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"There, all done. Please ring the bell if you need any assistance, Miss." The flight attendant smiled sweetly before turning to leave.

"Sure, thank you," Jessica replied.

After the minor accident, she was in a bad mood. Feeling displeased, she did not want to say another word nor speak with anyone. Larry sensed her emotions and kept quiet. On the contrary, Caspian kept picking on her.

Alas, Jessica could not hold back her anger and lashed out at him, "Hey, are you done nagging? Can you stop blabbing now?"

She cared about her reputation in public very much and tried to suppress her emotions.

"What's with your attitude? It's all your fault and yet you're the one pulling a long face and throwing a tantrum," Caspian rebutted.

He had always loathed that woman and had blacklisted her ever since she first showed up in front of him.

"Well, Larry didn't say anything, so what makes you think that a small assistant like you has the right to keep harping on it?" Jessica said contemptuously.

Though they kept their voices low, Larry who sat in between them was extremely irritated by their endless arguments and left his seat.

"Look who's talking? You're the one who keeps on bugging Larry even though you know that he's married..."

Somehow, Caspian was all geared up with energy to lock horns with that woman.

"What's wrong with those two people, huh?"

"I'm not sure, but it seems like a heated argument."

"What else? Surely, it's the usual couple fights."

A few passengers aside were chattering away.

"We're not a couple!" both Jessica and Caspian responded in unison.

Stupid man, how daring of him to act so fierce toward me! Jessica's blood was boiling, but the other passengers broke out into laughter.

As everyone quietened down, Caspian and Jessica felt so awkward. It was mainly because Larry had left his seat, leaving only the two of them.

"Where's Larry?" the woman asked moments later.

"He left just now," Caspian uttered.

"Don't state the obvious!"

Upon disembarkation, Jessica trailed behind the two men closely. Caspian was baffled at her actions.

"Larry, why does the woman keep following us?" he whispered to Larry.

"Just as I've predicted. It's only abnormal if she's not following us," Larry replied casually.

What does that mean? She's here on purpose? Caspian turned his head to peek on the woman suspiciously.

Jessica grew up abroad, so she was never shy. In fact, she felt nothing.

I must cling to him no matter what. Whether I truly like him or I just want to win him over—he can only be mine.

"Hey, Ms. Zimmer, can you stop stalking us? We've got some serious business we need to attend to. Your interference is not welcomed." Caspian tried to hold back from expressing his true feelings.

Larry, on the other hand, remained silent because he knew how determined Jessica was. She would never give up on something she had set her mind on, so there was no use of him attempting to convince her otherwise.

Tilting her chin up, Jessica questioned domineeringly, "What did I do? I didn't make you pay for my food or drinks; neither did I bring you any trouble. So, how exactly have I affected you?"

Why is there such a shameless woman on earth? I've made it crystal clear, yet, she's still brazenly tailing us like a shadow. Forget it, I'll just let her be.

"Where are we going, Larry? To see the boss of the manufacturing company?" Caspian inquired further.

"No, let's head to the hotel." Larry took the lead and strode ahead.

Right then, Jessica was as excited as a child on Christmas morning.

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Finally, we can go to the hotel and get some rest. The woman smiled at her own thought while Caspian found her irritating.

"May I know how many rooms you need?" asked the friendly receptionist.

"Three," Caspian answered.

"Two," Jessica argued.

The receptionist looked at the trio with a confused look. Larry had his eyes locked on his tablet screen, disregarding everything that was happening around him.

"Do you guys need to have a discussion first?" the receptionist asked.

"No need, three rooms," Caspian reiterated.

"No need, two rooms!" Jessica rebutted.

Has this woman gone nuts? There are three of us. Why is she insisting on only two rooms? Is she not staying in this hotel?

"You're not staying here? Great, then we'll only need two rooms." Caspian was about to pass his card to the receptionist.

"Who says I'm not staying here? I'll share a room with Larry."

Caspian felt like he had been struck by lightning.

Is she delusional? Do all women love building castles in the air? Caspian stared at her in disbelief.

"Hey, are you out of your mind? Larry is taking a single room. What are you thinking?" Caspian rebuked her.

What else am I thinking? I want Larry! Jessica smiled sheepishly.

"Mind your own business. Two rooms it is," she smirked.

Caspian did not know what to do with her persistent attitude. He turned to Larry and posted him a serious question, "Larry, how many rooms do we need?"

"Two," he replied plainly.

What? Caspian's eyes widened. This woman has lost her mind, that's for sure. But you too? No way, this isn't the Larry I know!

"Are you sure, Larry? There're three of us, so there should be three rooms altogether."

"Two will do." He left after saying so.

Does he want to share a room with me or that evil woman? What's going on? "Two rooms, please. Thank you." Furious, Caspian passed his card to the receptionist.

Hearing his request, Jessica grinned from ear to ear.

Gazing at Larry from afar, her mind ran wild with various imaginations.

Perhaps he's been faking it all this while and he actually does have feelings for me?

"Mr. Norton," she called out to him gently as she walked toward him and ran her left arm around his shoulders.

"What are you doing?" Larry asked directly without lifting his head.

"I didn't expect that, Mr. Norton." She pulled her collar with her right hand, attempting to expose her beautiful collarbone.

Larry snorted, but did not comment anything.

Looking at the ridiculous scene, Caspian was enraged.

What a scheming b***h! She is trying to steal someone else's husband! His face scowled as he clenched his fists. However, he still had faith in Larry that he would be able to withstand her seduction.

Larry won't betray Joan. Caspian consoled himself.

"Larry, I'm going to leave the suitcases in the room," Caspian informed him as he walked ahead.

"Don't you need to go over?" Larry asked.

"I only have one suitcase. Larry, I'm feeling a bit tired. Could you help me bring it to the room, please?" She leaned against the man standing next to her.

As a woman who takes initiative, she seems to be a good match for Caspian. Larry stopped in his tracks.

"You go ahead. I still have some pending work to be done," Larry pushed her into the room as he spoke.

Why does he have an endless to-do list? There are so many shareholders in Norton Corporation, but why is Larry the only one working? Jessica pouted her lips and got up slowly.

"All right then, I'll go take a bath and wait for you." She pinched his cheeks gently before leaving.

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The man took out a tissue from his pocket and wiped his cheeks.

Larry continued working on his laptop at the hotel lobby for some time until his phone rang.

"Hey Larry, why aren't you coming up? It's getting late. Leave the rest of the work to tomorrow," Caspian reminded him anxiously.

Larry turned to his side and looked out the window, only to realize that it was already late in the evening.

"I won't be going up to the room tonight. You go ahead and sleep." He was about to hang up after saying so.

Absolutely not! Caspian panicked.

"Hey, Larry, you can't betray Joan! Although Jessica is very pretty, she's..."

"I didn't say I'm going to her room. She's too noisy. I'm changing to another hotel. Bye." Larry hung up.

Stunned, Caspian stared at his phone.

"Sir, do you need me to book you a single room?" the receptionist approached him and asked politely.

"It's okay, thank you," Larry replied as he got up and left the hotel.

Why isn't he here yet? It's already two in the morning. Jessica behaved like she had ants in her pants as she glanced at her watch.

This won't do. I have to go and check it out myself. She grabbed her jacket and walked out of her room.

Right then, there was no one in the lobby.

What's going on? Where's the receptionist? Where is Larry? Where did everyone go? Jessica looked around with bated breath.

"Hello, Miss. How may I help you?" a receptionist approached her all of a sudden and asked.

"Um... Did you see the man who was sitting here just now? Where did he go?" Jessica asked anxiously.

This is so frustrating. Could it be that he went to Caspian's room? Jessica gasped as if an idea dawned on her.

Oh no, does Larry have a kinky taste? No, no, no, this can't happen.

Immediately, she fled the scene before the receptionist could answer her question.

"Larry!" Jessica yelled as she ran to Caspian's room.

With no consideration for other hotel quests, she knocked fiercely on the door.

"Hey! What's all the ruckus in the wee hours? I'm trying to get some sleep here!"

"Precisely! Who's the idiot clamoring in the hallway?"

A few men from the rooms nearby popped their heads out and shouted at Jessica.

Worried sick about Larry sleeping with Caspian in the same room, she was no longer bothered by how others viewed her.

The harsh knocking on the door woke Caspian up from his sleep. Rubbing his bleary eyes, he got up slowly and then walked toward the door.

Thud! Jessica exerted all her force and pinned Caspian against the wall.

Ouch! Caspian held his belly and groaned.

"Come on out, Larry! Show yourself. Aren't you supposed to be sleeping with me? Why are you staying with this stupid man? Don't hide from me! I know you're in here. Come out, right now!" Jessica searched the entire room but to no avail.

This is weird. Where did he go? He couldn't have grown a pair of wings and flew away, could he? Suspiciously, Jessica examined every nook and cranny.

"Hey! Where did you hide Larry?" she started interrogating him.

Completely flabbergasted, Caspian tried to figure out why did she barge into his room in the first place.

"Tell me why you are here?"

He was distracted by the bump at the back of his head and neglected what she said earlier.

"You're asking me why am I here? You took Larry away from me and you still have the cheek to ask me that? Caspian, do you have no shame? Larry is like a brother to you. How could you do such a filthy thing?" She stared daggers at him.

What's all this about? What dirty things have I done to Larry? What on earth is she implying?

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"Why? Don't dare to admit that you have a special interest? Larry is a straight guy. Don't you dare to make him into a queer!" Jessica scorned.

Finally, Caspian realized what that commotion was about.

She's so crazy to think that I'm a gay? I was married. How ridiculous.

"Whatever it is that you are thinking, don't speculate blindly. Get out of my room now. I'm going to bed. There are tons of work waiting for me tomorrow. Larry isn't here, so would you please leave right away?" Caspian gestured her out of the room.

What did he say? But he reserved only two rooms. Did Larry get another room for himself? Jessica sank into deep thoughts.

"That's enough. Stop dilly-dallying. Go back now," he urged.

"No, wait a second!" She clasped his arms.

"Tell me Larry's room number," she pleaded bashfully.

Caspian chuckled. A loud and boisterous Jessica suddenly turned into a timid mouse.

"Stop wasting your time. Larry has gone elsewhere. He's not in this hotel." As soon as he said that, Caspian pushed her out of the room.

What a ridiculous woman; always thinking about nonsensical stuff! Even if Larry stays in this hotel, he won't enter your room. Stop daydreaming!

Meanwhile, Larry was resting on his bed and staring blankly at the crescent moon outside the window.

What is Joan doing right now? Did she have a good meal? What about Delilah and the child? He missed Joan all of a sudden, but he would get all worked up when he recalled the incident earlier.

Where did she go the other night? What did she do? Who was she with? Furrowing his brows, Larry was in a pensive mood.

Should I give her a call? He looked at his phone and hesitated.

Fine, we'll talk about this another time. However, his phone rang shortly after.

He thought that it was Joan but became disappointed when he saw the name displayed on the phone screen. Thus, he ignored the call.

"Why isn't he answering?" Fretting, Jessica was mumbling in her own room.

The cell phone kept ringing and irritated Larry greatly.

"Jessica, what do you want at this ungodly hour?" Larry went ballistic.

The thing he hated the most was someone disrupting his plans, especially that woman named Jessica.

"W-Where are you, Mr. Norton? I've been waiting for you to return to the room," she purposefully crafted her reply.

Waiting for me? Whatever for? It's impossible for us to be sleeping together in the same room!

"Get some rest. You don't need to worry about me." He hung up right away.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

I traveled all the way here for him. How could he treat me like this? He's so cold to me. I was wrong about him.

Jessica's heart wrenched.

The next morning, Larry showed up at the hotel lobby where Caspian and Jessica stayed.

"Larry," Caspian greeted him.

"Where were you last night, Mr. Norton? It's a bummer you didn't bring Caspian and me along," Jessica cast a glance at him and said deliberately.

"I just went to another hotel. It's quieter there," Larry explained.

Jessica's eyes brightened up as she stared at him with anticipation.

"Which hotel?" she followed up with another question.

Larry responded with a grin but kept silent.

I ain't mad. Why should I tell this woman and invite trouble?

"Let's go for breakfast, Caspian." Larry changed the topic.

In the meantime, Joan was helping Caiden pack his clothes in the ward. She looked composed but did not know what to say to Caiden as she felt a little guilty toward him.

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"Are you all right, Joan? You don't seem to be in a good mood recently," Caiden asked.

How can I feel good? He's encountered a serious accident because of me. In addition, he's also fallen out with his mother because of me. These two incidents made Joan feel so uneasy and sad.

"Caiden, why did you chase your mother away? She's your own flesh and blood." Joan could not hold back her guery anymore.

It's a long story. Should I tell her? Looking at the woman standing before him, Caiden contemplated.

Perhaps I should tell her everything about me, including my childhood, teenage years, and adulthood. If I hide from the person that I love, our days ahead will be filled with doubts and suspicions.

"Okay, I'll tell you. When I was really little, my dad and mom left me at my grandparents'..." Caiden reminisced the past as he shared his stories.

He remembered it vividly and described all the specifics to Joan who was so engrossed in listening.

I never knew he has gone through so much. Joan's expression dimmed.

She always thought that Caiden's life was like a bed of roses and without any worries because he was born with a silver spoon. Conversely, he led a pitiful life lacking the sincere love of his parents. They gave him away when he needed them most. As a result, his grandparents assumed the roles of his parents.

No wonder he doesn't want to go home and is being counseled by Jaden.

Many a time, people feel helpless when there are unresolved issues that plague a family.

We hardly see a perfect solution to all problems faced; it's almost a mission impossible. Had Caiden grew up like any other ordinary child—showered with great love from his parents, their family would have lost the chance of building a big company. Many things are related, but people tend to look only at what's presented on the superficial level.

If everyone were to be more tolerant, the world would certainly be a better place.

"Caiden, have you ever wondered how you could live so well and was raised comfortably if not for your parents? Can you deny the fact that you've never lacked a single thing since young?

"Has it ever crossed your mind that when you're nibbling a drumstick and drinking a bowl of hot soup, your parents were still pulling an all-nighter at the office?" Joan was worked up as she prompted Caiden to think from his parents' perspectives.

She loathed those who did not practice filial piety, especially children who were not grateful to their parents. To many people, it goes unsaid to be thankful for what their parents have done for them. In fact, it's a core essential that even elementary school children have cultivated in them. On the contrary, Caiden has been holding grudges against his parents since he was young.

"Ever since I started my first job during my high school days, I have been footing all of my expenses, including my tuition fees. I didn't use a single cent of their money and I couldn't care less about it," Caiden said indignantly.

What's with his attitude? What about all the things his parents had done to raise him up? From milk powder to snacks and school supplies; weren't these provided by his own father and mother?

Joan could not figure out what made him so obstinate. Something might have happened in between... Joan studied the man before him.

"All in all, I just don't like them and I'm not willing to see them ever again, let alone being with them," Caiden said straightforwardly.

What made this man so adamant and cruel to his own parents?

"That's enough. Let's drop the topic. What would you like to eat? I'll go get it for you." Joan changed the subject.

"Anything. I'll eat whatever you buy. I'd better get some shut-eye." With that, he lay down and slept.

It's such a pity to see a wonderful man treating his parents like they are archenemies when they could actually live like a blessed family.

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Taking a glance at Caiden, Joan picked her phone up and left the ward.

"Joan!" a familiar voice called out to her as soon as she stepped foot out of the hospital.

"Mrs. Owens," Joan greeted her softly.

She was rather anxious to meet her since the latter was quite fierce the last time they met.

"Sorry about the last time. Can you do me a favor? Here's some chicken soup that I've prepared for Caiden. Please help me bring it to him. If I did it myself, he would most probably discard it," Caiden's mother pleaded.

Joan listened to her words as she went in a daze. She loves Caiden very much.

"Joan, are you listening?" the woman asked.

"Joan?" she raised her voice to alert her.

"Huh? I'm sorry, Mrs. Owens. Don't worry. I heard you and I know what to do."

The two of them exchanged some pleasantries before going in the opposite direction.

After getting some take-outs, Joan brought them back to the hospital, alongside the chicken soup prepared by Mrs. Owens.

"Here, have something to eat. This chicken soup is for you." Joan cast a gaze at the patient resting on the bed.

"Didn't you order take-out? They have chicken soup too?" Caiden was curious.

"Oh, I boiled it at home this morning. Ms. Young helped deliver it here just now. Taste and see if it's to your liking." Joan served him a bowl of soup.

"Be careful. The soup is hot. Have more; it's good for your health," she added.

Caiden frowned. How can this be? I feel like I've tasted this before somewhere... But this is only the first time I'm drinking Joan's soup.

"How's it? Good?" she asked.

"Yup, it's nice. It's just weird that I feel like I've tasted your soup before," he answered calmly.

At that moment, Caiden's mother was just outside the ward. She was happy to see her son drinking the soup she specially prepared for him.

She looked forward to the day Caiden could forgive herself and her husband.

Suddenly, with a sullen face, Caiden put the bowl on the table.

"What's wrong?" Joan approached him.

"Answer me honestly, Joan. You didn't cook this chicken soup, did you?" Caiden questioned her.

Embarrassed, Joan tried to avoid his question. "What's wrong? Does it taste bad?" Does it really matter who boiled the soup? Whoever it was that boiled the soup, it is for his wellbeing.

He says the soup tastes familiar. That might be the taste he hates the most.

"Who made this?" he hissed.

Will he flip the table if he finds out it's from his mother? Trapped in a dilemma, she was hesitant about revealing the truth. Joan knew that the mother-and-son relationship was extremely broken.

"All right, Caiden, I'll tell you. Your mom boiled the chicken soup for you and delivered it to me earlier. She was afraid that you'd be angry if you were to find out it's from her, so she asked that I bring it to you instead," Joan uttered blatantly.

That's the truth, regardless if he accepts it or not. Blood is thicker than water; they ought to patch up eventually.

Clink-clank!

Sitting on the bed, Caiden threw the bowl into the trash can furiously. I don't need her sympathy or concern!

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Rage boiled in Caiden as he dug his fingers into the sheets.

"You're too much, Caiden! Your mom spent hours cooking the soup for you!" Joan reprimanded him while cleaning the place up.

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Oh, did she? I couldn't see her effort. Caiden scoffed. Where was she when I had rashes all over my body? Where was she when I was almost kidnapped on the way to school?

All of a sudden, she decides to be a good mother. Too bad, I don't need her anymore.

"Please don't see her again. I don't like you doing that," Caiden said with a stern face.

It seemed like the emotional entanglement between the two could never be resolved in a short span of time. Feeling helpless, Joan shook her head and heaved a long sigh.

Never in a million years have I ever met a son who sees his own parents as enemies. He's probably the first one. Oh well, it's best I let him recuperate first.

"Fine, let's not talk about it anymore. What do you want to eat? I'll go get other food for you." Joan attempted to switch the subject.

"Sandwiches," he replied.

"Your breakfast is here!" Delilah's voice sounded.

Her sudden appearance startled Caiden.

"Why are you here so early?" he asked.

"Oh, I was bored at home. So, I decided to visit you," Delilah answered.

Actually, Delilah had made up a plan before she came. I'll take care of Caiden on behalf of Joan. This way, it will prevent Larry from misunderstanding the relationship between Joan and Caiden.

"By the way, Caiden, what do you think about me?" Delilah walked closer to his bed and posted a serious question.

What kind of question is that? Why is she asking me this out of the blue? Caiden was astounded.

Oh no, did Ms. Young fall for me? I'm a pure and innocent man. Goodness gracious, she likes someone her junior?

Joan gaped at Delilah in surprise.

Is Ms. Young in the right mind today? Why does she look like she's having a fangirl moment? Does she like Caiden? No way! Joan widened her eyes in disbelief.

"Well, Ms. Young, you're quite nice, friendly, and dependable," Caiden replied in a shaky voice.

"That's right! Do you think that you'll be happy with me around?" Delilah got right to the point.

Caiden's heart skipped a beat.

What does she mean by that? How's that possible? Our age gap is too huge. With her age, she could be my mother!

No, no, no, I must clear the air with her. B-But... What if she becomes downcast? Caiden felt conflicted.

"What's wrong, Caiden? Are you not happy being with me?" Delilah prompted him again.

How dare this brat show it so blatantly?

"No, why would I be unhappy? I'm glad to be with you, Ms. Young," he clarified.

Dumbfounded, Joan was rendered speechless.

Are the two confessing to each other? Ms. Young is so direct; she's a woman of temperament who stays true to her feelings. Joan sorted out her emotions and walked over slowly.

"All right, in that case, I'll stay here to take care of you. Joan, you can go home now," Delilah turned and declared loudly.

I'm sacrificing myself for the sake of Joan and Larry. I hope this girl will understand my good intentions.

"It's okay, Ms. Young. I'm fine here. It's not so convenient for you," Joan said with embarrassment.

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Despite her silence, she was also too embarrassed to voice her thoughts.

"Hmph, what's wrong with my age? Although I'm old, I'm still fully capable of providing care. Besides, you've heard Caiden. He's happier when I'm around," Delilah said as she patted her chest with pride.

Immediately, the ward's atmosphere turned silent and awkward. The trio glanced at each other with a look of hesitation painted across their faces.

All of a sudden, a woman burst into the ward. "Caiden!" she cried out.

Why is she here? This is bad! Quickly, Caiden lay down and pulled the blankets over his body to cover himself.

"Caiden, what happened to you? Did you get into an accident? Is it painful? How is your body?" Noelle blabbered on in a string of endless questions. Her barrage of questions left Delilah dazed.

What sort of relationship did these two have? Caiden was fooling around with other women too? A glimmer of suspicion began to spark in Delilah's gaze.

"How are you feeling? Are you cold? I'll bring another blanket for you," Noelle fussed as she grabbed an extra blanket and tossed it over Caiden's body.

His expression contorted into one of discomfort as he coughed weakly.

Is she trying to smother me to death?

"It's alright, I'm fine. I just need to take a nap and rest," Caiden interjected hurriedly.

Hearing his words, Noelle made her way towards him and took a seat on the bed. Gently, she reached out her hand and ruffled his hair. In an attempt to avoid her touch, Caiden turned away and nearly tumbled off the bed.

"Caiden, I missed you so much..." Noelle whined petulantly.

It hasn't even been five minutes, but she had begun crying.

Seeing the scene before them, Caiden's visitors couldn't help but feel resigned. Delilah reached out her hand and tugged on Joan's sleeve to drag her outside. On the other hand, Noelle sprawled herself across the bed as she sobbed profusely. Her bold actions left him stunned and speechless.

"What are you crying about? You are going to scare everyone away," Caiden said impatiently.

"I'm scared! I was so happy to see you, but the sight of you on the hospital bed left me stricken with worry!" Noelle sobbed profusely.

She wasn't even the one who was involved in the accident. Why is she so fussing so much? Things would go downhill if she kept this up. She would drive Joan away with her continuous crying.

"Stop crying. Can't you see that I'm perfectly fine?" Caiden snapped as he yanked the blankets away.

It was true that he had not suffered any grave injuries. All he needed was adequate rest to regain his body's health. Of course, there were still issues that he should not neglect during his period of recovery.

"Caiden, how do you feel right now? Are you feeling better? I'll call for the doctor," she said and prepared to leave the ward.

"Ah, I'm fine. I was in great spirits before you came," Caiden replied.

Caiden wielded no fear about provoking Noelle's anger with his blunt statement. After all, Noelle could never understand the true meaning behind his words.

"Then, what should I do for you? I wish to help," Noelle rubbed her tears and asked with a sad tone.

Good heavens! Helplessly, Caiden buried his face in his hands.

Her departure would be the greatest help that he could receive. Yet, he was too shy to drive her away.

After all, she had visited him out of a place of genuine concern. It'd be rude to drive her away.

"Noelle, why don't you relax? Joan has done a very good job of taking care of me. There are no other problems. Don't you have other matters to settle? I've seen your hectic schedule. Why don't you head home first? I don't want to delay your work. We can talk on another day..." Caiden asked softly. There was a bright gleam of hope in his eyes as he spoke. He prayed that the woman before him would say yes.

Yet, his wish was not granted.

"I've requested half a month of leave before I came here. Caiden, I am taking the leave in order to take care of you!" Noelle blurted out in response.

What? Caiden felt as if his head was about to explode.

What sort of excuse is this? She might as well kill me!

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"It's alright; Joan alone is enough. It might get noisy if there are too many people," Caiden refuted awkwardly.

Who allowed her to take a leave? Why does she think that she's capable of taking care of me? Most importantly, who on earth told her that I was in the hospital!

"No, I..."

"Joan!" Caiden yelled before Noelle could finish her sentence.

Outside the ward, Delilah was engaged in a deep conversation with Joan.

"I think this is good enough. You should head home, and I'll stay here. This way, people won't gossip behind your back. I'm an old woman now; they won't point their fingers at me. If they do so, I can claim to be his aunt," Delilah said and patted Joan's shoulders in reassurance.

Despite her kind words, Joan was aware that Delilah was doing these for her sake. Besides, taking care of a patient was no walk in the park. As time dragged on, Joan feared that Delilah would collapse from exhaustion.

"But Caiden's body still requires a long period of recovery," Joan tried to argue.

"Don't worry; I won't get tired so easily. Besides, he can move freely now. It wouldn't be a problem."

"Joan!" All of a sudden, Caiden's voice echoed from the ward. The tone of his yell was several octaves higher.

"What happened?"

Both women hurried into the ward with frantic steps.

Their arrival caused Noelle to shift her gaze as she stared at Joan coldly. Immediately, her face was filled with displeasure.

"Ah, I want to eat an apple. Can you help me to peel it?" Caiden asked with a smile.

"I'll help you peel it," Noelle replied in an instant and scrambled for the apple as she began to peel it.

Her movements were as quick as lightning. It was clear that Noelle harbored deep feelings for Caiden

Seeing her actions, Delilah couldn't help but speak up. "Caiden, this woman is impressive!" she said in a sarcastic tone.

Lying on the bed, Caiden awkwardly turned over and gazed at the window outside.

"The weather today is not bad," he replied and ignored Delilah's statement.

It seemed like Noelle was the only one who was oblivious to the awkward tension that hung in the air as she peeled the apple joyfully.

"Caiden, I'm done peeling. Here, you can eat it now," Noelle handed the freshly peeled apple to him.

Despite his hesitation, Caiden still accepted the apple. However, he set it aside without eating it.

Seeing their interaction, a thunderous moment of realization dawned upon Delilah. Caiden had feelings for Joan whilst Noelle loved Caiden. However, it seems like Joan likes Larry. Such complicated relationships!

"Alright, why don't you head back first? Also, could you help me water the plants in the garden? There is nothing much left for you to do besides that," Delilah addressed Joan out of the blue.

Immediately, Caiden's gaze shifted towards Joan.

"Where are you going?" he asked cautiously.

He had gone through thick and thin in an effort to reunite with her. How could she leave right now?

"Caiden, business in the supermarket has been hectic lately. As a result, they are short-staffed and need my help. Ms. Young will take care of you for the time being," Joan murmured.

On the other hand, Noelle was utterly delighted. The corners of her mouth twitched upwards in a smug smile.

"Caiden, you should relax. I'm still here, aren't I? I'll make sure to take good care of you," Noelle said.

How could she compare to Joan? In his eyes, Noelle was nothing more but a nuisance that tagged along with him every day. Caiden merely glanced at her for a brief moment before he turned away without replying.

"You aren't going to visit me anymore?" he continued to question Joan.

"No, I will try to visit you occasionally."

What is she talking about? She might as well vanish and disappear without a trace! Caiden clenched his fists in frustration.

"How can you let Ms. Young be responsible for my care? I'm her junior," Caiden insisted stubbornly.

If Ms. Young was going to take care of him, he might as well ask for a nurse's help.

"Caiden, how can you say such things? Didn't you say that you were happy with me? Why did you change your mind all of a sudden?" Delilah said coyly.

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"What? Caiden, you are in a relationship with her? Is this true? When did your taste in women change so dramatically?" Noelle exclaimed in disbelief as her gaze shifted between Caiden and Delilah.

Even if he was into older women, don't they have too big of an age difference? She is way too old for him! Noelle clutched her head in her hands in a mixture of confusion and shock.

Caiden's sharp gaze drifted towards Delilah before he looked at Noelle again. All of a sudden, an inspirational idea struck him.

"That's right, don't you think that Ms. Young is amazing?" Caiden asked whilst he tugged on Delilah's sleeve.

Immediately, Noelle felt as if someone had doused her body in a bucket of cold water. Shivers skittered down her spine.

What happened to Caiden? Didn't he have feelings for Joan? Hasn't he been pining after her? Why is he involved with this old woman all of a sudden? In the moment of realization, Noelle couldn't handle the shocking news.

"Caiden, did you injure your head? Let me check," Noelle reached forward and clutched his head in her hands. Quickly, she observed his face in an attempt to find an injury.

"Ah, what are you trying to do? Don't forget about your image. There are witnesses here!" Caiden snarled and brushed away her touch. Additionally, he purposely glanced towards Delilah with a coy gaze.

In the blink of an eye, Delilah picked up his intentions and made her way towards him. Gently, she tucked Caiden in.

"Do you have any cravings right now? I'll buy them for you," Delilah crooned as she ruffled his hair affectionately.

Seeing their sweet interaction, Noelle felt a burst of fury explode in her.

How could this old woman coddle up with Caiden? Doesn't she know her place? Not only is she ugly, she also has a horrible figure. Even worse, she is way too old! She even has the audacity to flirt with him! Noelle seethed in fury when she looked at both of them. In her haze of anger, she could barely resist the urge to lash out and slap Delilah across the face.

"It's alright; why don't you rest? I don't want you to tire yourself out," Caiden replied on purpose.

Right now, it would be impossible to start a discussion with Delilah regarding Joan's return. Instead, he decided to make good use of this opportunity and drive Noelle away.

Now that Joan had left, Caiden's hopes had gravitated towards Delilah. It must be a woman's intuition. Delilah could understand the situation the moment she noticed Caiden's attitude towards Noelle.

"Caiden, how could you treat me like this? Why did you fall for her? Clearly, she's not as pretty as me. My figure is better than hers; even her skin is worse than mine. Furthermore, she's so much older than you!" Noelle shrieked in anger.

Such a simpleton! Delilah merely smiled and remained silent. Since Caiden was the one who started it, he should be responsible for dealing with it.

"I'm going to head out and boil some water," Delilah said and headed outside.

"Alright, take care. Don't scald yourself," Caiden replied and cast a side glance towards Noelle.

He couldn't believe that Noelle was still here despite everything that had happened.

"Why does age matter? I don't care about such trifle matters when it comes to finding the one I love. Shouldn't compatibility be the most important thing?" Caiden replied calmly.

Despite the truth in his words, Noelle couldn't wrap her head around the fact that Caiden was in a relationship with that old woman.

Wait, I still have the support of Mrs. Owens! I'm sure Mrs. Owens would not approve of his relationship with Delilah.

"Have you ever thought of Mrs. Owens' feelings? Even if you aren't thinking about yourself, you should still consider the wishes of the Owens family!" Noelle shrieked.

"Don't talk to me about her. You should know better than to mention the Owens family in front of me. They are unrelated to me. Why don't you leave? I need a moment alone," Caiden yelled in response.

It seemed like his temper had reached its limit. Caiden would explode in anger whenever someone brought up his family. Noelle was familiar with this specific trait of his as well. Yet, she could not hold herself back and landed herself in hot water by invoking his fury.