

Chapter 96

"I don't think so. He's not awake yet because he's still drunk. As for the specifics, I can only tell you when he wakes up tomorrow." The doctor left after saying that.

The nurse came in and hooked up a drip for Xander. It seemed that I could only spend the night in the hospital.

The next morning, Xander finally woke up.

"How do you feel? Does your head hurt? Do you know who I am?" I immediately asked, afraid that he would lose his memory after a fall just like in the movies.

He looked around him first, then slowly turned to me. There was a strange look in his eyes. He asked in a daze, "Where am I? Who are you? Why am I here?"

No way, did he really lose his memory? I stepped back, frightened out of my wits. My tears started falling uncontrollably.

After a very long time, Xander laughed and said, "Alright, alright. You can't even take a small scare, huh? Why do you cry s

o easily? Weren't you really tough when you pushed me last night?"

It turned out that this idiot was only tricking me.

Furious, I wiped my tears away and went over to punch him in the chest. "You're really something, huh? Is it fun to trick me?"

"Ouch, it hurts." Xander covered his chest and groaned exaggeratedly.

I ignored him and said, "When the doctor checks on you later and finds nothing wrong with you, I want you to get your *s s up and go back. I can't believe you made me worry about you for the whole night."

"Were you really worried about me, Wandy? Ah, you should've pushed harder so you would take care of me for the rest of your life." Xander laughed in an unruly manner.

"Who said I pushed you? You were the one who fell down because you had too much to drink. I was just kind enough to bring you to the hospital," I explained. Since he was fine, I did not want to carry this responsibility any longer.

“Really? But I clearly remember someone pushing me to the ground.” His charming eyes were filled with smiles. He continued, “As a woman, you should be brave and take up your responsibility. Take responsibility for pushing me.”

“Uh, you should lie down. I’ll go and get the doctor.” Since my excuse did not work, I had no choice but to escape.

“If there’s anything wrong with my head, I’ll stick with you for the rest of my life.” Xander’s laughter roared out behind me. ①

Thankfully, the doctor did not find any problems after checking and allowed us to proceed with the discharge procedures.

On the way back to the hotel, Xander was constantly complaining about his speedy recovery. He also kept saying that he should stay a few more days in the hospital for observation.

I ignored him and went straight to the hotel. My morning was gone just like that.

Cecilia called me at noon and said that she had already arrived in the South Sea. However, due to jet lag, she needed to

catch up with some sleep. After agreeing to go shopping together tomorrow, I told her to get a good rest.

In the afternoon, the director and the crew arrived. We first held a meeting in the hotel that took a few hours. When everything was ready, we planned to officially start the shoot tomorrow. In order to celebrate the smooth and successful start of the shoot, I decided to invite everyone for a good dinner.

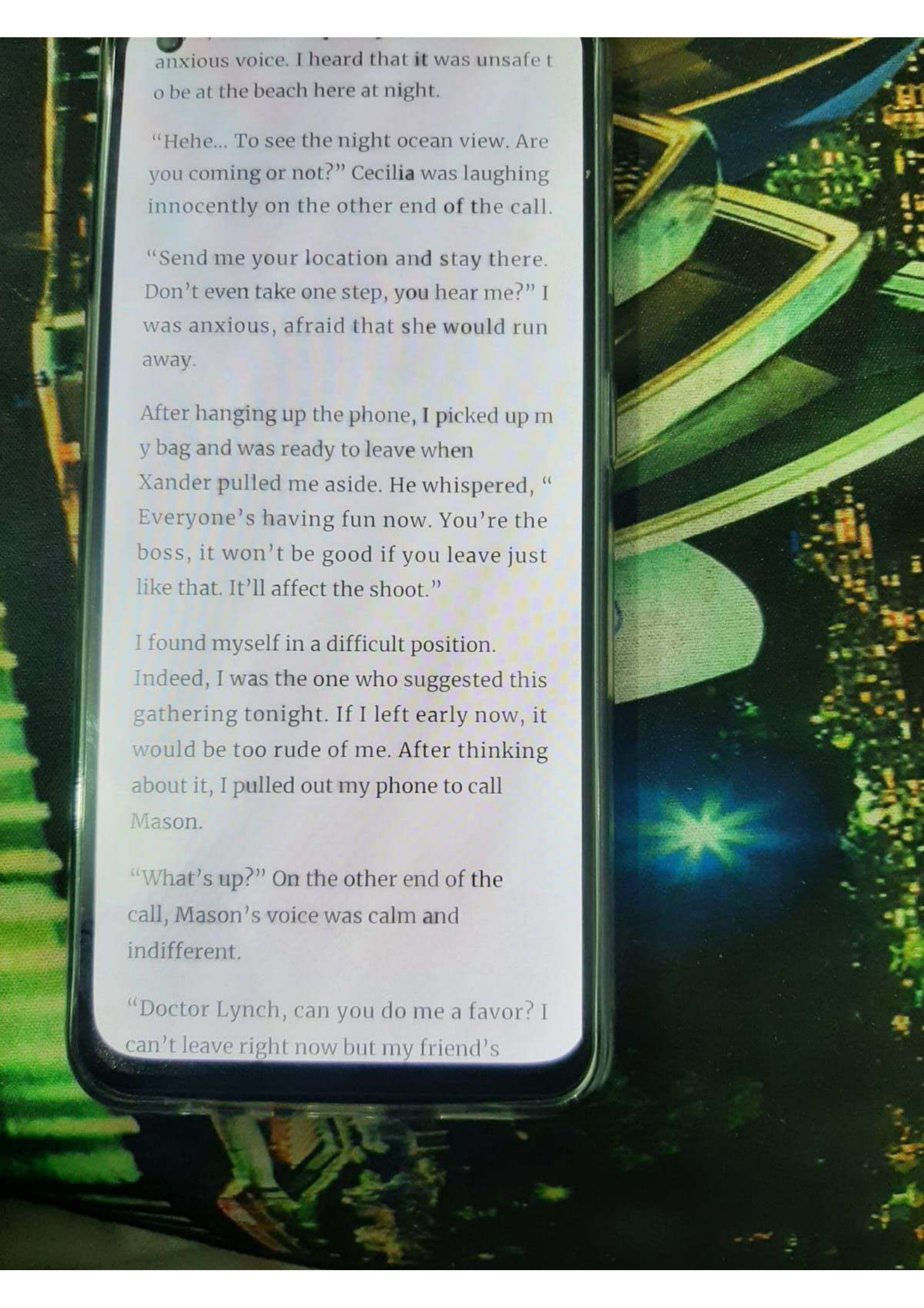
The whole crew added up to about ten people. In order to keep this a secret, I booked a private room in the hotel.

Just as the crew was having a lot of fun during the meal, Cecilia called me and said, "My dear... Come and look... at the night... view..."

Cecilia sounded drunk on the phone as her speech was slurred. Cecilia had said she needed to catch up on some sleep because of the time difference, did she not? Why did she go to the beach and get wasted?

"Why did you go to the beach this late at night, Cecilia?" I quickly asked in an





anxious voice. I heard that it was unsafe to be at the beach here at night.

“Hehe... To see the night ocean view. Are you coming or not?” Cecilia was laughing innocently on the other end of the call.

“Send me your location and stay there. Don’t even take one step, you hear me?” I was anxious, afraid that she would run away.

After hanging up the phone, I picked up my bag and was ready to leave when Xander pulled me aside. He whispered, “Everyone’s having fun now. You’re the boss, it won’t be good if you leave just like that. It’ll affect the shoot.”

I found myself in a difficult position. Indeed, I was the one who suggested this gathering tonight. If I left early now, it would be too rude of me. After thinking about it, I pulled out my phone to call Mason.

“What’s up?” On the other end of the call, Mason’s voice was calm and indifferent.

“Doctor Lynch, can you do me a favor? I can’t leave right now but my friend’s

can't leave right now but my friend's drunk and alone at the beach. Can you take her back to the hotel for me? I don't know who else to ask," I pleaded with him in a low voice.

Mason was silent for a while before humming a soft reply.

I quickly sent him my address and thanked him profusely.

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For the rest of the time, I was on tenterhooks and could only laugh at everyone's jokes half-heartedly. I only breathed a sigh of relief when Mason sent me a text: [She's back in the hotel.]

I called Cecilia but her phone was off. She had probably fallen asleep. She would normally sleep when she was drunk.

As we had to work the next day, dinner ended early. I slept as soon as I got back to the hotel room, mainly because I did not rest well in the hospital last night. Besides, Dr. Lynch's medication was effective, so I had been sleeping very well the past few days.

I slept through the night. The next morning, Xander knocked on my door and said that he wanted to take me for breakfast on an island.

I did not understand why he had to make breakfast seem so sophisticated and was also surprised that there was actually a place called 'Breakfast Island'. It was said

to be an island dedicated to the world's various special breakfasts. One could only get there with a boat.

I gave in. How could one be so fussy when it came to eating breakfast?

I did not want to go at first, but when I remembered that Cecilia was drunk last night, I thought it would be nice if I could take her out to have something to eat. Hence, I pulled out my phone to give Cecilia a call.

The phone rang for a very long time before I finally heard Cecilia's groggy and languid voice, "Who's this?! Why are you calling me this early in the morning?!"

This brat was probably still hungover from being drunk last night. I yelled, "What do you mean early in the morning? The sun is already up. Get up! I'm taking you to have a special breakfast."

Cecilia responded lazily, "Send me the address and I'll go later."

"Hurry up. I still have work to do later." I was about to hang up when I heard a deep and low voice of a man from the phone. "You're awake?"

Was there a man in Cecilia's room? N

You're awake.
Was there a man in Cecilia's room? No way, she was drunk last night, right? How could she still have the energy?

"You brat. What did you do last night? You'd better be honest with me," I deliberately lowered my voice and questioned her.

"Uh, I'll tell you later." Cecilia hung up the phone after saying that.

Just look at how guilty she sounded! She must be hiding something from me. I suddenly recalled what had happened last night. I had asked Mason to pick her up, and Cecilia was the type who could no longer recognize anyone after getting drunk. Could it be...

I broke out in a cold sweat in fear. I quickly found Mason's number and called him. If Cecilia did anything inappropriate to Dr. Lynch, then I would be the culprit.

The phone rang a few times before Mason picked it up. I quickly asked, "Where are you, Dr. Lynch?"

"Outside. What's wrong?" Mason's voice was crisp and clear from the phone. He

did not sound like he had just woken up, nor did he sound like the man from earlier.

I was instantly relieved and said awkwardly, "Hehe, nothing. I just wanted to thank you for helping me last night by buying you breakfast."

"Forget breakfast. I still have things to do. Let's meet up for dinner when I'm free!" Mason declined my invitation.

After making sure that he was not with Cecilia, I was relieved. We exchanged a few polite words before hanging up the phone.

"What do you mean by this, Wandy? Do you hate having breakfast with me that much?" Xander voiced his displeasure as soon as I hung up the call.

I looked up at him in confusion and asked dazedly, "What do you mean?"

"Look at yourself! We're just having breakfast together yet you're calling all your friends to come along. Am I that bad?"

I laughed aloud. What a childish man. I

ignored him.

We arrived at the beach, and a speedboat was already waiting to bring us to the sea.

We passed countless islands along the way, each with a special name to attract tourists. One of them was called 'Outlying Island', which looked particularly beautiful.

Unfortunately, it seemed to be a private island that was not open to the public.

"Look, that's such a beautiful island." I pointed at Outlying Island and told Xander to look.

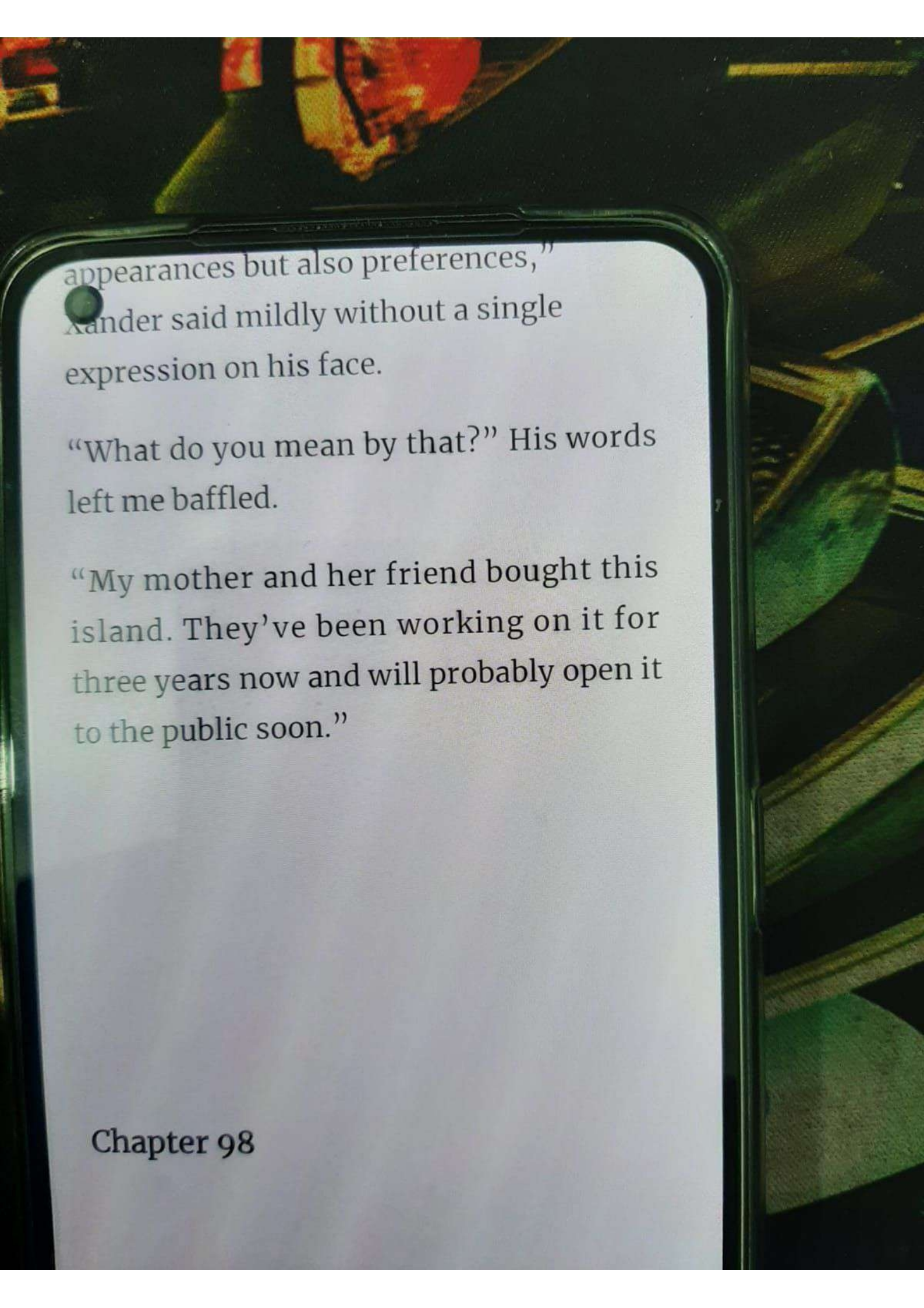
Xander glanced at it and said mildly, "Islands are all the same. What's so nice about that one?"

"It's not the same. That island doesn't only have a unique appearance but the houses on top of it were renovated in a unique way as well. If it were open to the public, it would definitely attract a lot of tourists," I said in excitement.

"Looks like you not only share similar appearances but also preferences,"

Xander said mildly without a single



The background of the page features a detailed illustration of a dragonfly with green and brown segments, positioned on the right side. In the upper left corner, there is a vibrant red flower with yellow centers. The overall scene is set against a dark, textured background.

appearances but also preferences,"
Alexander said mildly without a single
expression on his face.

"What do you mean by that?" His words
left me baffled.

"My mother and her friend bought this
island. They've been working on it for
three years now and will probably open it
to the public soon."