griffith raised his brow and asked, "Do you want to meet her?"

Benjamin was lost in thought. He vaguely remembered that when he slit his wrist, there was a brief moment of clarity before he fainted. He wanted to live, but his consciousness was drifting away. Suddenly, he heard footsteps descending from the staircase and saw the silhouette of a woman before everything went dark before his eyes.

Griffith patted him on the shoulder and said, "Once you get better, I'll help you find her."

Eli quickly added, "Yes, you have to get better first."

Benjamin held onto the string of beads tightly. After a while, he muttered with difficulty, "No, I'll find her myself..."

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William was finally out of danger and was transferred to a regular ward when night fell. Charlotte let out a sigh of relief and squeezed onto the extra bed with Ava.

"You haven't gone home in two days, and Griffith didn't even bother to call you?" Ava asked.

"Why should he call? To ask me to go back to clean the house?" Charlotte replied.

Ava pouted. The two of them leaned their heads together. Fully recharged from the afternoon nap they had, they cursed away at everyone in the Wilson Family except for their matriarch. They carried on until midnight and hit the sack.

The next day, Charlotte decided to meet Griffith personally to talk about the divorcement again. She called Arthur to arrange for a meeting with Griffith but was rejected.

"Mr. Wilson has a meeting today, so I'm afraid he won't be able to meet you today," Arthur smiled and said.

Charlotte thought about several locations where Griffith would go for meetings and asked, "Is he at the golf course

or the conference room?"

Afraid that she might cause trouble, Arthur lied, "At a conference room, of course."

"Oh, so he's at the gold course. Arthur, I suggest you tell me the room number. I'll go and find him peacefully. You wouldn't want me to create a scene while looking for him, would you? Send the room number to me. I'm hanging up now."

She hung up.

After having a quick breakfast and entrusting Ava to look after William, she went to the golf club Griffith frequented. It was a member-only exclusive golf club, and Charlotte did not have a membership card.

When she arrived at the entrance, she originally wanted Arthur to come and pick her up, but that *sshole stopped replying to her message after sending her the room number. It seemed like he was sure she was not going to be able to get in.

Charlotte waited patiently in the car. It did not take long before a dozen sports cars pulled up at the entrance. The group of rich young men dropped off their cars and walked into the golf club. She quickly got out of the car and followed behind them.

She casually glanced at her phone and pretended as if she was one of them. When she reached the entrance, the

waiter hesitated on whether to stop her but she strode confidently without looking back. As she entered, the group of men stopped all of a sudden, as the leading man had turned around to look at her.

Charlotte calmly met his gaze while also sizing him up. The man was quite young; he wore casual clothes and rocked a pair of sunglasses. He tucked his hands in his pocket and smiled at her.

"Are you using me?"

Charlotte casually said, "I'm in a hurry, and I needed your help. Thank you." Then she strutted off without looking back.

The young man known as Simon Flint took off his sunglasses and raised a brow.

"Who is she?" he asked.

Nobody recognized her. Only one of them came forward and said, "Simon, you don't know her because you've been abroad for the past few years. That was Griffith Wilson's wife."

Simon's expression darkened before he scoffed. "Interesting."
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